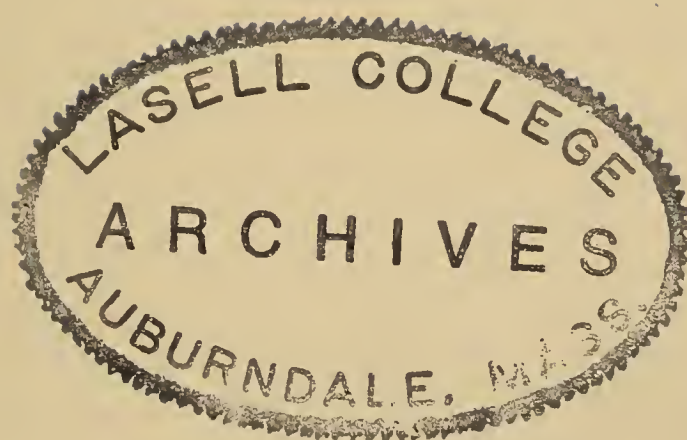



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LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME XX.

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NUMBER 1.

LASELL LEAVES.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

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EDITORIAL.

ON THE evening of the nineteenth of September the dining-room presented a brilliant and pleasant appearance as the girls sat down together to their first meal in this school year. There were no tears that night, but all was mirth and jollity, and the stiffness which might have ensued was effectually prevented by Mr. Bragdon, who with his usual kindly thought for our pleasure, had placed an orchestra in the balcony. And such a pleasant surprise it was. Old and new girls alike enjoyed it greatly. After chapel all the girls went to the gymnasium, where, while the orchestra played, they spent the evening dancing together. The girls rapidly became acquainted in this way and, although without were wind and rain, yet this fact in no way diminished the fun and frolic that went on within, where all was warmth and happiness. Each seemed to endeavor to make the others forget all unpleasant things, and to all appearances with complete success.

WE WERE so glad to see Mr. Shepherd, and Bessie, again before they left for Europe. Our only regret was that they were to leave us so soon. We were all deeply disappointed in not seeing Mrs. Shepherd this year; but she remained on the other side of the ocean, awaiting Mr. Shepherd, Bessie and the new party.

SOME OF our dear teachers we miss greatly this year. Miss Packard remains at home with her parents, and is taking a course in Mathematics; Fraulein Roth is also absent, having gone to California for her health, which is too delicate to permit her to Winter in this trying New England climate. We hope to welcome them both back again in the Fall of ninety-five; but one other has left us, whom

Sent full X only

we all miss the more, because we shall never see her again in this life. Mrs. Latimer died during the Summer. She was quite ill before the close of school, but we hoped that she would recover. She was deeply loved by all her pupils at Lasell, and her loss is greatly felt. Miss Witherbee, after a year's absence, has returned and undertaken the duties of English teacher. Fraulein Von der Kall takes the place of Fraulein Roth and Mrs. Curtis that of Miss Packard.

HERE IS a bit of good advice for the girls. Take all the lovely walks you can this Fall. The new girls, particularly, should not neglect to take the first opportunity to see Echo Bridge, Norumbega Newton Lower Falls and Upper Falls as well. These are all points of vital interest, and do not think you can go there "anytime," for be assured, "anytime" never comes, as many of the old girls can testify. Do, then, follow Miss Carpenter's advice given you in the chapel, and "bottle up all of this air you can." The Lookout you have doubtless visited ere this. You will also find the road leading to the Haunted House and to Pulsifer's estate, very beautiful at this time of the year, because of the brilliant foliage.

MR. BRAGDON interested us in chapel the other night by telling us about the early history of this school. An aunt of Mr. Edward Lasell, who was deeply interested in girls, persuaded him to found a school for young women, she furnishing the money. The desk and chair in the chapel are said, on good authority, to have been there when the school was founded. There was then only a cow path leading from the station to this hill, which was, nevertheless, chosen as the site of the future school; and we must admit the choice displayed excellent taste.

An Evening on the Charles.

On the evening of September 29th the members of the Lasell Canoe Club attended the last of a series of band concerts given during the months of June and September, at the Newton Boat House.

As the number of old members did not admit the use of our club canoe, we appeared on the river in two small canoes.

The Boat House was gaily decorated with

lanterns, and the river was crowded with boats of every description, the canoes, of course having the preference. No one who has not had the pleasure of paddling about in a canoe, under the influence of sweet music and beneath a sky bright with stars, can understand the delight of it.

One incident reminded us how near to the sublime is the ridiculous. As we paused before the boat house to listen to an especially fine strain of music, a canoe, in which were two young men, touched at the wharf, and, as one of them stepped out, his vision must suddenly have been beclouded, for he walked right off one side of the wharf, a sadder and a *wetter* man.

Thanks are due our captain for a most delightful evening.

Summer Visits.

Besides those elsewhere mentioned, Lasell has had the pleasure, during the Summer, of greeting in good health and spirits, Hattie Robbins Reeve, Class of '87; Abby Hooper, Bessie Eaton, and Addie M. Rich, here in '80, Carolyn Clarkson and her sister, Jessie Macmillan, Class of '82, Martha Solari and sister, Grace Snyder, Anita Paine, Ethel Rucker, Minnie Ward, (by the way Edith's engagement is announced, but not yet ratified by Mr. B., the candidate not yet presented!)—Mr. Paul Tulleys, Mrs. and Miss Holmes, Mand Oliver, Class of '89, Rosa Best, Janet Brookmire, and Edith Brodbeck. Mrs. Blodgett, brother of our Hattie Bailey Pease, Class of '79, who passed on so early from her pleasant life on earth, made us a most welcome call, and brought Hattie's child, a fine boy, who tried the tank the first thing.

A Valuable Relic.

Mrs. Shepherd sent Mr. B. a quill pen, one of those used in the Jerusalem Chamber by the Revisers of the Bible. A valuable relic. Mr. Shepherd returned on the Etruria, Sept. 8, with some of his party, leaving Mrs. Shepherd with others in Oxford, England. He expects to return with Bessie Shepherd, her cousin, Josie Fitch, and several others, to pass the year in Germany, probably mostly at Berlin. Mr. Shepherd reports the Summer tour perfect in every way. No detention by illness or weather or accident. Every detail carried out successfully. Dr. and Mrs. Peloubet were to sail for home Sept. 29.

A Lasell Party to Nantasket.

The girls of the East do not half appreciate their nearness to the coast. Western girls think it grand to go to the beach and to play in the sand like children. One bright Monday morning a merry band of girls from Lasell started to Boston, bound for Nantasket. We reached the boat a few minutes before twelve, and soon after we enjoyed a delightful sail down the harbor. Follow us in your fancy as we speed over the dark waters. On the left I notice the Navy Yard, the Cunard steamship dock, whence the Lasell parties set out for Europe. Away in the distance on the right we see the Institution for the Blind, while on the left stands the Massachusetts Penitentiary. Farther on we see the earth and stone forts, and observe with wonder how much more substantial the former is than the latter. After a sail of a half-hour we come to a queer-looking stone house, small and rising in the center like a pyramid. This we learn is the remains of Nix's Mate; or Sunken Island, which was at one time quite large, but now very small. Now we are near the Quarantine Grounds, which we read of and hear so much about; and, see! we are just passing by the Boston Light. We made a stop at Pemberton, which seen from the boat, is a really pretty place, in which are several large hotels, at this time closed since the season is over. From Pemberton there is a railroad to Nantasket, traversing a neck of land which at some places seems so narrow as to render it almost impossible to believe that trains can pass each other there. The scenery from Pemberton to Nantasket is very beautiful, the huge rocks, rising on the right hand, and showing various colors where they have been wave-washed year by year, adding a charm all their own to the lovely view. We were truly glad to see the object of our journey. Getting off the boat, we hurried down to the beach where the girls that very seldom see the coast clapped their hands in glee. Nantasket is a very gay place in Summer I should think, judging from the many merry-go-rounds, fortune-tellers, picture galleries and similar places that we saw. There were, too, many saloons, which detract greatly from the beauty and desirability of the place. We enjoyed our afternoon there very much, some going in bathing, some sitting on the sand, others walking, and all getting such impressions of the place, that, not one of us could, if we would, forget our pleasant half day at Nantasket.

NINETY-FIVE.

Reception to the New Girls.

On the evening of the twenty-second of September the old girls gave an informal reception to the new ones in the parlors.

Misses Fairehild, Bucknum, Steel, Sawyer and Josselyn as ushers presented the new pupils to the receiving committee Misses Taylor, Kelley, Hubbard, Conlin and Morris who represented the old girls.

The murmur of happy voices and the merry laughter that almost immediately arose indicated the rapidity with which new acquaintances were being made.

After all had been welcomed, the old girls led the way into the gymnasium, where the evening was made enjoyable by conversation, music and dancing. At a timely hour refreshments were served.

Then all went to their rooms, feeling much happier, even the most home-sick ones feeling lighter-hearted.

M. E. J. '96.

The Lasell Canoe Club has added eight new names to its list of members.

Some Gems for Woman's Crown.

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

—Thomas Otway.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

—Sir Sam Take.

Woman's at best a contradiction still.—Pope.

The mistress of herself, though China fall.—Pope.

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed.

—Thomson.

Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's
Walking on his hind legs. It is done well;
But you are surprised to find it done at all.

—Johnson.

Women, like princes, find few real friends.—Lord Lyttleton

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

—Goldsmith.

But to see her was to love her.
Love but her, and love forever.

—Burns.

authn.
 Susan Baker

TAMAH, I. T., MAY 29, 1894.

DEAR "LEAVES:"

A line in the May LEAVES moves me to let you know what an inspiration your prayer meeting and chapel talks were to me to try to grow towards complete womanhood while I spent two happy years at dear Lasell. You can imagine me reading about the other Lasell girls, while I sit in the door of my wigwam, which is really a very comfortable log cabin. The white school-house and church, where I have spent so many happy hours, gleams through the trees. We have just closed a most successful "big-meeting" and are now repairing for the last day of school. Speeches and dialogues are entirely new to the Choctaws. Some who will take part in the closing exercises could not speak a word of English in September, when I organized the school. The Choctaws are a very simple, trustful people. They think I make the children learn by praying for them.

There have been 77 names upon my roll the past Winter. We also have a thriving temperance society, Sunday-school and prayer meeting, in connection with the church, which is well organized. I often wish that Christian ladies elsewhere could attend my prayer meeting some Friday afternoon and hear the soulful, eloquent prayers that these earnest Choctaw women utter. Not one man, woman or child who belongs to the church has ever refused when called upon to lead in prayer.

They will work hard for weeks to prepare for a meeting, travel twenty or thirty miles, and then camp out on the ground in order to hear the gospel preached. I slept in a wagon myself one night and enjoyed it greatly.

The Choctaws are naturally very intelligent. They have a fine sense of the fitness of things, or what might be called *savoir fair*. Nothing that they have or can procure, or perform is too good for their preacher or teacher. One cold night, while they were sleeping on the ground all around me, they insisted upon my undisputed possession of a fat spring bed and room, with a warm fire. So, you see, in spite of my isolated position, I am by no means an object of pity. I have my mail semi-occasionally, and hear preaching with an interpreter by a minister who comes from "the states" once a month.

The Choctaws dearly love to play tricks, perpetrate a joke on anyone, and have a high appreciation of genuine wit. I lately discovered that the biggest Indian of them all, the leader, of whom I have stood in mortal terror all Winter, has been calling me affectionately in his own tongue "molasses candy" all the while. I fancy this is not from my disposition, but from the tint of my hair. I have many times been touched to the quick at the deference and implicit confidence imposed in me, weak woman that I am, by the oldest and strongest of the men. I have seen very little of the servitude of Indian women one reads so much of. They seem to understand how to have their own way about as well as women generally do; I think, anyway, that there is generally something lacking in a lady if her surroundings are not exactly according to her best taste and inclination.

I hope to have an assistant next year, and that we may procure the means to enlarge our borders and thus equip ourselves for greater usefulness.

The Lookout.

All of the old girls and probably most of the new ones know the Lookout, which is near Dr. Clarke's new residence on Central Street. The place well deserves its name; for, being situated on the summit of a high hill by the Riverside station, it commands an extensive view of the country for miles around. Some of the prettiest views to be had from its tiny platform are Norumbega, the Pulsifer estate, which most of us have found in our walks, and the Newton boat house, whence the Lasell Boat Club starts on canoeing days. At this time of the year the view is especially charming, since field and forest are so brilliantly decked in their autumnal hues, and the Charles River, winding in and out among the trees, and alive with canoes and other craft adds its silvery line of beauty to the picture. It is very interesting, also, to watch the trains as they come and go. Hardly five minutes pass without bringing the whistle of the locomotive and the graceful cloud of steam to float in rings and rolling billows up into the blue. Perhaps the one which makes the greatest impression on us, is the express that is going "straight home." The rains from Boston, which stop at Riverside, usually leave a few passengers. Sometimes these are people who are going with their

friends canoeing on the river, and, if we watch them, we shall soon see them starting from the boat house for their afternoon's enjoyment, and very possibly we may wish that we were in their places. Little use in wishing, however; for precisely at three o'clock we must be in our rooms, puzzling our brains over Cæsar, Geometry, or something equally bewildering. But if I should describe all the views for you, there would be no enjoyment in going yourself to see them; so the rest is left for each one to discover at her pleasure.

"A. B."

LASELL EUROPEAN TRIP.

On Saturday morning, June 16th, we sailed on the steamer Pavonia, expecting to touch at Queens-town on June 25th, and the following day to land at Liverpool. The voyage is indescribable. Although, with the exception of one rather rough night, the weather was very pleasant and the ocean smooth, still there were quite a number of our party whom I did not see on deck, until we had sighted land.

Many people wonder how one can pass away the time at sea; but, really, if the weather be pleasant and you meet congenial people the time passes too quickly.

We saw several whales, and schools of porpoises, all objects of interest to us. A distant steamer, too, attracted our attention, and we amused ourselves guessing of what line it was. Especially enjoyable were the late snappers. How I long now for one of them! One evening, after we had been a week at sea, we had a pleasant entertainment of a musical and theatrical sort. Captain Watt, after decorating the saloon with bunting and the flags of various nations, added to the evening's pleasure by having the stewards appear as minstrels. Dr. Peloubet afterwards made a short address, at the conclusion of which was taken a collection, amounting to seventy dollars. The money was given to the Liverpool Seamen's Orphan Institution.

When we arrived at Queenstown we heard, for the first time, of President Carnot's death.

Next day we were on land once more. Now came good-byes to the people we had met, then the hurry and bustle attendant upon landing, and in the afternoon we were all enjoying a regular

English lunch in the beautiful little town of Windermere. Later, we rowed over Windermere Lake, which is about ten minutes walk from the hotel, and we left this lovely little place sorry not to stay longer.

The next week we spent coaching through the English and the Scottish lake regions, stopping at Edinburgh, and at Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's home. Sir Walter's library and reading-room we found wonderfully interesting. There were long cases reaching from ceiling to floor, full of books excellently preserved.

"The Rhine, the German Rhine?" I can never forget the enchanting trip down this famous river, with its bewitching beauty. Starting in the morning, we reached Bingen late in the afternoon.

Verona, in which city we spent a few hours, is one of the dirtiest that we visited. Here it is that Juliet's tomb and her balcony are to be seen. The tomb was covered with the names of tourists from every land; and there hangs over it a wreath, which our guide informed us was placed there by Shakespeare, when he visited Verona.

We arrived in Venice in the evening. At first I was much disappointed in the city. This feeling vanished when I saw it by moonlight, a wondrously lovely picture. "Do you know," said one of our party to a friend, "that Mr. S—— came to Venice and started a livery stable, but failed?" This was meant for a joke, but the gentleman addressed could not see it for a long time."

Miss W—— told of a lady who was describing some wonderful sights that she had seen abroad, and who said, "I was sorry that, while I was traveling in Italy, it was so very rainy that when I arrived in Venice the people were using boats in passing from street to street."

We happened to be in Venice on a great fete day, in the evening of which they had fireworks. I think that we appreciated these the more because on the Fourth we had none; but had, instead, a charming breakfast.

We were in Rome but a few days, and to describe this city would take too long. Leaving Rome, we visited Naples and Pompeii, going thence to Sorrento, a lovely little city. Here we went in bathing,—my first experience in salt water. On the following day we enjoyed a visit to the Isle

of Capri, and on our way thither stopped at the Blue Grotto, a place the ravishing beauty of whose coloring cannot be told. When we reached the island, little old women came running to us, with their donkeys following them, and asked us if we wished to ride the little beasts to the hotel. I jumped on one immediately, and one of the party took a kodak picture of me while seated on the wee thing. I did not ascend Mount Vesuvius, which I now regret.

In Paris we found the weather delightful, but we did not see all the sights, our time being limited. I am surely going back to "gay Paris" sometime, for I think it one of the most charming of cities. We went to the Grand Opera while there. It was magnificent.

The Alps! — how can I tell you of them! I long for another sight of their grandeur, and most of all of Mt. Blanc. We climbed one of the glaciers, and what hard work it was you will know only when you try it yourself. We were, however, well paid for our trouble by the view. I never saw a grander sight.

On the homeward trip we had an exceedingly rough passage, so rough, indeed, that the sailors stretched a rope from one end of the deck to the other to keep people from sliding off into the water. When at last we reached Boston harbor, we had to stay outside for one whole day, as the fog was so dense that one could see only a few feet ahead. When my feet once more pressed Boston soil I felt that, after all, America was good enough; was, in fact, the best of all countries. *E. H. G.*

LOCALS.

Mrs. Hauser gave us, October 4th, a fine lecture on India, its people and customs. The lecture was made doubly interesting by the description of the costumes of several of the numerous castes. Seventeen of the students were costumed in the various garbs to be exhibited; and so complete was the disguise that it was with difficulty that they could be recognized by their mates.

There have been some changes made in the arrangement of several classes. The Orphean Club has been changed from Tuesday and Friday, to Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at half-past four o'clock while the choral classes meet but once

a week, on Friday afternoons. The first and second year cooking lectures are to be given Saturday afternoon instead of Monday morning.

A memorial service for Mrs. Latimer our late English teacher was held in the chapel Tuesday evening September 25th. Dr. Steele gave an outline of her lovely life adding such warm and hearty praises of her as his long acquaintance with her warranted. Dr. Curtis of the Boston University, at one time a pupil of Dr. Latimer and successor to his office and duties, followed with a beautiful tribute to her noble and sympathetic spirit, and her gifted mind.

A new privilege has been given us—that of receiving callers on Saturday evening as well as Monday afternoon.

PERSONALS.

IN JUNE Carrie Brown Cassell called to see me, and look about her old school home. We were very glad to see her looking so well.

WE WERE glad to see Mrs. Peale, Emma and Ella, who while near, found time to call on us this summer.

WHILE IN Evanston, Ill., making a short visit to his mother, Principal Bragdon saw Mabel Falley, '92, who looked well, enquired after Fraulein Roth and said she was enjoying her teaching.

He was sorry to miss a call from Stella McChesney, here in '89, who seems from her card to be living in Evanston. If so, she has found a good home.

MAUDIE STONE '88, who now calls herself Lorena, made a welcome call at Lasell in August. She will not teach in Cincinnati this year, her father wanting her at home. Lorena's eye is on Auburn-dale as a future home. We hope it may not be too far in the future.

EDITH GALE, '89, came as near to us as Manchester-by-the-Sea, where she spent a few weeks with her sister Mrs. N. W. Harris of Chicago. We meant to call upon them but could not.

MRS. VAN HUSAN of Detroit, here in '80, Aunt of our Emily Warner, spent some weeks at Beach Bluff and kindly made Lasell a call with husband and two fine children (the third stayed in Boston)

during August. She looked so like the old Kittie, Morrill that we could hardly believe the husband and children were really hers.

Emily's grandmother and her sister Mrs. Ward, looked over the place August 6, and concluded it was good.

PAULINE COLLINS, here in '90 from Oakland, Cal. was another old girl who charmed us by a call on her way home from Europe where, with mother and sister and with frequent visits from her father, Pauline has spent the four years since she was here, in Germany studying music. She is now well equipped and means to make herself useful. She will do it.

NAN PEABODY HALL, '91, has deserted Auburn-dale and is keeping a cosy home in Newtonville.

MAE BURR sends a photograph of herself, which is a pleasant reminder of the old times when she was among us. Our thanks for the picture. Now when are you coming to Lasell again to see us, Mae? The shadow is good; but the substance is better.

MAUDE OLIVER, '89, is earning her own spending money in a way she learned at Lasell.

MISS CHARLOTTE WHITE, of Glens Falls, N. Y., traveled with the Lasell party abroad last Summer. She has been staying with her cousin and his wife in Nimes for six months, engaged in studying the French language. She was here in '90 and '91.

LAURA HUTTON is attending school in Orange, New Jersey.

HELEN WINNIE BOSS has been spending the Summer in Mexico with her father, and expects to go abroad this Winter.

THE EMILY PEABODY SCHOLARSHIP.

We are at last permitted to say that the generous contribution, which has for several years so kindly helped many Lasell pupils to continue or complete their school work, has come from Mr. Alexander Stewart, of St. Louis, Mo., in loving memory of his wife, Emily Peabody, of the Class of '82.

Their child, little Emily, came to Lasell last year, and is a winsome girl, giving promise of a glorious womanhood.

RUTH McKEOWN attends the High School in Malden, Mass.

LESTRA HIBBERD called, in July, on Josephine Steel, in Portland, Oregon.

MISS JULIA WOLFE visited Lucy Roberts, in Decatur, Ill., this Summer.

BORN, to Mr. and Mrs. Percival Chubb, (Louise Walston), May 14th, a son.

ANNA WALSTON saw Mrs. Bevans (Dessie Millikin) and baby this Summer. They are both well and happy. The report that the baby was scarred for life, when burned, is false, as there is no scar whatever.

LENA THAYER and Pearl Houston, here in '93, helped to bring Clarissa Hastings to school. Lena has especially interested herself in installing Clarissa as a Lasellian and has our thanks for so promising a pupil.

ON THE same day with Lena's earlier call to get place for Miss Hastings, Martha Prentice of LeRoy, N. Y., here in '84, greeted us with her old-time cheer and brightness. She was visiting her fast school-friend Nellie Parker Lewis, '84, of Cohasset, says she and Nellie and Hattie Seiberling Miles, '84, manage to visit each other once a year. School friends are often life friends, as in this instance.

MISS DUNN, Mr. Shepherd's bookkeeper, '93-'94, has gone to Baltimore to pass her novitiate as Sister of Mercy. Good wishes go with her.

HER UNCLE Mr. Kenrick, Newton's City Treasurer, says Ada Jones, here in '89, from Honolulu has been married a year and lives "somewhere West"—we ought to know more definitely than that and at first hand, Ada.

ARTIST PHILIP A. BUTLER, whose talented hand gave Lasell all the beautiful water colors in the dining-room as well as the glen scene in the parlor and the two large Newburyports in the studio, and who is our dear neighbor in the house we all admire, corner Woodland Road and Vista Ave. has opened a studio, 47 Studio Building, where he has also an Art Gallery with other choice paintings for the delight of friends, and will give instruction to students. His studio will be thronged, is our prophecy. Few artists can give equal pleasure with the brush.

MRS. FRANK L. HOWARD of Hartford, Ct., here as Julia L. Cutler, Class of '61, called during the Summer.

ANNIE CLARK BUTTERWORTH, here in '88 from Mamaroneck, N. Y., was very welcome August 14, with "Ruth", and there is another at home. Good for Annie. She hasn't changed in face one bit.

GRACE ROBB tells us, among other pleasant bits of news, that she has recently gratified her good father by making him some delicious bread, "according to Miss Barrows' recipe," and that his judgment was that "it couldn't be beat."

Bertha Merryman, Grace says, will spend the winter in Dresden with Mrs. Kerr and Anna. How she will enjoy it!

How many of our girls have been married since the last issue of the Leaves! Letters come from every direction making mention of this or that one's wedding chimes, the writers evidently as much interested as tho' they were themselves the carvers of the bride-cake, and had been "snowed under" with rice. Heartiest of congratulations to all! N. B. Five on Oct. 3rd!

CARRIE STEEL reports a pleasant stay in Sterling this summer. She "enjoyed every minute of the time," she says. After Sterling she visited Worcester, and while there joined in the celebration of her grandmother's birthday.

WILLIE STOWE, Galveston, Texas, is her father's house-keeper, "and a most excellent one, too," says he.

MRS. EMMA COOPER ADAMS and her little family took tea at the parsonage in W. Rutland, Vermont, one day this Summer. Sadie Corey Bray, '83, was the hostess. Mrs. Adams was once teacher of mathematics at Lasell.

ANNA CHRISTY has returned with her father to her home in Tarsus, Turkey, where she hopes to regain her health. When that is accomplished she will return to Lasell, for which she has many pleasant words.

LOTTIE EDDY has made pleasant visits to Mollie Lathrop and to Jennie Arnold, during the summer. We are sorry that Lottie's plan to be with us at Commencement had to be relinquished. Come next June, Lottie.

LINA JONES BOURNE has a new baby, a little girl, born in Brooklyn last Summer. Another grandchild for Lasell. Lina's father is almost as proud of the little one as is Lina.

THE *Fort Worth Gazette* notices with pride Julia Hogg's beautiful toast to her mates of Lasellia and S. D., on the occasion of the Lasellia Banquet last June. We see by the same paper that Julia's father has been re-elected to the Superintendency of the Fort Worth schools.

YOU ought to see Julia Hubbard Kelly's boy, Irwin. He's one of the brightest and sweetest of babies. Having wisely chosen Julia for his mother, how could he be otherwise? His photographs are duly appreciated. Both views.

FROM MRS. SNYDER we learn of Maud's approaching marriage, which will take place some time this Fall. Maud graduated in '91.

WE WERE surprised and grieved to learn of the sudden death in July of Lucy Sargeant's father. Our sympathies are with the family in their trouble.

BERTHA GRAY RICHARDS has a little son, born June 19th, so Lorena Stone writes. Our homage to the youthful monarch of Bertha's home.

THE SMOOTH running of the machinery on opening day at Lasell this year was due in part to the kindly aid rendered by Miss Packard, Carrie Manning and Gertrude Sherman, who helped the new girls to find their places, and to feel more at home. Carrie has been housekeeper during her mother's absence from home, and has also assisted her uncle in his store. The helpful life is the happiest life,—always.

JENNIE RICH expects to teach in Berlin, N. H., this year. Her mother and brother will be in the same place, so that her winter promises to be very pleasant.

CARRIE JOHNSON and Julia Anderson hob-nobbed together at Julia's home during the Summer. Such long, cozy Lasell chats!

GRACE ALLEN made a charming visit to Helen Cleaveland, Denver, last Summer; and Alice Andreesen took her Summer outing at Spirit Lake, Iowa. Nova Scotia was Blanche Kelley's refuge during vacation. Her father and mother were there with her.

MABEL TAYLOR spent a delightful summer at home with her father and mother.

CARRIE FISHER MELLEN sends us a bewitching photo of herself and her eleven months old boy, Albert. One hardly knows which picture is most attractive, that alert looking baby, with his air of independence, or Carrie's familiar face. Our thanks for the picture

GRACE LOUD'S summer was made the more delightful by a visit with Clara Souther and her sister at the old homestead in Groveland, Mass. The three kept house all alone for some time. The old house was especially interesting, being a hundred years old, and remaining almost as it was when built. Clara afterward visited Grace awhile.

OUR DOCTOR Grace Preston, is now doing business at Colorado Springs, with which place she is much pleased. Her health is decidedly better. In Denver she says she saw Fannie Hanscome Herbert and her fine baby girl. Mary Coe saw Lou Wells but Birdie Routt and Jennie Brown they did not find at home.

INEZ BRAGG JOHNSON'S letter is a dash of brightest sunshine. The topic just now of greatest interest to Inez is her baby, Iola Wiley Johnson. Are you going to make her a Lasell girl, Inez?

ALICE ANDREESSEN accidentally met Sara Townsend in Minneapolis, in August. Sara was going out to Lake Minnetonka to spend a few days. Alice also called on Bertha Lillibridge, who then expected to return to school this Fall, and be graduated, but has since changed her mind, and is now attending the University of Minnesota.

Her class here misses her very much.

ANNA CHRISTIE, a pupil here for two years past, has gone back to her home in Tarsus, Saul's birthplace, as a missionary of the A. B. F. M. She presented Lasell with a beautiful pair of Turkish clogs, inlaid with pearl, painted in bright colors in conventional style and elaborately carved, such as belong to the outfit of every Turkish bride of high degree. They have sole piece and heel three and one-half inches high to avoid mud; and a pair of baby shoes that would delight the most fastidious little miss, made in an Industrial Home in Tarsus. We thank her and wish her God-speed in her life-work for which she is well fitted.

Elizabeth H. D. Eddy '88, writes from New Bedford for some copies of "The Young Christian Student" for her fine Sunday School class of fourteen young men. Elizabeth is wide awake!

WORD comes from Josephine Bogart, '89, that she is well and at home; and, from Lucy Roberts, '91, that she and her sister may spend the Winter away from Decatur.

ALICE MAYO HICKS, of Needham, brought Mrs. Bryant of East Hartford, (who was Genevra Griswold of the 1878 Lasell European party) for a call which was welcome as brief. Too bad not to break bread with us after so long a separation! Four dear children call Genevra mother and Mr. Bryant is going to be Governor!

GRACIA BARNHART called Oct. 4 with Gertrude Sherman and delighted us who knew her. Says she does not see much of Dorothy Chamyan now Mrs. Roger S. Pitkin. The latter is married. The way of the world!

HELEN CLEAVELAND sends along an entertaining letter all about her Summer pleasures,—Grace Allen's visit to her, the camping party which the two girls joined, and other agreeable experiences. Helen says that, before you go camping, you should learn cooking. This year's classes should note this; for Helen speaks now from experience.

FLORENCE MANN sends a chatty letter. She was hindered from calling to see us when she was so near by, because of lack of time. We hope she will find time for a long call when next she is so near.

GRACE HUNTINGTON called Oct 8. Sorry not to see her! Well and prosperous looking.

ALICE WHITE looked at Lasell during the Summer. Says she has rather hard work at her teaching in Jones Seminary, All Healing, North Carolina, but Alice was never afraid of that, and does it well, we know!

IDA SIMPSON BUSHNELL'S little Margaret, aged 4 months, is a dimpled darling, if one may take as evidence the lovely picture which Ida sent us a short time ago, and which we are very glad to have. The gravely questioning eyes suggest a possible philosopher in Ida's home at some time in the future.

EMILY WARNER stayed at home two weeks to help her sister, Kathleen, get married to George Pierce Codd. Taking lessons, we suspect! Mr. and Mrs. Codd will live in Detroit.

MAY RICE sends her dollar for the LEAVES, and reports herself in love with Colorado, where she spent two delightful months. Saw Bessie Lothrop; Elizabeth and Clara Creswell, Lottie Appel and Lucy Sampson. Grace Shellabarger has visited Lucy during the Winter. Fannie Lamme was the guest of Carrie Brown Cassell. Winnie Ewing and Adelaide Harding she met in Manitou. Bertha Clapp is on the list of "matrimonial intendants." Emily and Sue Rowe are at home from Europe's long detention.

EMMA WHITE speaks of a life made busy by helpful work at home, in Werhenfield, Conn., and rendered still further enjoyable by various social pleasures. Through her, too, we learn something of Susie Baker, now teaching among the Indians in Indian Territory. She says she is very happy in her work, which, by the way, the papers of the locality speak of quite flatteringly. A new school building for her Choctaws is one of her achievements in the line of progress. At the time she wrote, Sue expected to come East during the summer, but we have not heard whether she did so.

Miss White called to see us one day last summer. She returned this fall to her Southern school, the work in which she greatly enjoys. She finds her girls not only ready, but eager, to learn.

GRACE GRIFFIN has met with a sad loss in the recent death of her father. At such a time words often seem vain and empty sounds, but we cannot refrain from giving some expression to our sympathy for our friend in her sorrow.

GERTRUDE GLEASON still keeps up her vocal music. She seems to be well, and to be enjoying life.

Josephine Baker, '88.

In Denver, August twenty-ninth, died this dear friend and old Lasell girl, whose memory will long be green among us. Her noble life and Christian character have influenced for good many with whom she walked and talked during her life.

A NEW COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"Oh there's the chapel bell! Have you brought your common-place book? No? Well you had better hurry and get it, for you don't know what will happen, or what use you'll have for it. I always take a pencil and paper, because Mr. B. gives us many things to look up that I never could remember if I didn't write them down. Oh, I've heard so much about that House of Seven Gables that he spoke of last night! I'm going to walk over to see it this very afternoon,—only it doesn't seem to me that 'twas Longfellow who wrote about it, but then I may be mistaken."

"You don't mean to say that you believed all that, and about Bunyan writing Pilgrim's Progress in Bedford jail, which we see in going to Concord? I'm a new girl too, but I'm not quite so green as that. Besides I overheard one of the old girls talking, and she said that when she was driving one afternoon with Mr. B. last year, they went past a house here in Auburndale that had an unusual number of gables, and that he said he thought he could make some of the girls believe it really was the famous house of Hawthorne's story. I guess he tried it last night. With so sober a face did he say it that at first I didn't know just what to think, till I saw him wink at Miss C."

"Oh dear; do you suppose he's going to do that all the time? I'm afraid I shall make some dreadful blunders. I must go and change that in my common place book right away: now that I have found out about that house, I won't forget it very soon. Have you looked up those two questions he gave us, "Why do the leaves change color?" and "What makes the engine puff when it starts off?" I think I shall say "the engineer," in answer to the second question, if he asks me. You know some one made that reply when he asked the question, and of course the engineer is the one who does it. I don't see why all the girls laughed, when she said that, for I thought she was smart to think of it."

"I hope they won't have any music divisions arranged tonight; it scares me to death. For three different times I've given in my name for an hour which I thought was all right, and then found afterwards that I had French or English or something else at that very time; so that I've had to change it."

"Come, we must hurry, for you know they call the roll three minutes after the bell rings. Now be quiet, for we mustn't talk."

to Mary B. Sub
Sister

For "Auld Lang Syne."

Jessie Ball, of Grand Rapids, Mich., here in 1890, came to bring her sister; Ada Barker, of Bay City, Mich., with hers; and Mattie Hall Ferguson, of Belfast, Me., here in '89, with hers. We were glad to see them and their sisters. There are here also the following sisters of former pupils: Annie Hackett, from Dubuque, Iowa; Grace Engelhart, St. Joseph, Mo.; Kate Pennell, of Atchison, Kan.; Anna Walston, Decatur, Ill.; Annie Richards, Weymouth, Mass.; Sara Hayden, East Hartford, Conn.; Lulu Appel, Denver, Col.; Louise Hubbard, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mabel Lutes, Indianapolis, Ind.; Olive Healey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Julia Tulleys, Council Bluffs, Ia. Cousins of former pupils are: Martha List and Harriet Dalzell, of Wheeling, W. Va., cousins of the Hubbards; Winifred Conlin, of New York, cousin of Lucile Wyard; Julia Shearer, of Cambridge, cousin of Gertrude White; Beulah Smith, of Rondont, N. Y., cousin of Bertha Childs; Clarissa Hastings, of Holyoke, Mass., cousin of Pearl Houston; and Lestra Hibberd, of Richmond, Ind., cousin of Bertha Morrisson. For her graduates have sent us daughters in Sara Hayden, whose mother graduated in 1858; Nan Brown, whose mother was Annie M. Sheldon, of the class of 1861; Ella Sheldon, daughter of F. Kate Rising, class of 1860; Grace Dwinal, daughter of Georgianna V. Pillsbury, class of 1869; and Rose Lathrop, daughter of Lurette M. Holbrook, of the class of 1871.

MRS. LATIMER.

It was with sad hearts that we learned on our return to Lasell this Fall, that we should no more see our beloved teacher, Mrs. Latimer, to whose wise and friendly counsels for two years past we owe so much.

She died July eighth, at Andover, whither she had gone to visit her friend, Mrs. Noyes.

Mrs. Latimer was a native of the state of New York. In 1853 she was married to Rev. James E. Latimer, who some years afterward held the position of professor and dean of the School of Theology in Boston University. After his death in 1884, she taught in Asheville, N. C., was matron in the young ladies' home, connected with Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and finally came to Lasell. Here she endeared herself to all hearts, and her loss is deeply felt.

Her strong intellect, wide culture, and energetic mind, joined with her deep sympathy and kindly spirit, made her peculiarly fit for the position she occupied. To us she was not only a wise instructor, but a warm friend and earnest helper. Her unvarying cheerfulness was itself an invaluable lesson, not even illness and constant suffering could chase away her bright smile, or teach her lips to utter aught but hearty cheerful words. We cherish her memory, feeling it no light thing to have been brought into contact with a life so strong and noble, so beautiful and helpful, whose law was the law of Him who went about doing good.

Marriages.

In Freemont, Ohio, Oct. 3rd, Mary Otis Miller to Samuel Brinkerhoff. Mary is our Julia's sister and so "one of our girls," always.

In Akron, Ohio, Oct. 18th, Kittie Gertrude Seiberling to Luther Henry Firey. Miss Seiberling was a pupil here in 1889. At home after Nov. 15th, Kansas City, Mo.

In Lowell, Mass., Oct. 25th, Mabel Harriet Stevens to Lewis Henry Swift. Miss Stevens was a pupil at Lasell in 1890.

Maytie Alberta Case to Albert Lyon Crowell, Sept. 4th, at South Manchester, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Crowell will live in Roxbury. The bride is a sister of our Mabel Case.

Annie Walker Merryman to George Wesley Blanchard, on Sept. 5th, at Haverhill, Mass. Miss Merryman was at Lasell during '86-'87.

Carrie Kelham Smith to Ralph William Lee, on Sept. 10th, at Attica, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Lee will reside at 1629 Q Street, Washington, D. C. Miss Smith was at Lasell during '84-'85.

Susan Mary Drew to John Flavel Gaylord, M. D., on Sept. 12th, at Plymouth, Mass. Miss Drew was at Lasell during '76-'77.

Addie Henrietta Commins to Frederiek Mortimer Shiras, on Sept. 12th, at Akron, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Shiras will make Ottawa, Kan., their home. Miss Commins was here during '88-'90.

Julia Ellen Hogg to Thomas Jefferson Powell, on Oct. 3rd, at Fort Worth, Texas. Miss Hogg graduated last June and hurried to her fate!! Her new home is Ryan Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

Clara Bowen to George Curtis Lewis, on Oct. 3rd, at Lockport, N. Y. Miss Bowen was here during '87-'88.

Bertie Burr to Beman Gates Dawes, on Oct. 3rd, at Lincoln, Neb. Miss Burr was at Lasell during '89-'91. Mr. and Mrs. Dawes will live at 1847 C Street, Lincoln, Neb.

Fannie Scott Foster to Arba T. Perry on Oct. 3rd, at Terre Haute, Indiana. Miss Foster was at Lasell during '88-'89. Mr. and Mrs. Perry will live at 889 N. Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Edith Eliza Dunham to Frank Collins Rogers, on Oct. 15th, at Hyde Park, Mass. Miss Dunham was with us during '83-'84. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers will live in Boston Highlands, Mass.

Jessie Belle Reece to William Harvey Soper, on Oct. 18th, at Chicago, Ill. Miss Reece was at Lasell during '84-'85.

Florence Tinsman Ryan to Patrick Sarsfield Donnellan, M. D., on Oct. 16th, at Williamsport, Pa. Miss Ryan was with us during '83-'85.

List of the New Girls.

Julia A. T. Aldrich,
Ella F. Ampt,
Lulu M. Appel,
Clarissa S. Arnold,
Anna Baechtel,
Bessie Bailey,
Martha A. Baker,
Alice H. Ball,
Maud M. Barker,
Marie L. Barnes,
Irene L. Battey,
Mildred W. Bell,
Claire M. Beebe,
Eugenia M. Beetle,
Grace P. Bliss,
Frances R. Bowman,
Nan S. Brown,
Edith M. Bucklin,
Margaret F. Bullock,
Nora F. Burroughs,
Ada Cadmus,
Clara S. Cameron,
Emeline H. Carlisle,
Nellie A. Carnahan,
Helen W. Chadbourne,
Gertrude A. Clark,
Margaret B. Cobb,
Belle A. Curry,
Harriet W. Dalzell,
Esther M. Davis,
Anna L. A. Deane,
Edith A. Dresser,
Mary L. Dunlap,
Helen A. Dyer,
Sadie E. Eldredge,
Virginia S. Ellison,
Grace P. Englehart,
Anna L. Espy,
Lena Evans,
Sadie M. Farnsworth,
Blanche G. Ford,
Ethel J. Garey,
Margaret S. Gere,
Mabel Gibson,
Isabel Ginn,
Celia E. Googins,
Emma C. Grant,
May M. Griswold,
Annie J. Hackett,
Mary F. Hall,
Grace L. Harrison,
Maybell P. Hart,
Adena E. Harvey,
Clarissa S. Hastings,
Susan B. Hayward,
Clara Heath,
Helen M. Holman,
Louise C. Horton,
Edith Howe,
Jessie Hutchinson,
Julia Inglee,
Gertrude Jones,
R. Ruth Kimball,
Lucilla B. Knapp,
Leda Kuhn,
Rose Lathrop,
Martha P. List,
Agnes S. Lowe,
Annie M. Mayo,
Ruth K. Merriam,
Susan L. Montgomery,
May Muth,
Jennie Myrick,
H. Ernestine Orton,
Caroline Patton,
Mary C. Rue,
Eleanor E. Rumsey,
Ellen D. Sanborn,
Margie M. Schubert,

St. Louis
Wyoming, Ohio
Denver, Colorado
Unadilla, N. Y.
Hagerstown, Md.
Marion, Ind.
Jamaica, West Indies
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Bay City, Mich.
Dover, N. H.
Attleboro, Mass.
St. Louis, Mo.
Chicago
New Bedford, Mass.
Atchison, Kansas
Council Bluffs, Iowa
New York City
New York
Chicago
Edwardsville, Ill.
Jersey City Heights, N. J.
Fall River, Mass.
Passaic, N. J.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Lowell, Mass.
Northampton, Mass.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Ironwood, Mich.
Leatherwood, W. Va.
Oneida, N. Y.
Fall River, Mass.
Southbridge, Mass.
Columbus, Ohio
Auburndale
Portsmouth, N. H.
Independence, Mo.
St. Joseph, Mo.
Kenton, Ohio
Fort Worth, Texas
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Toledo, Ohio
Newton Centre
Sioux City, Iowa
Salem, N. Y.
Belfast, Me.
Chicago
Summit, N. J.
Columbus, Wisconsin
Dubuque, Ia.
Belfast, Me.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Westerly, R. I.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Holyoke, Mass.
Uxbridge, Mass.
Denver, Colorado
Chicago
Cleveland, Ohio
Passaic, N. J.
Chicago
Machias, Me.
Kansas City, Mo.
Clarinda, Iowa
Auburndale
Ogden, Utah
Auburndale
Wheeling, W. Va.
Chicago
Foxcroft, Me.
Meriden, Conn.
Philadelphia, Penn.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Yarmouthport, Mass.
Rome, N. Y.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Coshocton, Ohio
Wolcott, N. Y.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Wyoming, Ohio

Elise E. Scott,
Ellen Siedentopf,
Julia L. Shearer,
Beulah L. Smith,
Gertrude Smith,
Florence L. Stedman,
Blanche M. Swope,
Georgie I. Swope,
Grace P. Washburn,
Edith V. Watkins,
Cora M. Watson,
Lillian Wetherell,
Nellie S. Wilson,

Newton Centre
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Cambridgeport, Mass.
Rondout, N. Y.
London, Ohio
Needham, Mass.
Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C.
Melrose, Mass.
Detroit, Mich.
Spencer, Mass.
Exeter, N. H.
Nahant, Mass.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.

Now is the time to send in your subscription to the LEAVES, girls. You all enjoy the items about the girls you knew here, and should not deprive yourself of this bond of union with your old friends and your school home. If you have any news of yourself or of any of the girls, let us have it for our "Personals." We thank those who have already done this.

Exchanges.

1. ALWAYS go skating on afternoons when you have particularly long lessons for the morrow. It adds greatly to the enjoyment.

2. Always take at least three companions with you. There is no telling what may happen, and they may come in handy.

3. Take bananas for lunch, and be sure and throw the skins on the ice.

4. Never attempt to skate in two directions at the same time. It is not considered elegant or especially conducive to one's pleasure.

5. Do not skate too steadily; sit down occasionally, no matter where. It exhibits a remarkable degree of versatility to be able to drop into a reposing attitude anywhere, and without warning.

6. When you meet a handsome young lady try to skate on both sides of her at once. This is considered rather ingenious, and is sure to cause a sensation.

7. If you skate into a hole in the ice, take it coolly. Think how you would feel if the water were boiling hot.

8. In sitting down, do it gradually. Don't be too sudden; you might break the ice.

9. If your skates seem too slippery, buy a new pair. Continue buying new pairs until you find some that are not slippery.

10. When you fall headlong examine the straps of your skates carefully before you get up.

IT WAS right in the middle of the second movement of the fifth symphony—that ineffable passage that gives you a feeling of high-wrought fatuity. The old gentleman in front of me nodded his bald head complacently; the old lady at his left with the nose of a field-marshal and a palpable beard—even she looked softened; the Annex girl next me was heaving visible sighs; all was lovely and serious. Just then, in an unlucky moment, I caught sight of a man, standing in the gallery opposite. There was the broadest of grins on his face, and the grin was so funny that my soulful mood sneaked away and I was soon chuckling in sympathy with my unknown friend. It was the same all through the concert; Tchaikowsky's pathos struck him as irresistably funny; and in the Tannhauser overture when Wagner gets through with his dreadful pilgrims and suddenly pulls a tin shop down about your ears, I looked over and saw that same catching grin. I loved that man by the time the concert was over. He seemed a rare genial humorist. I met him in the lobby. It wasn't a smile at all—it was the way his moustache was cut.
—*Harvard Advocate*.

"SO HE praised my singing, did he?"
"Yes; he said it was heavenly."
"Did he really say that?"
"Well, not exactly, but he probably meant that; he said that it was unearthly.—*M. H. S.*

MOST doctors are like mosquitoes, never slow in sending in their bills

THE LIBRARY and manuscripts of the historian Bancroft have been purchased by the University of Chicago for \$80,000. The University library of 25,000 volumes is now the largest of all university libraries in America.

I HAVE oft heard people say,
"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
(Quoting from an old Scotch lay)
To see ourselves as ithers see us."
But I would far more happy be
If some fair witch or elf
Would make the other people see
Me, just as I see myself.

AFRICA has the smallest university in the world. It consists of five students and twelve instructors.

A QUERY.
He asked a miss what was a kiss,
Grammatically defined.
"It's a conjunction, sir," she said,
"And hence can't be declined.

BLEST be the tie that binds
The collar to my shirt.
With gorgeous silken front it hides
At least a week of dirt.

—*Yale Record*.

A LITTLE miss
A little kiss
A little bliss
Its ended.

A little law
A little jaw
And lo! the bonds
Are rended.

—*High School Times*.

BLESSED is the woman who helps her husband to obtain a dozen wives.—*Mormon Adage*.

Street Boots, **

Dress Shoes, **

Fancy Slippers.



The Leading Styles in Fine Goods, at Special Discount Prices to Students.

15 Winter St., = = Boston.

JAMESON & KNOWLES CO.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER (teaching temperance)—“Now, can any one tell me what great movement took place in Kansas that made such a decided change in the condition of things?”

Scholar—“Yes'm; a cyclone.”

“Ah, yes,” said Aunt Sally, “Jennie's a great singer. Some day she'll be a regular belladonna.”

IN BATH ABBEY, England, is to be seen the following:

“Here lives Ann Mann.

She lived an old maid and died an old Mann.”

THEY were sitting in the hammock,

Soft light came from the moon.

He forgot she had that hat on—

“What a shame”—blind so soon.

CAME to college—

Joined the 'leven—

Played one game—

Went to Heaven.

THE DARKEY'S SOLILOQUY.

Lives ob hones' men remind us

Dat ter wrong we mustn't stoop;

Dat we musn't leave behind us

Footprints roun' de ebieken-coop.

TEACHER—“What is the Latin word for ‘girl?’”

Small Boy (just beginning Latin)—“Peculiar.”

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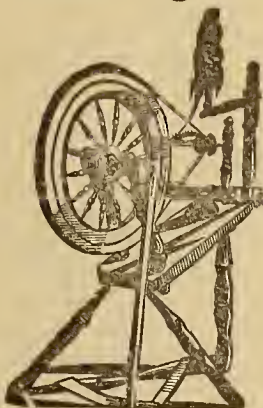
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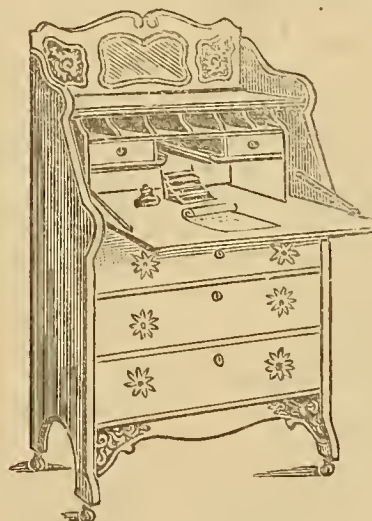
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EDITORIAL.

THE Czar, Alexander III, who was for some time alarmingly ill, died the last of October. He has been, perhaps, as good a ruler to his people as circumstances warranted us in expecting. The Princess Alix, the betrothed of the new Czar, Nicholas II, is the granddaughter of Queen Victoria and the daughter of Princess Alice, who died with diphtheria because she would kiss her dying child, sick with that dread disease. The future Czarina has been converted at last to the Greek Church, though for a while she opposed it strenuously. Nicholas II. is twenty-six years of age, and the European Powers are rather anxious to learn how he will conduct the affairs of his great empire. He seems to desire to carry out the peaceable policy of his dead father. His ascension to the throne will probably make little real difference to America, which has always been on excellent terms with Russia.

WE HAVE made two excursions to Mount Auburn and Cambridge this year. Mr. Bragdon took the girls to see the chief buildings at Harvard, taking a look also at the old elm which is so noted. The company went in barges, and had a pleasant afternoon of sight-seeing.

TUESDAY, November 6, was election day, and each girl was interested in the outcome of the election in her own part of the country. It would be well if the girls would read the newspapers more and learn something about the present state of politics, so that they should have some knowledge of the principles held by each party. It is an indisputable fact that frequently a girl calls herself either a Democrat or a Republican for the sole reason that her father is a member of the one or the other party. Every father is doubtless on the right

side, but nevertheless it would do no harm to hear the other side of the question, and even to consider carefully what one knows about one's own side. Learn to think for yourselves, and with an unbiased judgment to decide for yourselves which is the best party; for, although women are not allowed the right of suffrage, yet an intelligent opinion on matters so serious as those of government should be possessed by every woman.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, the well-known English artist and art critic, died suddenly in Boulogne-sur-Seine, November 5th. He was born at Laneside, in Lancashire, in 1834. The British nation can ill afford to lose a critic of such steady power, keen judgment and well balanced enthusiasm. He was connected with the art magazine *The Portfolio*, and was the author of several works on art, among which is "Man in Art," one of the last of his works, and also one of the best.

THE FIRST snowstorm of the year came on the evening of November 5th, and we were all delighted to welcome it; for did it not tell us that Christmas holidays were coming in the near future? Besides this, there are delightful sleigh rides in prospect, and a girl is rarely found who does not thoroughly enjoy a sleigh ride.

A TRIP TO CONCORD.

The day selected for our trip to Concord was a beautiful one. The air was invigorating, and in the clear atmosphere the brilliant coloring of the foliage showed off to fine advantage. We started immediately after breakfast. If you can imagine five "barges" packed with girls, all bent on enjoying the day to the utmost, you will have some notion of how we looked that morning.

After a drive of about ten miles through one of the most beautiful parts of New England, we stopped at the battle-field in Lexington. It is a lovely spot, surrounded by elms, and near-by are queer little old-fashioned houses, many with signs on the front, showing that Paul Revere knocked there on his memorable ride from Boston to Concord. On the common, where the battle occurred, are stones bearing inscriptions commemorative of the courage of our men during the fight.

We could not spend much time in Lexington, as there were so many other places to be seen.

Our next stop was at the house occupied by Louise Alcott and afterward by Hawthorne. The thick woods are still there which suggested to Hawthorne the title of his *Tanglewood Tales*, and as we followed the path which led away up through the woods to the hill behind the house, we thought of that wizard story-teller sitting there among the pines weaving his beautiful web of thought for the delight of all lovers of the English language. The scene was in itself a charming one, and its associations made it even more so. When we were told that we might go into the house, we clapped our hands with delight, for it is a privilege allowed to few.

It is a low, rambling, many-gabled house, very near the road. The rooms are small, with low ceilings and tiny windows looking out on the beautiful country. The dining-room was of special interest to us, since it remains just as it was when Hawthorne lived there, and we were shown the little chimney-closet of which he was so fond. After looking around downstairs and peeping out of the back door at the terrace in the woods, down which the little Alcotts used to roll, and at the barn which served them for a theatre, we went to the very top of the house to Hawthorne's study. It is a small room, with a gable window for outlook in one direction: one window overlooked the thick, tangled woods; another the road toward Lexington, and a third the fields, grand in their autumn coloring on the day of our visit. His old desk was there at which he used to stand writing, and his two cupboards, over one of which was printed, in letters now faded by time, "Abandon care all ye who enter here." It was in this same garret that the little Alcott children used to have such fun.

On leaving the house we went along the "Larch Walk" to the later home of Louise Alcott. Here she lived after her father lost his property, and here is still to be seen the play-house spoken of in "Little Women."

We next saw the home of Emerson—a square, white, pleasant-looking house, more modern than the others that we had seen. As we could not enter it we drove on to the Concord graveyard, where are the graves of many of America's bravest men. The cemetery is near the old tavern, and very near the place where the battle raged most fiercely.

By the time that we had seen the cemetery we began to feel hungry, so we drove to the Concord bridge and ate our luncheon where our brave countrymen died. On the left of the bridge was the "Old Manse," set back among the trees just as Emerson describes it; and on the farther side of the bridge the statue of a minute-man stands guard. It was around this monument that we gathered to hear stories from two gentlemen who had known Louise Alcott and Hawthorne. One of them played a few tunes for us on Thoreau's flute, and told us how Miss Alcott wrote about it in one of her most beautiful poems.

About two o'clock we were summoned to the wagons. We drove first to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where are the graves of many famous people. Here we saw the graves of the Alcotts, that of Louise Alcott still looking quite new. We saw also the resting-place of Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau, not far apart, and beautiful with their covering of bright leaves.

Lake Walden was our next stopping-place. Here Thoreau lived in a little hut commanding a view of the lake and wrote his fascinating books. The situation of his hut is marked by a pile of stones, upon which each visitor throws another.

We had a delightful drive home—in fact, our whole day had been a delight; and we learned a lesson in history that we will remember. I venture to say that not one of us will ever forget the homes of Louise Alcott, Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau, and the battle-fields, bringing thoughts of the many who died there for the cause of liberty.

E. C. G.

New Pictures.

Mr. Shepherd brought back with him from Europe several valuable additions to Lasell's art-collection, in the shape of fine clear photographs of the following pictures: Bonheur's "Plowing in the Nivernais" (carbon); Landscape, Cuyt; "Reuben's Family," Hals; "The Pond," Corot; "Princes in the Tower," Delaroche; "The Blind Fiddler," Wilkie; Gainsborough's Mrs. Siddons.

ONE of our illustrious Juniors gives the translation of "Iargoque humectat flumine vultum" thus: "He washed his face in a great river;" and another translates "nate dea" "Swim, O Goddess."

Luxury in the Time of Queen Elizabeth.

Looking at the reign of Queen Elizabeth from our standpoint, we would scarcely apply the adjective *luxurious* to the mode of life which prevailed in her day; but comparing in this respect her time with that of previous monarchs we may call it an age of luxury.

Elizabeth herself was brought up in extreme simplicity, having few of the comforts and conveniences of civilization as we now understand it. Only a small proportion of the houses then had chimneys, and only princes' beds were provided with two sheets. Carpets were unknown, and floors were strewn with rushes. Tea and coffee, potatoes and all the finer vegetables had not yet come into use. In the country, especially, was there a lack of almost everything pertaining to comfort. Cottages were built of sticks and mud, and were nearly as bare of furniture as the wigwam of an American Indian. Prosperous farmers slept upon straw beds and had "a good round log under their heads for a pillow."

Elizabeth's reign marked the turning-point in the history of English civilization, and from that time we hear of the increase of comforts and luxuries. One old writer, lamenting the changes which were taking place, says: "When our houses were built of willows, then we had oaken men; but now that our houses are made of oak, our men have not only become willow, but many are altogether of straw, which is a sad affliction." The poets also took up the strain, and sighed for the good old times before the prevalence of luxury, and the consequent degeneracy of the race. Spencer refers to it in his "Faery Queene," where he says: "Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late." It was just at this time that everything was bursting into new life and color. Wealth was rapidly increasing, and with that luxury went, as ever it has gone, hand in hand. Inventions multiplied, clothing and house-furnishings became more artistic and beautiful, and the rudeness of an early age, as shown in the manners of the people, gradually yielded to the softening and refining influences accompanying an improved style of living.

A FAMILY CAUCUS.

Notice was given of the caucus at breakfast, and again at lunch, so that it was firmly impressed upon our minds that some sort of a something, giving very much needed instruction in the use of the ballot, was to be held that evening, and all members of the family were expected to be present. There was father, of course, interested in politics; mother, rather sleepy; Harold, the would-be head of the house, and consequently with an idea that politics could not exist without him; Mamie and Sue, the two charming daughters of the household, who read the headlines of the newspapers and thought they knew all about it. Then there was I, who was the cause of this caucus; because, not being old enough to vote, I wanted to know how.

Harold was unanimously elected chairman, and as chairman thought he should, would, or ought to make a speech which was to rouse the zeal of the United States—if only that important factor, the United States as audience, had not been lacking. Harold is rather pompos, and has a peculiar way of making every hair on his head stand as straight as any West Point cadet, the whole having a striking resemblance to an army in motion. So, with an Ahem and an Ah-h, he began: "Politics, you must all clearly understand, is that part of ethics which treats of the regulation and government of a nation or state; the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity." He stopped for breath and encouragement, and then: "In the broadest sense politics deals with the welfare and wealth of every citizen. To secure this the offices must be filled by *men*, and—

"Men whom the lusts of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy."

I heard Mamie say: "Oh, he learned that from this morning's paper." Harold stopped and looked up, expecting applause; but alas! mother was sleeping sweetly; Mamie was laughing; Sue was reading; I was dreaming, and father was the only one who had heard any of that wonderful speech after the first five words.

"Well," he burst out, "you can vote as you please and when you please—I don't care. You are not interested in my help, so you can get someone else to help you." Harold's face, the army of hairs and the multitudes of airs, were too much for

the family, and we all commenced to laugh. Harold was angry and went to the club, father to his book, mother to her knitting, Mamie to the piano, Sue to "Tilby," and I—so interested in municipal reform, the tariff—in fact, every kind of politics—went back to my day-dreams with very little sorrow.

So ended our family caucus; so have ended many more; so will end many more, until women read beyond the headlines of the newspapers and the titles of the treatises. Oh, yes! we expect to vote; but we still claim as our privilege the right to go to sleep over long, prosy talks, and to laugh as much as we wish over Harold and his army of hairs—occupying a safe position in the depths of politics, and from there throwing up boulders of large words against four defenceless women entrenched in the headlines of the daily papers.

Boyibus kissibus,
Sweet girlomus;
Girlibus likibus,
Wanti somomus.

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER.

DEAR LEAVES—At first I had nothing to write about, afterwards I was too busy to write, and then too homesick. It is fortunate for the school that my sister is not there this year, for, so wretchedly homesick am I, that I should be back a week from to-day, sympathizing so much with the poor creatures suffering in like manner, that I should expect no lessons. I realize that I must be diligent to conquer, or I shall accomplish nothing. To do so one must burn one's ships (more easily done now in the days of railroads with hope of return left). I hope all the homesick girls will burn theirs, and be at Lasell with whole hearts—and minds.

In delivering the letters Mr. Bragdon so kindly gave me, I saw a few people directly or indirectly connected with Lasell. Mrs. Freebey, in Los Angeles, was the first one. Such a pretty, sunny house and well kept lawn that I was doubly glad to knock at the door. Mrs. Freebey is very little to have such a tall, strong daughter, of whom we talked awhile, and about whom we agreed that she was a very good girl. Mrs. Freebey was very kind, and Hattie's sister, a girl of twelve or fourteen, very much interested in Lasell and Massachusetts.

In Pasadena I saw Mr. Parker first. Both he and Mrs. Parker were most kind and amiable. I ate dinner with them, and we talked a great deal about Lasell and her people. Mr. Parker says that people have ceased calling him "Professor." Pointing to his high boots and showing me his hands, he told me he was a farmer now. His place is beautiful, well kept and in full view of the glorious mountains. His children are rosy and look happy. I must emphasize Mr. and Mrs. Parker's gentle kindness. While talking with them I felt much less homesick.

I thought Pasadena must be a Wilbraham settlement, but a little later, while at Professor Lowe's house, I found it was one of Lasell's annexes. To describe Mr. Lowe's house would be hard—as hard as to describe beautiful Pasadena. If the latter part of the word is a corruption of *Eden*, I am sorry the word was corrupted, for it were well named. The house is very large, with broad verandas, a high tower, velvety lawn, roses upon roses, and fruit trees. There are, I think, twelve acres of these and of rose trees. I was sorry not to find Mr. Lowe at home. Mrs. Lowe and Edna were there, and were very much pleased to see someone from Lasell. Zoë was out driving with the gentleman to whom she is to be married very soon—in March, I believe. She was to go East with her father the day on which I called. Oh, the Lasell girls Edna has seen at Pasadena! I am sorry to have forgotten the names of so many: I ought to have written them down when she mentioned them. Nan Brown lives almost opposite the Lowes, but was gone just then. Luey Sampson, Eva Bond, Carrie Foster—I have forgotten her husband's name—Marie Shellabarger Crowder and her sister Grace, Miss Clapp, from Des Moines; Mabel Lord, and very many more has Edna seen. (Poor Nan Brown lost her father not long ago.) Mrs. Lowe has a large roomful of Indian blankets and baskets, some of which cost as much as a \$100. They are artistically arranged, and present a charming *ensemble*. She has built a large aviary, for canaries I think. Mount Lowe they can see from their windows—the hotel and the observatory two white dots on the mountain's side.

At Long Beach I took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Cushman, cousins of Mr. Bragdon. They,

too, were very kind, and with them also I felt at home, because we talked of the school. They have a cozy little house near the beach. With Mr. Cushman I had my first look on the Pacific Ocean. By the way, I wish all the girls who have not yet read it, would read Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Mr. and Mrs. Cushman hope to make a trip around the world in two or three years. Lasell being the central point, they will visit it, of course.

With regards to all the girls, yours truly,

ADELE ROTH.

Santa Ana, Cal., Oct. 25, '94.

THE NEWSPAPER IN EDUCATION.

One of the leading questions of our century is how to obtain an education. Never before have so many educational advantages been offered to the people, both to rich and to poor. Our colleges, seminaries and public schools are crowded with those seeking knowledge, and in many states the education of the young is now compulsory. But what of the laboring man who did not have these advantages in his youth—whom necessity early compelled to a life of toil? Though he has received very little of the education of the schools, yet he is not unfrequently well informed on matters of general interest. Where does he obtain his knowledge?

The source is not hard to determine. The newspaper affords him an education, though of limited extent, it is true; from it he obtains nearly all his knowledge of politics, of history, and of current events. As a means of information its value to him cannot be estimated.

Since the newspaper contains so much important information, why should it not be regularly used as a means of instruction in our schools? To be sure, this would be a little out of the beaten track, but would it not be advantageous? The old track is not necessarily the safest. Dr. Rice, in a recent article in the *Forum*, says: "The general tendency on the part of our people to oppose the introduction of all methods of instruction that do not savor of the old mechanical routine is, in my opinion, one of the greatest barriers to educational progress in our century to-day." The pupil can obtain from the news-

paper an intelligent view of the events of the day and this should stimulate his interest in all his studies. Doubtless in all cases in which systematic and careful use of the newspaper is made, it will prove thus to increase the zeal of the young student. For example, would not the facts of geography leave a more lasting impression on the mind of the pupil, if he were to trace the courses of the steamers, the arrival and departure of which are noticed in the papers? In this way he might, incidentally, gain much information concerning the ports at which they touch, the people, customs, and industries of those places. This should create in an alert mind an interest in the ordinary school-work, which otherwise is often lacking.

In no other way can we obtain, in so brief and concise a form, news of the various events taking place all over the world. Fifteen or twenty minutes a day devoted to the daily paper will keep one fairly well informed of the events occurring in his own land and in foreign countries. It is time well spent, and should give one who follows this plan much valuable matter for both thought and conversation.

E. WATKINS. '96.

Quotations on Autumn.

All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn, wreathed with nodding corn.

—Burns.

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain, comes
jovial on.

—Thomson.

Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The Sabbath of the year!

—Logan.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

—Hood.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sear.

—Bryant.

To her bier
Comes the year,
Not with weeping and distress, as mortals do,
But to guide her way to it
All the trees have torches lit.

—Lucy Larcom.

The tints of Autumn—a mighty flower-garden
Blossoming under the spell of the enchanter, Frost.

—Whittier.

Dr. Smith's Lecture at Lasell.

On the evening of November 1st, the students had the pleasure of hearing Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America," "The Morning Light is Breaking," and their well-known hymns. Chapel was postponed until seven, and after the girls were seated, Dr. Smith came in, the school singing meantime one verse of each of the two hymns mentioned above. The Doctor spoke to the girls about study in general, and the study of Latin in particular, and quite took their breath away by insisting that every student of Latin should know the Latin grammar by heart. Then, concerning the origin of "America," he said that Mr. Woodbridge, an American gentleman interested in making the schools of his own country equal to those of Germany, after he had visited the latter country, tried to introduce singing into the public schools of his own land. Dr. Smith, being a friend of his and a good linguist, was asked to translate for Mr. Woodbridge the best of a collection of German songs which he had brought back with him from Germany, or to set new words to the German melodies.

Dr. Smith said that one afternoon in February of 1832, about a half an hour before sunset, he was looking over some of these and came upon the tune "God Save the King," which at that time he did not know. He liked the music, and the thought came to him, "Why not write a patriotic hymn?" Taking up a scrap of paper near-by, he began to write, and before sunset the song was written very much as we now have it.

After handing it to Mr. Woodbridge he forgot all about it, never dreaming that it would become our national hymn. On the Fourth of July, 1832, however, his friend brought it out in Park Street Church, Boston. That was the first time that this hymn, now so well known, was sung in public.

After the lecture Dr. Smith shook hands and spoke a word of greeting to each of the students. The lecture was greatly enjoyed by all.

LASELL SEMINARY has received an award from the Columbian Exposition, Department of Liberal Arts, "for excellence of equipment and work in all departments, including manual training." — *St. John's Collegian*.

The Recollections of an Old Mirror.

What a craze there is for antique furniture !

“ New-fashioned things is behind the age,
Old-fashioned things is new ;
And things ain't new or worth a cent
Unless they're antik too. ”

If one who wishes to furnish his house can get a sofa, table, or sideboard bearing unmistakable signs of antiquity, he values it much more highly than he would the most costly modern furniture.

Looking about my room the other day, I thought : Now, if I had some piece of old furniture—something that had a story connected with it—my room would be complete. Whereupon I went to the garret, thinking that something might be found there among the treasured relics of my ancestors. I rummaged about hopelessly for a time ; everything was either too large or too small to fill the niches awaiting it. I was soon covered with dust and cobwebs, and my head ached sadly by reason of the many bumps received from the broad rafters.

I was about to give up my search and to descend, when something in a dusty corner attracted my attention, and after an effort I brought to light an old mirror. Brushing away the cobwebs, behold ! the very thing I wanted. The beautifully carved frame and solid brass knobs showed its former value. As I looked at it I thought : What a story this old glass could tell if it had the power of speech ! No sooner had the words been uttered than I heard a faint voice which seemed to come from the glass in my hands. Bending closer, I heard the following words :

“ The story of my life has never yet been told ; but, since you have expressed a desire to hear it, your wish shall be gratified. I was made many years ago in France ; when finished I was boxed up, and after what seemed to me a very long time I found myself in a large New York store where were many other handsome pieces of furniture. I seemed to be set apart from my fellow-glasses, and soon noted marked differences between them and myself. My frame was richly carved, my brass trimmings bright and flawless ; and among the many mirrors about me not even the richest could compare in beauty with myself. I had been in the store but a short time when one morning a tall and beautiful lady entered and

asked if the mirror which she had ordered had arrived. The clerk's reply I did not hear, but he showed me to her, and then I learned that I was to be a wedding present to the lady's daughter. Soon I was again packed and sent to a fine old mansion, where I was shortly hung in a beautiful drawing-room, with whose elegant furnishings my handsome frame and polished surface were in harmony.

“ Amid the great bustle going on round about me I learned that this was the wedding-day. I have beheld funny, sad, even tragic scenes ; but never a grander one than I saw that night. I thought as the master led in the fair bride that if all the faces which I was to reflect were as fair as hers what a happy lot mine would be.

“ One bright morning three years later the master held before my face so perfect a likeness of the mistress that she herself seemed before me in miniature. The soft, chestnut curls, the large brown eyes, shadowed by dark lashes—every feature, in fact, so like her mother ! The tiny hands of the sweet baby tried in vain to grasp the pretty reflection which I sent back. How proud they were of this little one ! So rapidly did time slip away that, before I thought it possible, she had blossomed into lovely womanhood. Meantime others had been added to this happy family. Oh, the ruddy faces of those boys and girls—how it thrills my heart to think of them !

“ One day I was removed to the lower hall, where life was less quiet. My chief amusement here was watching the callers. There was one young man whom I particularly admired for his resemblance to Tom, the eldest son. It did not take me long to discover that I was not the only one who looked forward to his visits. He came often. Edith it was who drew him thither. Presently there was the stir of another marriage in the old bouse, and Edith and her chosen husband passed before me to the carriage waiting to whirl them away on their wedding journey.

“ Days and months of quiet happiness passed, and then one bright June day I mirrored the forms of those who bore away from the house the dear mistress, gone to her heavenly home. Then came the shutting up of the house, and dusty gloom for me during slow days and nights. Finally Edith and her husband returned, and with

them light and life once more; and to make the house less suggestive of past griefs it was newly furnished. I saw my companions consigned to the attic, and patiently waited my turn. It came at last. I was taken from the hook that I had occupied so long and brought here, where I have remained for nearly twenty years."

The old mirror ceased speaking; no matter how much I questioned it, not another word could I hear. It was almost dark, and I sat there in the cold, having dreamed away a whole afternoon. You may be sure I took the old glass from its dusty nook. It may now be seen hanging in my room.

M. W. S.

MR. RUSKIN, at Brantwood, is thus described by a Leeds enthusiast: "As I passed, Mr. Ruskin looked at me quite as curiously as I looked at him. He seemed to be a man from seventy to eighty years of age, and to be of medium height, if he stood erect. But, owing, I imagine, to his studious habits, he is quite round-shouldered. He has a long, white beard—not a snowy-white, but a yellowish white. He walked along in a rather brisk manner, with his hands behind his back."—*Boston Journal*.

BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem, N. H., has been so often written about, and so accurately described in guide-books, that it may seem presumptuous to attempt a description of it that shall not sound hackneyed.

I shall not, then, attempt anything very elaborate, but shall tell how it appeared to us while there last summer.

The first thought that comes to me with the name "Bethlehem" is that of the White Mountains, at the very base of which it nestles.

In the centre of the village is Strawberry Hill, whence can be seen the fine sunsets for which the place is famous. Perhaps I should confess that we did not always devote the time to this scenery that it merited, although on our journey to the mountains we were frequently awakened from our naps by an enthusiastic member of the party, in order that we might admire some choice bit of

landscape. Bethlehem is one long street, beginning with the Maplewood Hotel and extending for two miles, lined, as one might say, with hotels. The Maplewood ranks foremost among these; its beautiful location, the fine building, orchestra, cottage casino and playground make it a delightful place in which to spend the summer. The Sinclair House is next in size. It was there that we stayed, liking it even better than we liked the Maplewood, since it was the most central of the hotels. The most common amusements there are dancing (several of the hotels giving a hop every week), tennis, baseball, bowling, driving and excursions.

One day we drove to some races in Littleton, about six miles distant. One tally-ho was decked out in white and green, the Sinclair colors, and looked very gay and pretty. Although one or two small boys, catching sight of our green banners waving in the breeze, cried out boldly "Hurrah for the Irish!" to which our coach responded vigorously "Hurrah for the green! hurrah for the white! We're from the Sinclair; we're all right!"

One of the greatest attractions of Bethlehem is its coaching parade. When the little town puts on its holiday garb and devotes itself wholly to gayety, its two-mile street presents a very festive appearance, with its long procession of coaches and prettily adorned horses. Each coach is decorated with its hotel colors, as fancy dictates, and is loaded with pretty girls. It is a sight long to be remembered.

The coaching parade was first introduced in 1887 by a party of gentlemen at the Maplewood, who had little idea then that it would become the custom to have one "every summer."

One other event of great interest is the annual tennis tournament, in which one person from each house is allowed to take part. To enthusiastic tennis players, I suppose, this is really the greatest event of the season. And enthusiasm for tennis is "in the air" at Bethlehem. Indeed, I have seen tennis champions playing even during a shower, as if utterly unconscious of anything save the little rubber balls bouncing back and forth over the net.

So pleasant was our stay at Bethlehem that we look forward with delight to spending next summer in the same place.

LOCALS.

ALL those who have ever heard Mr. Leland T. Powers will appreciate what a treat the S. D. Society gave us November 10th, when, by their arrangement, he read "The Rivals" here.

A large and enthusiastic audience listened to him, and in answer to the prolonged applause, continued even after he had withdrawn to the parlors, he kindly favored us with several other selections, rendered in his own inimitable manner.

EVEN the sad would have been made merry had they peeped into the gymnasium on Hallowe'en and seen the eager expressions in the faces of those gathered there to learn their fate in the curves of the apple-paring, or to discover through the three bowls of water what their future lot was to be. Some bit at the apples hung temptingly in different parts of the room, or bobbed for those floating in the tub of water; while others gathered in groups and kept the feather dancing merrily over the tightly stretched sheet. Even Mr. Bragdon joined in the frolic, outdoing the girls themselves. When all was over, and even the prettiest girls had found, to their horror, that they were to die old maids, they did not despair, but hoped that their dreams would foretell a better fate.

THE new officers elected for the S. D. Society are as follows:

President,	Carrie Steel.
Vice-President,	Elizabeth Stephenson.
Secretary,	Belle Bragdon.
Treasurer,	Gertrude Bucknum.

Executive Committee,	{ Belle Bronson,
	{ Margie Shubert,
	{ Elizabeth Shaw,
Critic,	Francis Fairchild.
Ushers,	{ Jessie Hutchinson,
	{ Maud Barker.

Those for the Lasellia Club are as follows:

President,	Helen Morris.
Vice-President,	Nettie Eldridge.
Secretary,	Louise Horton.
Treasurer,	Ella Wilson.
Critic,	Cara Sawin.
Executive Committee,	{ Winifred Conlin,
	{ Margaret Gere,
	{ Edith Bucklin.
Guards,	{ Kittibel Chapman,
	{ Blanche Ford,
	{ Claire Beebe.

THE first regular meeting of the Lasell Missionary Society was held Sunday, October 21. A good number of the old members were present, and some interesting plans for this school year were discussed. It is hoped that many of the new girls will join the society and take an interest in this work. A student's missionary meeting was held at the Theological Department of Boston University, Monday, October 29, at which the Lasell Society was represented by Miss Sawyer, President; Miss Roper,

Secretary, and Miss Allen, Treasurer. Miss Roper presented a most interesting paper on "Missionary Work at Lasell." Papers were also read on "Work at the Downtown Church," by Mr. H. F. Tibbets, of Newton Theological Institute, and "Some Work for the Volunteers While They Wait," by Mr. H. W. Webb, of Andover Seminary. Reports were given from Harvard, Andover and other colleges.

Lasell Missionary Society.

SUMMARY FOR YEAR 1893-94.

RECEIPTS.	
Membership fees.....	\$78 00
Entertainment ..	50 24
Reception.....	17 50
Mite boxes.....	10 50
	<hr/>
	\$156 24

DISBURSEMENTS.	
For Caroline Lasell.....	\$25 00
School in India.....	20 00
Miss Paine's work.....	32 00
Life membership.....	20 00
Japan scholarship.....	40 00
Miss Barnum, Turkey.....	10 00
Miss Farwell, Chili ..	7 00
Expenses.....	2 24
	<hr/>
	\$156 24

In addition to this, twenty-six dollars was given by the Lasell girls in the general collections for foreign missions taken at church.

About forty of the old members of the society have gone away; but we hope to have more than that number from the new girls, especially as we have some new work proposed, which we are very anxious to undertake.

Gymnastics This Year.

The Seminary is fortunate this year in the choice of the gymnasium assistants, having secured the services of two well equipped and efficient teachers in that department. Of these, Miss Blanche Bemis, of Allston, is a graduate of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. Her specialty is the Swedish system, in which she gives instruction to the teachers of the Somerville public schools, and to Lasell pupils.

Miss Kate Adams has been for three years in charge of the gymnasium at Ogontz, Pa., which she left that she might be with her mother, who lives in Brookline. She is one of Dr. Sargent's graduates.

From teachers who come so highly recommended we may expect fine work and gratifying results.

So much aid is needed in order that Miss Ransom may have time to meet the very large demand for lessons in swimming, which increases every year. The Canoe Club has eight new members, who are diligently practicing.

PERSONALS.

WE SEE in one of the recent papers of Shelbyville, Ind., a flattering notice of Lizzie Fleming's singing. The immediate cause of the compliment was a beautiful solo sung at a service in the First Presbyterian Church of that town.

"FIT PLAYFELLOW for fays by moonlight pale." Nellie Alling Thayer has one; 'tis a baby-girl, a month old on the 25th of November. Nellie is living in Newton Centre.

HIS fond grandma sends us the picture of a most winsome little fellow, Hattie Bailey's four-year-old boy, Murray Pease. We are glad to add him to the list of our Lasell grandchildren.

HELEN THRESHER HARTZELL and her husband lost, October 17th, their sweet little daughter, about three months old. We sympathize with them in their grief. The little one was a bright and lovable baby. Helen has kindly sent us her picture.

HELEN MEDSKER says that she wishes her five years at Lasell "were in the future instead of in the past." So do we. She has lately had a visit from Marie McDonald, who she fears is still so far from being really strong that school-work would prove too wearing for her.

CORA SHACKFORD TILTON speaks of her two fine boys, aged ten and six respectively. Her Springfield (Mass.) home she finds cozy and comfortable. The subject of foreign missions is one in which she still takes the greatest interest, and she refers to the time when, at Lasell, she sold for the Lasell Society Mr. Craven's picture of Hindoos. "Whenever we have a missionary class-meeting," she says, "my 'experience' always begins with those pictures."

BEULAH SHANNON and Los Angeles agree very well together. She went out there in July, at which time she weighed only eighty-two, and she says that she now weighs ninety-eight. Reach the hundred-line, Beulah, before you stop. She and her mother went to San Francisco by water, going from New York to Colon, thence across the Isthmus by rail, taking ship on the Pacific side for the run up the coast. To her great delight she escaped sea-sickness during her

voyage. They purpose spending the winter there. The Central Americans are far too lazy to suit her thrifty New England notions—that is, those she saw were,—and she does not waste much commendation on them. Beulah has some thought of returning to Lasell for special studies.

MR. HILL's new book of pianoforte studies was printed in Leipsie, and a beautiful piece of work it is. Its fine paper, with broad margins, clearness and beauty of the presswork, and the neat, flexible covers, lettered in gold, make it one of the handsomest books of its kind issued.

ON THE afternoon of the 11th of October, Major and Mrs. Benyon and Captain Gradwick, an English friend of the Major's, visited Lasell. After an informal reception in the parlor, the guests were shown about the building by several of the former officers of the Lasell Battalion—Misses Allen, Conlin, Andreesen, Bragdon, Loud and Steele. Captain Gradwick recognized in the picture of the class of '92 several who were cadets at the time of his former visit to Lasell. He heartily advocates military drill for girls.

MARTHA WHEELER PAGE, whose husband died two years ago, is living here in Auburndale now. She has a bright boy of three years, Reuben Horace Wheeler, who went driving with us a few days ago. Martha was here in '82.

MR. GEORGE BRAGDON, brother of our principal, recently sent the latter a picture of "the most charming young lady in the Centennial State," his sweet little nine-months-old baby-daughter, whose mother is our Belle Loudon of '80-'87. Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon live in Pueblo, Colorado.

MARY HAVEN THIRKIELD writes from Malden, Mass., her old home, where she will spend the winter. Mary has recently lost a dear aunt from the family circle. She discovered in Carrie Steel last summer "an enthusiastic Lasell girl."

JESSIE REECE, of Chicago, here in '84 and '85, bravely and loyally brought her new husband, Wm. H. Loper, to see and be seen, tho' I noticed she would not stay to eat. Perhaps the dining-room would be too public an exhibition of bridal blushes. We like his looks and predict a happy life.

SUSIE BAKER still cleaves faithfully to her mission-work among the Indians in Tamaha, I. T. Some time ago the girls sent her a number of copies of Gospel Hymns to use in her Sunday-school work, and Susie has written us a most appreciative letter about the gift. She says the children sang for two hours when the books were first put into their hands, and that everyone out there is fond of music—so fond that many will travel miles to hear the children sing. She thinks that the new books will help to attract the youths to the school, and thus to put a stop to their Sunday horse-racing and ball-playing. Thanksgiving Day is unknown among them, except at the mission-school. Susie hopes to be able to establish among the people the habit of observing it. She humorously says of Thanksgiving dinner that “the turkeys will be wild, the cranberry-sauce made of ‘foxgrapes’ and the pumpkin-pies of ‘excho.’” We shall be glad to hear again from Susie and her work.

THE Denver papers have a complimentary notice of Clara Cresswell’s parties given last week as her introduction to society.

W. V. EBERSOLE and wife, of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, dined with the Principal’s family in October. Mr. Ebersole is a brother of our Mary and Carolyn Ebersole and a friend of long standing, having been associated with Mr. Bragdon in Cincinnati in ’69–’72. He gave pleasant news of “our girls” and their wee ones. This visit to Boston was to meet Dr. and Mrs. Ebersole, their father and mother, on their return from Europe.

NINA BURR DAY is now living in Newark, N. J. Daisy Harvey McChesney and Mabel Lord have been to see her in her pretty new home. Miss Gass and Bess Towle are now visiting Nina.

ETHA PEARCE is living in New York. She says that Daisy Wilder has been very ill and is now abroad at a sanitarium for her health.

MABEL LORD, at Lasell in ’91, is to be married to Mr. Lucian C. Shellabarger this winter. Mr. Shellabarger is a brother of Marie and Grace Shellabarger.

ETHEL ANDERSON is in Cuba with her step-father.

WE REGRET, indeed, to learn from the Fort Worth *Mirror* that Professor Alexander Hogg, father of three of “our girls,” had the misfortune to break his leg a short time ago. We hope for a speedy recovery.

SOME TIME since Mrs. Steele, the genial Doctor’s wife, broke her arm by an unfortunate fall. She is getting along as well as we could expect, but it will probably be slow in healing entirely.

EDITH GALE, class of ’89, is teaching in Southington, Conn., where she has recently accepted what is proving to be a very pleasant and desirable position as Principal of a grammar-school of that place. Her fellow-teachers are congenial, hearty people, the townsfolk friendly and hospitable, and her work a pleasure. There are thirteen school buildings in the town, not including the High School; and of the children who assemble in twelve of these, much the larger proportion is foreign; but the thirteenth, she says, is hers, and in that “the Yankees have it.” Among the teachers newly employed this year in Southington schools, ten of the thirteen are from Massachusetts. One of her assistants has been in the public schools of the place for twenty two years, and has taught for twelve years in the same building. Edith has recently joined a musical club of a hundred voices, under the leadership of Mr. R. H. Paine, of Hartford. In a trip lately taken to Hartford, Edith went to the top of the Hartford Capitol, from which she had a fine view of the larger part of Connecticut. Mounts Tom and Holyoke were also distinctly visible, and the range of hills that just hide the sound. We learn also from Edith’s letter that her sister and her husband are now in Denver, with friends—Dr. and Mrs. MacIntyre, formerly of Chicago. Among other pleasure trips they have taken are a trout-fishing jaunt to a lake some fifty miles from Denver, and a visit to Pike’s Peak, with snow falling and the thermometer already fallen to ten degrees below zero.

MRS. FANNY PAGE, formerly teacher at the Adelphi Academy, and recently from Cuba, has returned to Brooklyn for instruction in Elocution, English literature and Spanish. Address 234 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Page was pupil here in 1875.

WE are indebted to Mrs. Washburn for inducing one of our old girls, Emma Fernald, now Mrs. Pearl Brock, of Melrose, here in 1881, to do what she had not of her own accord done for thirteen years—viz., make her old school a visit. Mrs. Brock weighs forty pounds more than Emma Fernald did, but she is no less sprightly and charming. She reports one daughter, five years old; and for Annie Bartlett, her old friend, and the first publisher of the LEAVES, four fine boys, in Derry, N. H.

THE New York Lasell Club is right on hand; has had its first fall meeting already, and planned for its fall Reunion. Its President belongs to an advertising firm, and knows how to be alert.

THESE have been favored with calls from members of their families: The Misses Battey, Evans, Eldridge, Myrick, Harrison, Bowman, Shaw, Schuberth, Merriam, Ferris, Sawin, Cnshing, Pierson, Watson, Healey, Butterfield, Deane, Hubbard, Ginn, Rumsay, Chapman, Shearer, Baker, Bronson, Whitman, Chadbourne, Clapp,

G. Clark, Kelley, B. Hayward, Wetherell, Dresser, Avery and Hayden. Their friends are very attentive to our girls.

ANNA WALSTON went home with her mother and father to recuperate after her siege of undefinable illness. We hear gladly that she is doing her errand rapidly and well.

Married.

In Boston, Oct. 25th, Maude Alberta Mayall Hills to Hubert George Ripley. The bride is the daughter of our Professor Hills. Mr. and Mrs. Ripley will live in Boston.

Maude Carol Snyder to William Allen Davis, in Riverside, Illinois, Nov. 8th. Maude is of the class of '92.

Mary Crandall Haskell to Edward Lewis Hersey, at New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 1st. In '85-'87 Mary was here with us.

In Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 7th, Josephine Tichenor to Mr. Wm. A. Knotts. At home after Dec. 1st, Hotel Bonaventure, Kansas City.

Addresses.

Miss Adele Roth, Santa Ana, Cal. Box 596.

Mrs. Arba T. Perry, (Fannie Foster) 889 N. Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Beulah Shannon, 314 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

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RECENT EVENTS.

THE WAR between China and Japan is still in progress. Authentic information has been received that the Japanese forces have nearly reached Moukden, the ancient capital, where great treasures are reported to be.

GERMANY has protested against the importation of American beef.

PRAIRIE FIRES have been raging in the northern part of Nebraska. There has been great loss of land and property; thousands of cattle have perished.

COUNT V. E. DE GAINEVILLE, of Paris, has arrived at San Francisco on the steam-whaler Jeannette, after a five-years' hunting trip in the unexplored wilds of Alaska and the Northwest territory.

IT is asserted that the express purpose of the painter Watts, was to give his picture "Love and Life" to the American people, and to have it kept permanently in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A LIMITED *edition de luxe* of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane, is coming out in London. Mr. Crane says to illustrate this work has been the dream of his life.

IN FISKE'S History of the United States for Schools, just published, there is a fine picture of Washington's headquarters, occupied later by Edward Everett, Dr. Worcester, the dictionary-maker, and by the poet Longfellow. In a footnote Mr. Fiske makes this interesting statement: "My own house, in which this School History has been written, stands upon the same estate a little to rear of the extreme left of the picture."

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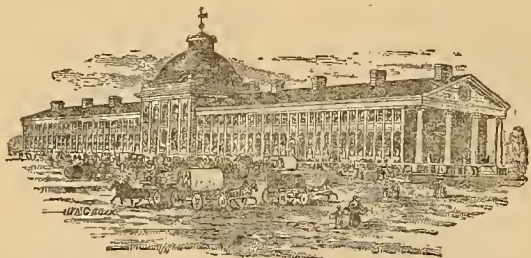
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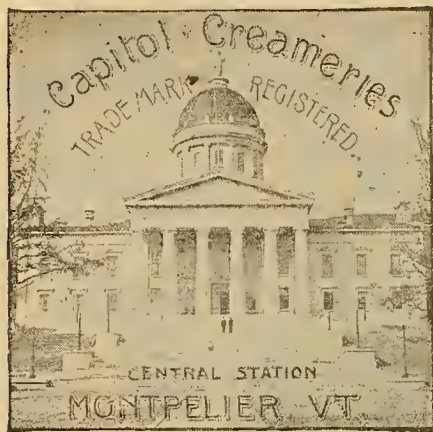
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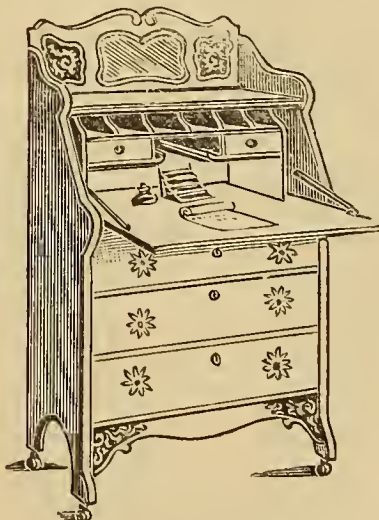
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EDITORIALS.

THE Christmas holidays are almost here, and the vacation, which seemed so far in the distance, is about to become an actual fact. For many weeks it has been an inexhaustible theme of conversation among the girls, and nearly all have decided on their trains, changed their minds, made new decisions, and are now, perhaps, on the point of changing again. Even those who are not "going home," but are to remain at the Seminary, are desirous to see the holidays as the holidays, as the girls who stayed here last year during Christmas report such good times! Three weeks! The girls were almost too happy to breathe when Mr. Bragdon told in chapel one evening that vacation would begin Wednesday noon, December 19th, and end Wednesday noon, January 9th. In evidence of their appreciation, they clapped as loudly as possible. Let us all be back "on time," and reward Mr. Bragdon for our long vacation privilege.

EVERYONE was interested in the football games, and to show this the girls wore the colors of their favorite teams. Especially interested were they, when the game between Harvard and Yale was in progress. Nearly every transom boasted a red or a blue flag, and some doors were draped with both, as room-mates were not always partisans of the same college. One door was particularly noticeable, its decorations being a blue mite box and a crimson fish. One bright girl charged them with fishing for money. That mite box will probably make the Missionary Society rejoice, as some girls could not pass it without dropping in a penny.

THE Princess Bismark, wife of the great German ex-chancellor, died lately. The old statesman has received condolence and sympathy from all parts of the world.

THE students enjoyed one day of vacation at Thanksgiving. Some went to their own homes, or to those of their friends; but a large number remained at Lasell and enjoyed a fine time here. Most of the girls attended church in the morning. The afternoon was devoted to the Thanksgiving dinner, which lasted from two until five. The pupils were allowed to invite their relatives or friends to dine with them, a privilege which they greatly enjoyed. In the early evening they danced and played games in the gymnasium; later most of the girls went into the Rescue Mission.

In the war between China and Japan, the latter country has had the advantage in one important respect. Japan for many years has been learning lessons in military affairs, and really in everything else from the civilized nations of the earth, and is now able to cope with China and overcome her because of the ignorance of the Chinese. It is even said that the Chinese trust more to bows and arrows than to guns, and so it will not surprise the world if she is conquered by the "Pigmies," as she has often styled the Japanese.

Glimpses of India.

Rev. Thomas Craven, whose talk on India so charmed us last May, and who has been for twenty-three years a missionary in that land, while a guest here wrote a pamphlet, just received, about the life and customs of that greater Empire of the Queen, which seems to us much the most compact and useful of all books about India. Under the modest title of "Glimpses of India," he has given us more than glimpses and enabled us to see more of the country and its people than most of us would get from a much more pretentious work. There is a fair map, and copious illustrations from every-day life (among them a picture of our Caroline Lasell). There is a very brief account of the old and new in India; the ancient and modern; the old conveyances and the present railroad travel; methods of agriculture, productions, occupations, poverty, diseases, leprosy, superstitions, and idolatry of the people; and the present march of Christianity among the 300,000,000 Hindoos and Mohammedans. The valuable book is to be had from him (Evanston, Ill.) or at the Seminary for only 10 cents. We would like to sell 500 among Lasell students.

An Amateur Performance.

There is always a striving for something new, "something that will take," but though there is no new thing under the sun, we found something that was entirely new to our little community, and that was Ladies' Minstrels. We girls were all asked to take part and so to help our struggling little Episcopal Church to obtain a furnace. Some, of course, were shocked at the idea, but the majority thought it would be great fun. The entertainment was decided upon, and the rehearsals begun. They were carried on with more or less vigor, but much of the time, I confess, was spent in considering our toilets for the night, and "Do you suppose anyone will know us?" and "Do you think it will ever come off?" were the remarks most frequently heard.

I was known as one of the famous Gladstone twins, banjoists and soloists, and my twin, Olga Nethersole Gladstone, and I spent many an hour at work on our costumes, and I can assure you they were quite remarkable. The material used had a yellow ground, with huge pink roses scattered over it. The dresses were made with skirts which cleared the ground by about six inches (drill length), long pointed waists, voluminous elbow sleeves, and pink collarets with huge loops that reached from shoulder to shoulder.

One wore yellow stockings and red shoes, and carried a red fan; the other wore red stockings and yellow shoes, and had a yellow fan. We made wigs of curled hair that stood up in the most graceful bob, almost a foot above our heads.

But all this was as nothing without the blacking up. My brother, Bob, volunteered to do it, and no one surely could be blacker than I was. But girls, you can't appreciate the feeling I had when I looked in the glass, unless you have had the same experience. He put a long stripe across my nose or on cheek, and then stood off to admire the effect, which took so long a time that I feared I should be late.

The entertainment was the same as usual, songs, dances, old and new jokes, and afterwards, when I heard the poor victims threatening us with all manner of penalties, I was more than glad that fate made me a Gladstone and not a silly end man. It ended with a farce, of which some saw the point, while others didn't.

The climax was reached, however, when Olga came to me and said: "Is you gwine wash yo' face?" And when I assured her that I was indeed, right then and there, she stood by to watch me. I saw her eyes grow larger and larger, till at last in despair she cried, "Oh, you are growin' shiny! It will never come off, we will always have to stay so!" But after much work and many waters, I came out a whiter and a sadder child, with a face so sore that I couldn't touch it, all of which I lay to Bob's efforts to make me blackest of the black.

We were highly flattered next day on receiving an invitation to appear in a sister-town, and compensation for any inconvenience was kindly offered us. With so flattering a proposition under consideration, you may expect to see at any time, in large letters:

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A New Solution of an Old Problem.

By forming clubs, the main object of which is to furnish members with cheap but nutritious food in sufficient quantity, at rates low enough to reduce very considerably the expense of living, Chicago University students are trying to solve the problem of how to secure inexpensive board.

In these clubs the average price per week paid by members for food, cooking, and service is about \$3.25. In certain clubs a very fair table is set for \$2.50 per week. To accomplish this, it is necessary to have a steward whose duty is not only to purchase the supplies, but to keep himself thoroughly informed as to where he can buy them most advantageously; what are the most economical and satisfactory methods of cooking and serving the food; how he can best secure variety, and to assure himself that the food bought is of good quality. To do this well is no light task, and a steward to whom the work is new finds his first few weeks exceedingly busy ones; after that he is able

to do his work with less expenditure of time. Nor must the number of members of the club be allowed to diminish, and if A or B leave, the steward must, if possible, manage to get a new man to fill the vacancy.

A peculiarity noticed by those who have made a study of these clubs is that, when necessary to reduce the proportion of any sort of food, it is the meats rather than the sweets the quantity of which is diminished. Beef and mutton are more easily done without, apparently, than fruit, cake and sauces. The students say that they can do good work and keep healthy on light fare; and there is an amusing rivalry among the clubs as to which shall offer the best fare for the least money. Some complaints are, of course, to be heard from such as fail to get their favorite dishes regularly, but these grumblers are disregarded, "the greatest good of the greatest number" being chiefly sought.

An average bill-of-fare at one of the girls' eating clubs is as follows:

Breakfast—Oranges, oatmeal, sausage, chops, fried potatoes.

Luncheon—Minced meat, sweet potatoes, corn bread, apricot sauce, pickles.

Dinner—Corn soup, roast lamb, potatoes, hominy, bananas, peaches.

On this the girls thrive, gain in weight, lose in headaches, save their money for more imperative needs, and are apparently well content.

One club is vegetarian, and is enthusiastic over its chef, its menu, and the high standing of its members, six being fellowship men and one a member of the faculty. An especially interesting feature of another, "The Stuffed Club," is that each day one of the boarders gives at breakfast an epitome of the news of the morning, thus furnishing interesting and varied topics for general conversation. At "The Delmonico" only German is allowed to be spoken. Mrs. Halliday, of World's Fair fame, has the "Commons" under her supervision.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards and Miss Marion Talbot have recently published a pamphlet giving the results of the scientific study of food, made in the women's dormitories at the University.

These various clubs dispute among themselves the palm of successfully solving the problem of cheap living; but the question is an exceedingly complex one, involving many difficult points, and must wait long for a complete solution.

The Brownies at Lasell.

Late one evening, I had occasion to enter the chapel, and as I drew near I thought I heard the murmur of voices. Softly opening the door I saw by the dim moonlight a wonderful sight. All over the room, seated on the floor, clinging to the wall, and hanging from the ceiling, were multitudes of tiny creatures scarcely as large as my little finger.

They were so busily talking, that entirely unobserved I slipped behind the door where I remained, quietly listening to the confused hum of their voices and the patter of their little feet, as some of the braver ones raced around the room on exploring expeditions.

Suddenly a shrill voice louder than the rest piped out:

Hi, hi, hi!
He, he, he!
Me go schoolee,
He, he, he!



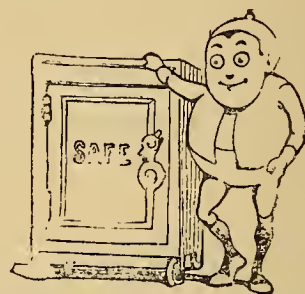
"Is the coast clear, China?" asked a timid little Brownie, jumping nimbly over our Principal's desk.

"Alle youee—comee outee," said the little Chinaman.

But the modest looking little chap at the desk, rapped for order, and said: "Come, Bill Policeman, Chauncey Dude, all you Brownies, come, the mortals have gone, and we reign supreme. Let us hold a conclave, and after telling our experiences of to-day map out the work for to-morrow. Bill, let us hear from you first. Relate your day's experience. Let quiet be observed."

The Policeman, laying down his club, spoke as follows: "While I was resting this morning in one of the book racks, I heard a deep murmur, and some one slammed a hymn book on top of me. I was almost killed, but I managed to wriggle out once more into open space, and after I had recovered my breath, I looked around me a bit. Seated in front of me was a girl mortal, whom I heard her

companions call a "senior," whatever that is. She was talking in an undertone to another about a special society meeting, and I, wondering and curious to know how this would be carried on, concealed myself in the soft little knot on the back of her head, and when she left the room, she took me with her. When the meeting was about half over, I, being tired of seeing these strange and ridiculous proceedings, for it was initiation night, secretly stole back to the chapel, and since then I have had no other experiences than a nap between the leaves of this big dictionary."



"What strange things mortals are, Bill, aren't they?" said the chairman. "You have certainly seen some funny things. And now, Chauncey, let us hear from you. Come, take down that everlasting eyeglass and begin." Chauncey turned a withering glance on the speaker.

"Why, don cher know, ma sight is so poor that I cawn't do without ma glaws. Pardon me, I beg.

"Now to pwoceed. I was sitting on one of the chest weights in the gymnasium when I saw a guwl coming. She had on the queewest of costumes,—aw—and was acting stwangely, as I pewceived when she—aw—dwew neawer. I became gweatly—aw—tewified to feel myself gwadually wising and—aw—suddenly falling as she pulled on a long wope. After a while she left me in peace and she—aw—with others—aw—executed a vewy cuwious dawnce. I should call it a waw dawnce rawther, don cher know. Suddenly I heard the tinkling of—aw—a bell, and—aw—I looked up and the young woman had mystewiously disappeared—aw—I have not seen her since either. Funny—aw—wan't it?"

"Sich actions! They did not uster hev 'em in my schule days. We had ter toe the mark sharp, you kin bet," said a last Century Brownie, who looked like your grandfather, and whom they called Uncle Sam.



"Well, Uncle," remarked the Brownie boy who was perched on a gas jet, tickling Uncle Sam's bald head with a straw. "Those striped trousers of yours went out of style four centuries ago, but if you wear them much longer you'll be in the height of fashion, for mortals now a days are going back to old customs, and gored shirts and balloon sleeves are, as they say, 'the rage.'"

"Silence, you brat!" cried the musician who was chairman of the meeting.

"Let us decide upon our work for to-morrow. Where shall we go? What shall we do?"

Irishman Maloney slowly rose from his seat on the radiator, and said, "I move that we go to the caucus and vote for shortenin' w rkin' men's hours."

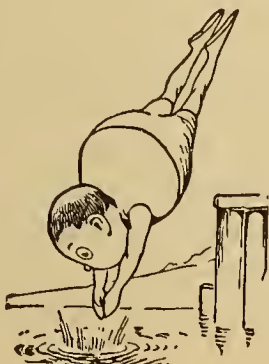
The motion, seconded by the Dutchman, was voted upon and carried.

A faint rosy light began to be visible from the east windows, and the chairman, calling the meeting to order, made the following speech:

"Gentlemen, the day is breaking, and soon we must leave this pleasant room for other scenes. Let us meet at the foot of the old oak at nine this morning and proceed in disguise to the caucus, and—Hark!! I hear the shuffling of feet!! Fly, Brownies, fly!!

In a trice the room was vacant, not even in the remotest corner could a Brownie be found. I was left alone to ponder over the strange doings of the little folks, and now, whenever I see the fancy stick pins representing Brownies, my thoughts quickly turn to my chance intrusion into their secret council.

C. & J.



Lasell Club of New York.

At the organization of the Lasell Club of New York, some months ago, arrangements were made for an annual luncheon in the spring, and an annual business meeting in the fall. Accordingly, on Saturday afternoon, November 24th, there gathered at Sherry's a bright group of Lasell's "old girls," looking well and happy after the summer outing, and with much to tell each other of their doings since they parted last May. The meeting was called to order at half past three by the president, Mrs. Edward Payson Call, and several matters of weighty import, pertaining to the business management of the club, were discussed. The subject of joining the New York State Federation of Clubs was also brought up, and met with general approval. Miss Ida Phillips was requested to communicate with Mrs. Croly, chairman of the committee on State Federation, and an old and loyal friend of Lasell, by the way. The club will probably take steps to enter the federation at once. The election of officers for the ensuing year then took place, which resulted in the reinstatement of those who were chosen at the organization of the club, as follows: Mrs. Call, president; Miss Phillips and Miss Gwinnell, vice presidents; Miss Le Huray, secretary; Miss Hunsberger, treasurer.

The business of the day being thus satisfactorily disposed of, the folding doors at the end of the room were thrown open, revealing a most daintily appointed tea table, glittering with silver and light. The meeting at once resolved itself into an animated social circle, and all enjoyed a pleasant half hour of "reminiscing." But trains and ferries wait for no man, or woman, and it seemed but a few moments before the out of town members began to hurry away, while the New Yorkers declared themselves due at other festivities. The common feeling, however, seemed to be that it would be a pity to wait until spring before meeting again. "There is so much to talk over when we do get together."

The club was glad to welcome Mrs. Asa Young (Mamie Moger), who has taken a warm interest in it from the beginning, but who had not been able to be present before, and Miss Daisy Fischer, a newcomer, who left Lasell only last June. It hopes soon to count among its members every representative of Lasell living in the greater New York and adjacent towns.

RUBINSTEIN.

The announcement of the recent death of Anton Rubinstein has been read with much regret by all lovers of music. Nor is this universal sorrow to be wondered at, when we remember that, on the whole, he was the most famous and gifted among recent musical artists.

Anton Gregor Rubinstein, a Russian Jew, was born in 1829, in a little village in Bessarabia, where he was reared in the Greek faith. His musical talents were shown very early in life. These he probably inherited from his mother, who was his first instructor in music. He made very rapid progress under the instruction of a teacher at Moscow, and in his tenth year made a tour for the purpose of giving public concerts. At Paris he became acquainted with Liszt, who advised him by all means to pursue his studies. This advice was taken to heart by the young musician, who, after several other concert-tours, returned to Russia, where he studied diligently for eight years at St. Petersburg. At the age of twenty-seven we find him a full-fledged artist, having already written many original compositions. From this time his fame spread rapidly over Europe and America.

He did much, in conjunction with Carl Schuberth, for the advancement of music in his own country, and became the founder and principal of the conservatory in St. Petersburg. He held for two years the directorship of the Philharmonic concerts and Choral Society in Vienna.

The Emperor of Russia, recognizing his great genius and capability raised him to royal rank. Always, after his triumphant tours, his proposals to retire were strenuously opposed by the people, who were his ardent admirers.

The compositions of Rubinstein are numerous, consisting of symphonies, operas, concertos, oratorios, quartettes, trios, songs, and many lesser piano pieces. His most effective and brilliant compositions are his pianoforte concertos. Their style is said to be the legitimate outcome of Mendelssohn. The operas and oratorios are criticised for their lack of dramatic force.

During the period of his life some one wrote: "Rubinstein's playing is not only remarkable for the absolute perfection of technic, in which he is the only rival Liszt ever had, but there is the fire

and soul which only a true and genial composer can possess." It is asserted that his playing of a simple piece of Haydn or Mozart was so expressive that his listeners could not refrain from tears.

We are told that the great musician's appearance was remarkable, and that his face resembled the ideal Beethoven of the sculptors. So wonderful a genius did he possess, that it has given him high rank among the master-composers of the world.

FOR the LASELL LEAVES.

DEAR OLD GIRLS—I wonder if there are any of you that have kept away from Lasell as long as I have. I left in '81, and for various reasons, or no reason whatever, have not been back there since until yesterday. I went out to visit a young girl who was a wee baby when I was at school; but I have watched her grow up, and whenever the question of sending her away to school was mentioned I always said: "Lasell is the place," not thinking the years would roll by so quickly, and I would soon be visiting her there; and I hope before very long my own little girl, Phyllis, will also be singing its praises, for it will be my aim to send her to Lasell. But, girls—things have changed! Let me take you who have not been back with me through the building and note the improvements. The avenue, as I rode up, looked the same; but there is quite an imposing portecochère, and the new stained-glass window in the hall-door is, indeed, very pretty. It was presented by the class of '94. This window was given instead of planting a tree, as they do each year. The hall is changed also, and the new wing at the left, which was talked about in our day, is an immense improvement. Three large parlors or reception-rooms open into each other, and are hung with magnificent paintings. Tables covered with albums, containing pictures of Lasell's grandchildren, interested me very much. It was Monday, and the young ladies—many of them—were receiving callers in these parlors; for Prof. Bragdon has changed the order of the week, and Monday, instead of Saturday, is play-day now. I also noticed the young ladies walking in couples, and said: "Do they do that now?" For I remember walking the streets of Auburndale with a string of eighty girls, "teacher in front of them,

teacher behind them," etc., etc. I was shown into the old parlor which has been converted into a library and reading room, and the walls are covered with books. There, sitting cosily before the open fire, was Prof. Bragdon. I walked up, held out my hand and said: "Professor, do you know me?" He looked up and said, as if he had seen me yesterday: "Well! Emma Fernald, you gave me too much trouble for me ever to forget you." It seemed so good to be called right off by my old name (for I have been married thirteen years) that I felt at once those years roll back, and I was a young girl at Lasell again. Professor immediately began to show me the sights. We went first into what was our general schoolroom. The desks have been removed, and it is only a chapel now; but Prof. Bragdon's old desk and armchair still remain just as he first occupied it twenty years ago. We went from the back of the chapel through a long corridor which joins the old building with the new gymnasium. This is the greatest improvement of all, containing all the modern and scientific appliances. Below this is the immense swimming-tank, where swimming is taught. Mr. Bragdon then invited me into his own home, which is in the gymnasium-building, and there sat Mrs. Bragdon, looking just the same, which made me feel more than ever that time had not rolled on, for Mrs. Bragdon does not look as if fourteen years had passed since she gave me a pleasant "good-morning" smile. These rooms were so lovely I longed to stay; but time was flying, and I wanted to see it all—and Prof. Bragdon doesn't stay long in one place, you remember. Next we visited the artists' studio, which is a perfect art-museum in its wealth of magnificent paintings, and is really inspiring. It shows that a true artist has made a careful selection from all parts of the world of choice gems. Here is placed in one corner, making a very artistic effect, the pretty white-and-gold framework of the Lasell Booth which was at the World's Fair, where the Lasell girls met from all over the country and registered their names, nearly 800 in all. But, although I could have spent hours here, there were still other attractions, and I was ushered into the office and greeted by our old friend Miss Blaisdell, who has left her teaching for other hands, and occupies the pleasant position of receiving the

money for the institution. Then I called on Miss Carpenter and received a most cordial welcome, and, as it was nearing dinner-time, accepted the very urgent invitation to remain and dine with them. The new dining-hall is situated under the new wing. It is a very pretty and attractive place, finished in white, and I should say about 100 feet long by 40 feet wide, with a seating capacity of 150. I enjoyed a very nice dinner, and was glad I stayed. Then I was shown into the guest-chamber. It contains everything for comfort and a very home-like feeling. I was invited to stop here just as long as I liked, and could step right to the telephone and inform my people I was going to remain at Lasell. So, you see, there is everything there now. The post-office is right in the building, also; and if there is anything I have forgotten to mention, you can be sure it is there. I was presented with a copy of *LASELL LEAVES*: that also has changed—has improved. I remember the old paper well, and the many hours I used to spend on it, for I was once editor-in-chief, and have never ceased to be interested in a school-paper.

Now, old girls, I have tried to tell you something about my visit and the improvements. But don't be satisfied with this—just go back yourselves and see; and I am sure you will have as happy a visit as I did, and be proud to say, as I am, I was once A LASELL GIRL.

THOUGHTS ABOUT WINTER.

When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand.

—*Shakespeare.*

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But Winter, lingering, chills the lap of May.

—*Goldsmith.*

Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By hospitality with cloudless brow.

—*Burns.*

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.

—*Thomson.*

Behold, fond man!

See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn, fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.

—*Thomson.*

Will Spring return,

And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorne spray?
Yes, prattlers—yes!

—*Scott.*

LOCALS.

MR. BIGSBY, a graduate of Rugby, gave a very interesting lecture November 16 on the two English schools, Rugby and Eton.

THE annual Lasell missionary festival was held in the Gymnasium, Saturday evening, November 24. The usual booths for the sale of flowers and candy were very prettily decorated. There was also a weird gypsy, who revealed the future to curious ones. After patronizing these we had our shadow-pictures taken, and tried blindfold to blow out a candle; then we seated ourselves upon the floor to watch certain of the teachers and girls draw animals upon the blackboard. A prize was awarded to the most skillful artist, and also to her whose drawing was judged the worst; and that the spectators might not consider themselves slighted, that one among them who correctly guessed in the greatest number of instances what animal was intended to be represented by the curious figure on the board had also a prize, another being likewise awarded to the least successful guesser. From all appearances, every one present that evening thoroughly enjoyed this delightfully informal social.

MR. VAIL, a cousin of Mr. Bragdon's, who has lived for several years in Japan, gave us a most interesting and instructive talk, November 14, on the late war between Japan and China, its primary causes, and its present consequences.

THE two companies in drill have lately been made into three—one company of old cadets and two of new. This allows those who have had some experience to go on with more advanced work. At present they are practicing the sabre drill.

PERSONALS.

JOSEPHINE HATTON WEST says of the last LEAVES. "It was especially interesting; to read so much about you all seemed like having a good long chat with each one of you. I enjoyed reading how and where different ones passed their summer vacation. The latter part of mine was spent in North Conway, N. H., and was a delight. I chose the last of August and the month of September, because of the beauty of the

mountain scenery at that time. The foliage began to turn very early this year, and it was a grand sight. I met Bertha Russell during my stay there. A Lasell chat followed, of course."

Josephine heard recently from Effie Symns and Bertha Lillibirdge. Bertha was sorely disappointed at not being able to come back to Lasell, but in her usual selfdenying spirit, she thinks first of her mother's comfort. "Fifteen of us girls," she says, "gave lately a dramatic entertainment for the benefit of the church, and were very successful. We made our own costumes, and managed the whole affair, a sort of woman's-rights crowd."

MOLLIE ST. JOHN TAYLOR is now at her home in Toledo, after a long trip West. She speaks of having seen Ada Barker and Martha Solari, who were visiting Jessie Hunter.

ALMENA SEAGRAVE visited May Tulleys last Summer. In her honor May gave a delightful five o'clock tea, the occasion of a pleasant reunion of Lasell girls from Council Bluffs and Omaha. Carrie Gilman and Edna Burdick were guests of their Omaha friends during the Fall.

KATE NORMAN, here three years ago, visited Mae Burr last Summer.

ALICE HOUGHTON and Elizabeth McEchron, ('93—'94), are at Miss Peebles's school in New York City, where Clara Roesing is also studying.

ANNA STALEY, class of '92, is now living in Kansas City.

SADE BURRILL is teaching the deaf and dumb. She came out to call a few days ago.

JULIA HUBBARD KELLY's little boy Irwin has a tiny brother, born recently, who is to bear his grandfather's name, William Hubbard.

NELLIE CHASE is still studying, in the hope of returning to Lasell after awhile. She calls attention to a pretty pyrograph of a horse and a dog, now in exhibition at Williams and Everett's Park Square window, and says that she feels that she has to thank Mr. Ryder for persuading her to keep on working at shading when she was anxious to take painting instead. The studio, she thinks, should have more pupils than it has, so excellent

are the advantages it offers. In her mother's absence the other day, Nellie tried her hand at housekeeping, and made her first pie. It must have been very toothsome, indeed, for she thinks that she will soon be able to take Miss Barrows' place. Nellie speaks appreciatively of Winifred Conlin's visit; says that Elizabeth Fleming is doing mission-work at her home, and that Helen Cleaveland is to visit her (Nellie) in June, as is Louise Bull, also.

MARY MARSHALL CALL tells of a very pleasant Lasell Club meeting in New York the other day. There were some twenty-five or so present; and, besides the pleasure of chatting together, was added that of "a delicious little spread." The only regret of those who attended was that there were no more there; the number might easily have been doubled. Mary speaks of a scheme which is to result in the attendance hereafter of every girl on the list. We await with interest the outcome. Surely a Lasell Club ought to be well attended, judging from the loyal spirit hitherto shown by our girls. The Oswald girls were at the Holland House some time ago, and Mary met them while there. They were greatly pleased with the idea of the club. Next meeting occurs in January.

EMMA FERNALD BROCK gives us news of Minnie Fuller, now Mrs. Roswell J. Taylor, who is living in Emma's own town, Melrose, Mass., and is the proud mother of a little man of twelve, and a sweet little six year old girl. Emma is well and as interested in Lasell and its doings as ever.

ALICE WHITE finds her school work at All Healing, N. C., easier this year; but thinks if she can stand certain little inconveniences and deprivations in North Carolina, there's no reason why she should not be able to endure them in Massachusetts. Emma, she says, is taking a few additional lessons in stenography in Hartford, making daily trips for that purpose.

TWO MORE bewitching little cherubs than Annie Clark Butterworth's little daughters surely never looked out together from the same photograph. Little Ruth evidently considers it a serious thing to sit for a picture, while to Edith it is all a joke.

MARY HAZELWOOD RENWICK writes cheerily of her pleasant home and good husband, their fine greenhouses and lovely roses and chrysanthemums. She says charming things about Jessie Ball: "Jessie has developed wonderfully since her mother's death. The care of a household and of her younger sister have brought out unsuspected qualities of character." Jessie shows her appreciation of Lasell, says Mary, by placing Alice here. Winnie Brady wrote her from Edinburgh a pleasant letter in September, full of the tourist's delight and enthusiasm. From Adelaide Saunders, too, she gets occasional bright typewritten letters, "from the busy office in 40 Wall Street, N. Y., where Adelaide is at work, enjoying herself, and fully appreciating her ability to earn her own living."

MRS. NELLIE OSGOOD CARD sends word of the birth (Sept. 30) of a baby boy.

AMY HALL SMITH sends news of the birth of her little girl (Sept. 26.) She calls her Jeanette. Edith is visiting Amy now, and the two of them enjoy talking over old Lasell experiences.

ELIZABETH MCECHRON has been having trouble with her eyes recently, but has now returned to school. She chats interestingly of the way in which she spends her school-hours. "We speak French from 8 o'clock, breakfast-time, till 6 P. M., every day, except Wednesday afternoon, Saturday, and Sunday. It makes one appreciate English, I tell you. We have study-hours from 4 to 6 in the schoolrooms; sixty girls study in the two rooms. We have no study in the evenings. On Monday and Thursday evenings we have Delsarte; Tuesday evening we read or write letters; Wednesday is our regular reception night; Friday and Saturday evenings we attend concerts or the theatre, or else stay at home and visit. Of course I enjoy going out so much, and, being in the heart of the city, we see much more than if the school were in the suburbs. Father and mother are often in the city, so I do not feel so far away from home, after all." Elizabeth says that she and Alice are planning to come to Commencement next June. She sends remembrances to girls and teachers.

MISS CARRIE CHURCH goes to Boston every Monday for a pianoforte lesson from Prof. Hills.

CARRIE MANNING is having a quiet winter with her books, her music and her studies. She has made a conquest of a certain little Quong Hung, and is teaching him English. She finds him bright and apt. A music-class also makes demands upon her time and skill, but the pupils do their work so well that she feels repaid. She thinks of giving a "Little People's *Musical*" before Christmas. Carrie keeps up her German, too, with the rest of her work. How busy she is! Her subscription to the LEAVES is not forgotten, nor greetings to old friends at the Seminary.

LILLIAN UPTON LAWTON sends a copy of a pamphlet descriptive of the Brattleboro Retreat (for the insane), where she is now living, her husband being one of the officers of that institution. The pamphlet contains numerous cuts of the comfortable and commodious buildings of this asylum and of the grounds, which are truly beautiful. Though in many ways saddening, yet this work is also noble and elevating, and when comfort and beauty in one's surroundings are added to this, happiness should be secured. Our thanks for the little book.

PRESIDENT DEGARMO, of Swarthmore College, while on a visit to an old friend, Mr. George Johnson, inspected Lasell. If he was as much pleased with Lasell as we were with him, our reputation is safe in his hands.

MISS RUMSEY's uncle, Homer N. Lockwood, of New York, lately gave her a pleasant break in school-life. Mr. L. was formerly well acquainted with some of the Principal's dearest kin in New York State.

MRS. E. W. KING LASELL, of Athens, Greece, here in '58, writes of recent attempts to add to her former presents to the school in "finds" of archaeological interest and value; of her own recent illness, and her mother, Mrs. Dr. King's, health. We are proud to have so thoughtful a representative in old Athens.

A PLEASANT bit of the second Melba evening was the meeting with Mary Davis and a friend from Providence. Mary said she noticed the company, and how well they looked without hats, and how sensible it was, and then knew it was Lasell. At least, that's about how her thoughts should have run. She spends the Winter with Abby.

FRANCES FOSTER and her new husband, Mr. Arba T. Perry, made Lasell one of their stopping-places on their first journey together during that period of married life popularly but erroneously called the honeymoon.

WE learn from an Omaha paper that Miss Harriet Scott is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. M. Richardson.

THESE have been favored with calls from members of their families: The Misses Rumsey, Shearer, N. Wilson, Washburn, Hastings, Bucklin, Merriam, Josselyn, Barnes, Kelley, R. Kimball, Ampt, Loud, Cushing, Arnold, Montgomery, Dickson, Ella Wilson, Evans, Myrick, Jones, Hall, Deane, Battey. Old pupils: Jennie Arnold, Maude Matthews, Nellie Heffelfinger, Lena Thayer, Mrs. Wm. Loper (Jessie Reece), Lucy Ames, Nellie Richards, Sadie Burrill, Anna McKeown, Nellie Rawson, Mary Lathrop, Lillian Packard, Bertha Hammond.

Married.

Susan Hall Pierce to Rev. Dillon Bronson, Nov. 21st, at Boston, Mass.

Elizabeth Lothrop ('89-'90) to Barton Green Lester, Nov. 28th, at Denver, Col.

Frances Wheeler Barbour ('86-'89) to John Hairland Sonntag, Jr., Dec. 12th, at Evansville, Ind.

Addresses.

Mrs. John H. Sonntag, Jr. (Fannie Barbour), 426 First Street, Evansville, Ind.

Mrs. Barton G. Lester (Elizabeth Lothrop), 1470 Clayton Avenue, Denver, Col.

THE house was very still; the placid Quaker-folks sat wrapped in meditation deep; the Spirit moved none to speak. Among them to-day sat two strangers—a gentleman and his wife from Lynn, whom a Quaker-friend had persuaded to come that day to meeting. The profound quiet of the place presently caused this gentleman to forget where he was, and, starting as from a reverie, he glanced out of the window and said to his wife in a distinctly audible voice: "Well, I guess it's going to rain!" An amused smile flitted across those grave Quaker-faces; the speaker, suddenly alive to what he had done, blushed furiously—and again "the silence was unbroken."

Exchanges.

WE commend our exchanges for the promptness they have shown in sending their papers. Each one is read and appreciated.

ONLY A LOCK OF GOLDEN HAIR.

"Only a lock of golden hair,"

The lover wrote. "Perchance to-night
It formeth on her pillow fair
A halo bright."

"Only a lock of golden hair,"

The maiden, smiling, sweetly said,
As she laid it over the back of a chair
And went to bed.

—*The Crescent.*

This maiden at thirty-nine

Is utterly alone.

And now she'd give her head to live
With one dear chap—her own.

THE Harvard-Yale eight-oared race of 1895 will be more than usually interesting, not only as a trial of Harvard's system, but because, too, of the opportunity afforded by Yale's race with Oxford to get a line on the four leading university crews of the world. Mr. Robert Cook's recent trip to England for the purpose of arranging a race with Oxford, to take place next April on the Thames, appears to have had the desired result, though a race is not yet absolutely determined upon.

FIN DE SIECLE PROVERBS.

Procrastination is the mother of inventions.

A bird in the hand gathers no moss.

Study little, stay here long.

Every two is not a pair.

People who live in ice-houses shouldn't throw cold hands.

If at first you don't succeed, try short-stop.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

BRIGHT SENIOR (in Bible): "And they sent Paul and Silas ahead."

Teacher: "Ahead! I thought they sent them afoot."

THE Harvard *Daily News* is very prompt, and would be a deal more interesting if it had something in it besides football notes and advertisements.

"THE MAN that just passed doesn't look as if he was hard up."

"He does not."

"Yet his business is always flagging."

"Is that so? What business is he in?"

"He is the signal man at the railroad crossing."

—*Washington Review.*

AN EMBLEM of deep thought—the chewed end of a lead pencil.—*Oracle.*

IN ENGLAND one in 5000 attends college; in Scotland one in 650; in Germany one in 213; in the United States one in 200.

THE FIRST American college paper was published at Dartmouth college, entitled the *Dartmouth Gazette*.—*Cadet.*

The *Williams Weekly* is very generous in devoting a column and a half to other colleges.

AMONG our many exchanges, the *St. John's Collegian* is one of the best. It takes pains in mentioning in some way or other its appreciation of its exchanges.

JUDGING from the list of marriages recorded in one copy of *LASELL LEAVES*, one is led to think it's a good place to send for a mother-in-law.—*The College Rambler.*

THE *LASELL LEAVES* for June, 1894, is filled for the most part, with reports of commencement proceedings and the exit of the class of '94. One feature which, to judge by our own "Personal" column, is worthy of imitation in *Acta*, is a column headed "Married." Indeed, to judge by the *LASELL LEAVES*, one would feel safe in denying the argument that higher education unfits woman for matrimony.—*Acta Victoria.*

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Now is the time to send in your subscription to the *LEAVES*, girls. You all enjoy the items about the girls you knew here, and should not deprive yourselves of this bond of union with your old friends and your school home. If you have any news of yourself, or any of the girls, let us have it for our "Personals." We thank those who have already done this.

The Food Exhibit.

The Lasell girl believes that—

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

And accordingly often invites some humble little recipe to take a place in her wonderful memory by the side of an incomprehensible project, regularly angular geometrical problem. Nor does she stop there, but still further honors this recipe by making friends with it—often bringing it out into the light of day, while the problem is left in gloomy silence to bemoan its unhappy fate. By reason of this interest in the humble things of life, and the desire to see the many theories about them put into practice, a number of the more adventurous and ambitious spirits of this school decided to go to the food exhibit. They were fully repaid.

All the delicious things that could be imagined were placed in tempting array before the hungry girls—schoolgirls are always hungry—and each concluded, on reflection, that it takes no little genius to excell in such appetising combinations. Then, too, everything was so neat and prettily arranged! In all that large hall there was nothing that wasn't pleasing to the eye. The waitresses were bright and obliging, the "samples" luscious, the music inspiring, the perfumes sweet—in fact, all so ideally perfect in its way that it will not be an overpowering surprise if the entire party should go and do likewise.

It is reported that President Cleveland intends to make his home in Boston when his term is out.

THE young Empress of China has committed suicide by taking poison.

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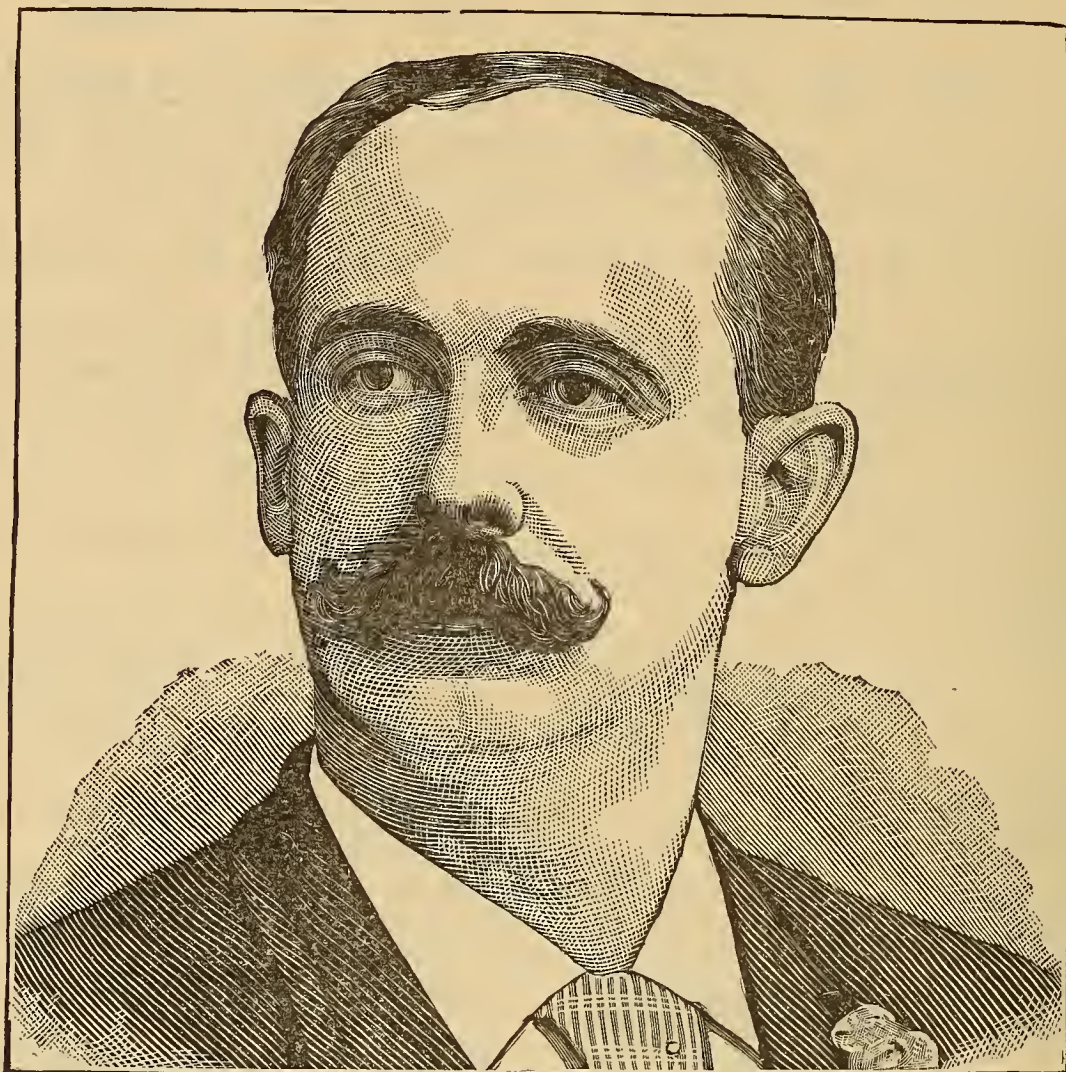
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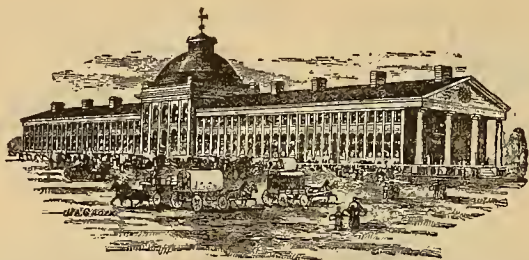
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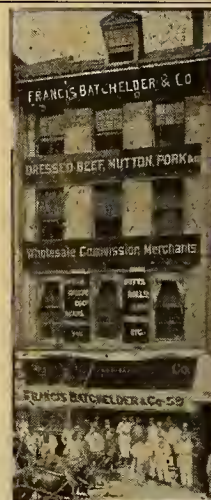
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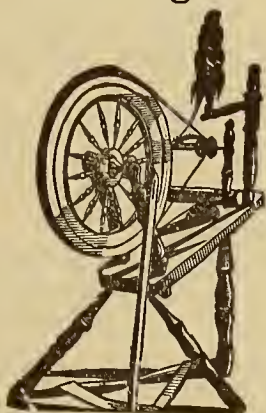
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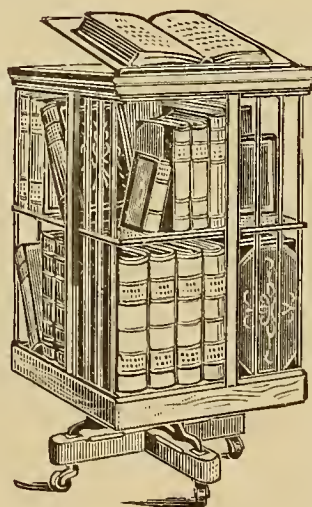
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VOLUME XX. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., JANUARY, 1895. NUMBER 4.

LASELL LEAVES.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

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OF

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EDITORIALS.

WITH WHAT delight did we hear the announcement that we were to have three weeks' vacation for the holidays. "Such a long time!" was the general remark. On Tuesday evening the halls presented a lively scene indeed; such a scurrying to and fro, packing of trunks and of boxes, tidying up of rooms, with now and then hasty consultations as to the best way to dispose of things which obstinately refused to let themselves be packed in a decent Christian manner; and amid the sound of merry laughter would occasionally be heard, "Oh, do come, somebody, and sit on my trunk! I can't begin to squeeze the lid down!"

At last good-byes were said, and we were on our way. In a short time we were scattered, literally to the four corners of the earth, if not to the four winds; north, south, east, west, we went, with light and happy hearts. What a delightful three weeks these have been; but how short! Why the days have fairly flown, and here we are back again, ready to begin the work of a new term. Of course, we have had a grand good time, but all things must have an end, and though it may seem hard at first to lay aside the poetry for the prose, yet, if we are wise, the thoughts of our pleasant vacation will but lighten our work, instead of making it seem heavier by contrast, and the time to the next vacation period will speed rapidly away.

We have all come back, probably, with some good resolutions for this New Year. Now girls, let's *keep* them this once. It is hard sometimes, but let us prove that we are strong enough to do this; and let each and every one adopt this for her motto: Think more of others and less of self. We

should try to make this the most helpful and prosperous year we have ever spent at Lasell.

WITH THE new year comes the prospect of a revival of business and the end of labor disturbances for the present. The tariff, which has been the subject of so much discussion, has at last been settled, for a time at least. Whether on right or wrong principles this cannot but tend to stimulate business, since manufacturers and merchants now know on what basis to conduct their operations, and the prosperity of these two classes affects, very largely, that of the business world in general. Judging from statements made by leading Congressmen, the next few years will not see any radical change in this present bill. Let us sincerely hope that the wide spread labor troubles and financial depression of the last few years are now things of the past, and that we may look forward to a bright future in which business shall prosper, education advance, and friendly relations exist among all the nations of the world.

The years have linings just as goblets do;
The old year is the lining of the new—
Filled with the wine of precious memories,
The golden *was* doth line, the silver *is*.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

OBSERVING THE HEAVENS.

On the evening of December 4th, the Astronomy class was invited to the Boston University Observatory to view the stars, which were then most beautiful. After an early dinner and a speedy trip to Boston, we reached Huntington Avenue, from which place we had a delightful walk down Boylston Street, through the Public Gardens, and the Common.

Upon arriving at the University we were ushered up stairs to the beautifully furnished Reading Room, which was a gift to the school from Mrs. Wm. Claflin. Often lectures by special guests are delivered here.

We then ascended still farther; how many flights, I do not know, but we were quite exhausted when we reached the top.

Upon entering the observatory, we were welcomed by our host, who entertained us most instructively throughout the entire evening. The

observatory is, perhaps, ten or fifteen feet in diameter, with a revolving skylight, such as all the larger observatories have to-day. The new telescope is a seven-inch refractor, and admirably adapted to student work. A fine new driving clock will soon be added to the equipment.

The first star pointed out to us was *Epsilon Lyrae* which was very clear. It is one of the double-double, or quadruple stars. We could distinguish three of them, and on a sufficiently clear night the fourth is visible.

It was Vega, or *Alpha Lyrae*, to which we next turned. This is a star of first magnitude, and is four hundred and fifty thousand times as far as the sun is from the earth. Parallax was first discovered through Vega.

The Pleiades were most beautiful; the seven visible to the naked eye formed a "small dipper." When we looked at the cluster through the telescope, the stars were innumerable, and each seemed of nearly equal brightness. There are four hundred stars in the whole cluster.

Jupiter is by far the largest of all the planets; in fact, however it is regarded, whether in mass, or in bulk, it is larger than all the rest of the planets put together. Its mass is nearly three hundred and sixteen times that of the earth. Magnified fifty times, as we saw it, it appeared about the size of the moon, and it is often styled such, because of its resemblance to this more familiar planet. Jupiter's four *satellites* are also called moons. These satellites were the first heavenly bodies ever discovered through the telescope by Galileo. More than two years ago a tiny fifth satellite was found. We were fortunate enough to get a glimpse of three of them.

Polaris, or the North Star, is very prominent in the sky; it has a lovely bluish tinge. During the last few thousand years, it has changed position. Four thousand years ago, *Alpha Draconis* was the pole star; and in twelve thousand years hence, *Alpha Lyrae* will be the pole star.

The *ring nebula of Lyra* was discovered in 1779 by Darcnir, and is a pretty sight through the telescope. We were also favored with a peep at a red star—the one in the Hyades—a part of the familiar constellation of Taurus, or the Bull.

The *Moon*, upon this evening was in the best position for observation, as it was in its first quarter.

The hills, valleys, craters, bodies of water, great cities, etc., which astronomers tell us are on its surface, were not plain to us; probably because our vision was not powerful enough! Although, if sufficiently magnified, we might be able to see great cities, it would be useless to expect to distinguish single buildings, much less, any signs of life, if such there were upon the moon.

With this, our observations of the heavens with the telescope ended; but, all the way home, we could not refrain from exclaiming at and admiring the beauty of the stars, which had been made so plain to us.

G. L. A., '95.

VACATION ITEMS.

The past vacation will be remembered by us who remained here as a season of sleighing parties and skating and coasting excursions. These are more fully mentioned elsewhere. The symphony concerts were especially good, and the Christmas music in various Boston and Newton churches was an additional feast of fat things to all of us who are lovers of good music. The fully appreciated opportunity given us to attend the theatre every night, or as often as we wished, was by no means slighted; and we sighed with fascinating Julia Marlowe as Juliet, or smiled with her in "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It."

The evening of December 21st brought us an opportunity of hearing Professor Churchill, of Tufts College, read at the Emerson School of Oratory. The selections were Dickens's Christmas Carol and the trial scene in the case of Bardell vs. Pickwick, which, as Professor Churchill said, has received more attention than any other breach-of-promise case on record. How we enjoyed it! Tiny Tim made our hearts tender and sympathetic, and Scrooge promptly froze them up again, changing our openhearted affection for our race into vindictive hatred and scorn of Scrooge and all like him. We laughed with the plump cousin in cheeriest Christmas fashion, and shivered with Scrooge when his phantom Christmases came unbidden to his sleepless couch. As the judge in the trial scene, the reader was inimitable, and we wickedly wished that poor Pickwick might be kept on trial indefinitely, that we might enjoy the ludicrous old judge and Mr. Winkle, whose embarrassment and stammering speech drew more

laughter than sympathy from us hardhearted ones

The trip to the Waltham watch-factory is elsewhere spoken of. The fine rendering by the Handel and Haydn Society of the magnificent oratorio, "The Messiah," was a treat which we shall long remember with keenest pleasure. There is an exhilaration in even the remembrance of those beautiful choruses and solos which abides with one. Then at the cathedral on Christmas Day we heard pontifical vespers—a series of exquisitely beautiful compositions rendered with power and feeling.

CHRISTMAS CHORAL SERVICE AT ELIOT CHURCH.

One of the most enjoyable of the many musical treats of the holidays was this of Sunday evening, December 23, in the handsomest church-edifice in New England. The home choir (W. H. Dunham, leader, and Miss Belle Marks, organist) were assisted by the choir of Shawmut Church, Boston (Prof. H. N. Dunham, leader and organist, with Emil Mahr, violinist), and the music was not of the showy order becoming too common at such times, but was exquisitely sympathetic with the thought of the season—the blessed advent of our Savior. Prof. Dunham is the best organist in New England, and always *touches the heart*.

A pleasant surprise of the evening was the meeting with Mabel Case's sister and her new husband, Albert L. Crowell, and Mabel's brother, and a hearty handgrasp with Professor Dunham.

Such music is doing more good and giving more inspiration to many lives than perhaps those imagine whose labor of love it is to supply it.

On the evening of the 27th, Miss Bragdon gave a charming party, which was every way a success. The gymnasium, beautifully decorated with holly and red draperies, furnished the place, and an orchestra cunningly screened from view by two Christmas trees, the inspiration for those who wished to dance. A cosy tête-à-tête in a corner invited to a quiet chat, but the sprig of mistletoe just above it made its witcheries pass for naught. The refreshment table was adorned with white carnations and smilax. Among the guests were several from town, Mr. Floyd and Mr. Furman, college friends and guests of Mr. John Bragdon being of the number.

Mrs. Bragdon, on January 8th, again delightfully entertained us at a Progressive Salmagundi,

and great was the merriment over the games, which included jackstraws, dominoes, tiddledy-winks, snap, and even old maid. Miss Ransom was especially charmed with snap, and spent most of the evening at it. After delicious refreshments were served, prizes were awarded: First for lady, Julia Tulleys of Council Bluffs; first for gentleman, Harry L. Burrage, West Newton; second for lady, Mae Dickson, Martinsville, Ind.; second for gentleman, Nelson Cooley, Auburndale; other end prize for lady, Ellen Siedentopt, Council Bluffs; other end prize for gentleman, Warren Gould, Malden.

Mr. Stoddard's lecture on Norway and the Midnight Sun was full of instructive and entertaining matter, and the pictures of that beautiful country with its wild scenery, brought it vividly before us. It was almost as if we had been there actually, and not on the wing of fancy.

The skillful pianist, Stavenhagen, and Jean Gerardy, the young violinist, gave to those of us who were so fortunate as to hear them, a rare musical treat, such as is enjoyed but seldom even in Boston. The Dartmouth Glee Club was also among the musical attractions of the holidays.

Not the least among the Christmas pleasures was the straw-ride into Boston of which more is said in another column.

On Monday evening, December 31st, some of us had the good fortune to hear the accomplished violin virtuoso, Mr. Ovide Musin and his concert company. This enjoyable concert was a fitting close to the Old Year.

Again, on Monday evening, January 7th, a party had the pleasure of hearing Mr. George Riddle read "Lucretia Borgia." He was accompanied by the Boston Philharmonic Sextett Club of which Alfred DeSeve is the leader. It was an unique entertainment, and was, on the whole, one of the most enjoyable of the course thus far; and we appreciated the privilege of listening to such finished artists.

AUBURNDALE, MASS., January 8, 1895.

DEAR NELL—Yes, I will fulfill my promise, and tell you something of these delightful vacation-days—days to which we looked forward ruefully; for

were we not obliged to forego our earnestly desired Christmas at home, and stay at the Seminary all the long three weeks? That's the way we put it then. Now we say: "The short three weeks went all too rapidly, filled, as they were, with pleasures long to be remembered."

The snowstorm and the subsequent cold weather furnished us with two very enjoyable pastimes—sleighing and skating. She who has not enjoyed the delights of a sleigh-ride over the shining snow-crust has missed one pleasure which we girls here are enjoying to the full. A voice is heard in the hall asking whether we wish to take a sleigh-ride, when, presto! all letter-writing or munching of sweetmeats is stopped, the fascinating book dropped at once, and off we rush to bundle up in shawls and furs, till only rosy, excited faces and sparkling eyes are discernible to tell that this mass of dry goods contains—a girl. We step into the sleigh, are "tucked in" with oceans of robes, and off we go, a merry party of six, with Mr. Bragdon as driver, the jolliest of the jolly, and just the one to make you enjoy yourself every minute.

Our most enjoyable sleigh-ride was the straw-ride into Boston one evening last week. Imagine about fifteen girls comfortably seated in a nest of straw, and being carried swiftly over the snowy roads by four stout horses girdled with sleigh-bells. Horns had been provided, that the amount of noise necessary to complete happiness might not be lacking; and when we weren't testing their sonorous qualities we were singing gay little snatches of college-songs, or chattering till our merry voices fairly put the bells to shame. We hailed fellow-sleighters as we met or overtook them on the road, and if the welkin were conveniently near-by that night I am sure it must have followed its usual custom at such a time and "rung again." Arrived at the Seminary again, we found awaiting us a steaming, savory oyster-stew, of which we showed our full appreciation—fitting close to so delightful a ride!

But I haven't said a word about our skating-parties, have I? Well, I mustn't pass them by without a word—they were too enjoyable for that.

From the window of your lively imagination, Nellie dear, you may see us, a jolly crew starting off to the Charles for a morning skate with Mr. Bragdon, ever obliging and companionable. To

say truth, the majority of this jaunty crowd are but beginners, and go prepared at the outset for many a tumble—and they are not disappointed. After awhile, however, they grow more steady on their feet and more confident in their powers. The chill, bracing air makes it not only a necessity, but a keen pleasure to keep in motion, and soon away we go up the river, sitting down most unexpectedly sometimes, 'tis true; but never remaining seated a moment. Very unwillingly do we, admonished by our sharp appetites, unbuckle our skates and start home for luncheon; and we are consoled only by the promise of another trial of the sport to-morrow. Home, then, we march, to the merry clink and jingle of our skates slung on shoulder, eyes bright, cheeks aglow.

Dear me! and now school is to begin again on Wednesday. How short a time it seems since it closed for these delightful holidays which have so rapidly chased each other across the sky of our pleasures and pastimes.

Now, don't expect any more letters for awhile, for I am going to apply myself to my books now, and see whether I cannot prove myself grateful for so many pleasant things—so many happy hours.

Yours ever, ONE OF THE SLEIGHERS.

A VISIT TO WALTHAM WATCH FACTORY.

One pleasant day during vacation, we set out, directly after lunch, to Waltham, where, by permission of the manager, which Mr. Bragdon had kindly obtained for us, we were to see the various processes by which are made the almost numberless parts entering into the composition of a watch. Do you know how many wheels, screws, jewels, plates, etc., there are in your watch? If not, you would be surprised to learn, as we were.

The street cars pass directly in front of the factory, and we had little walking to do to reach the place; the walking came afterwards. The building is four stories in height, and to "do" it, as we did that day, necessitates many steps. There had been a force of three thousand hands employed, we were told, but when the hard times came on, the number was reduced to seventeen hundred, the force then at work.

The engine-room was attractive in its spotless cleanliness, with its burnished brass and steel, shining wood-work, and ponderous engines.

It would be matter of curiosity to learn how many windows there are in this big house. Each one, in the work-rooms, has an operative before it, or a place for one. Many of these places were occupied on that day. So minute were the bits of metal upon which some of these workmen were engaged, that magnifying glasses were necessary to aid the eyes of the men. Some were operating machines which punched a hole, dug a groove, or cut into shape a plate of solid metal in less time than it takes to tell about it, and with such unerring precision that one felt half in awe of the grim little mechanism, as if it had been an active intelligence instead of senseless steel. In one room we were especially interested in watching the operation of several machines for making screws from small steel rods which were being slowly fed to the voracious little monsters. They not only bit off a piece of wire of the proper length, but shaped and slotted its head, cut the shank to the correct diameter, pointed it, turned the threads, and finally presented us with a perfect screw, so tiny that it could scarcely be handled by a lady's finger and thumb, and to examine its parts, and prove its flawlessness of workmanship, a microscope was necessary.

These beautifully adjusted machines seem scarcely to need the aid of a man in doing the work for which they are designed. Their fine steel fingers transfer with deliberation and exactness the unfinished plate, wheel, lever, or pin, from one part of the machine to that where next it is to be wrought upon.

We saw boxes of jewels, cut into slices so thin that they hardly retained their characteristic color, and so small that it is a wonder how they ever find their proper place in the watch, or, having found it, are kept there. We had hoped to see the process of making the fine hair springs which play so important a part in the construction of a watch, but in this we were disappointed. In part compensation, however, we learned a novel use for dough. The workmen use a lump of it to remove superfluous oil from the screws, and other tiny things, which come dripping with oil from the machine wherein they are fashioned. A number of these wee bits of watch-machinery were given us, as mementoes of our visit, and, among those in my possession are three of those Lilliputian screws, the making of which so fascinated me.

Our only regret was that we could not have had more time, so much of interest there was at which we could only glance.

The Scrap-Basket's Week.

I am an ordinary-sized basket ornamented with wide ribbon, and wearing an immense yellow bow upon my side. I am highly prized by my mistress, and am of great use to her, being placed conveniently under her table, at which she sits for so many hours during the day, studying and writing letters.

I am now empty, and to while away my vacant minutes, will tell you about the different articles that are from time to time given over to my tender care. It is Monday morning, and the mail that has been so long expected has at last come. Four long letters are found in box 66, and the happy recipient of them is soon seated at her table absorbed in their contents. One, from her mother, she quickly devours, and puts it carefully in her drawer. Two are from school friends, and these she tosses on the table till she sees what the next epistle can be. Much to her disappointment, she finds it is nothing but an advertisement, and this is soon torn into small pieces, and thrown to me for my breakfast, perhaps. Her next care is the sweeping, which is yet to be done. All the furniture is put out into the hall, myself with the rest, while my mistress thoroughly sweeps every nook and corner, finally giving me the contents of the dust-pan to hold. Presently I am brought back and with my additional load, replaced under the table.

Monday evening finds my owner just home from an afternoon in Boston. Her bag is filled with small packages, for it is nearly Christmas time. She unwraps the bundles, and gives me the strings and paper, for the little presents are to be done up in tissue paper and tied with "baby" ribbon before the happy Christmas time comes.

Tuesday morning my owner rises early in order to study awhile before breakfast. She tries to write an essay, and how hard it is! One, two, three pieces of paper she wastes, not being able to begin it as she likes. After she has spoiled four or five sheets, and destroyed each one, she gives up in despair, and I am the only one bettered by this circumstance.

The next evening is "fruit-night," and up from the store comes my owner, with her arms full of bags, containing bananas, apples, and delicious green grapes. She empties the contents into her fruit dish and throws the bag to me. There is a knock at the door, and five or six of her mates come in to make a call. The fruit is passed around, and I am pulled out from my hiding place and put in the middle of the room, where I can be of more service to those who are enjoying the little feast. The mandolin and banjo are tuned, and a merry hour is spent in singing "Sweet Marie," "Answer," and other familiar tunes, until the bell rings for study-hour, and calls each back to her duties.

Very often my mistress gives me slips of paper, bearing some such message as this: "Mrs. Strong has a pkg. for you," and off she runs to get the precious package, containing, perhaps, a dress which her mother has sent from home. Possibly it is a five pound box of Huyler's, which some far-off admirer has sent, and then my lady is not so happy, for she does not then walk off with her treasure, but leaves it to be put carefully away in the store-room. Another slip may have on it—"Please pay at the office \$1.75, due on Melba Concert." This is not so pleasant a message as the other.

On Saturday afternoon, my owner, may be, does not know what to do with herself, so she thinks she will read over some old letters. She spends a quiet afternoon in this way, and my contents are greatly increased by sundry letters which she no longer cares to keep.

When Saturday night comes, I am pretty well filled, and my owner thinks it time to empty me. Thus it is that a Lasell waste-basket happens from week to week upon many an odd little scrap of information, and hugs to its sympathetic breast many queer articles.

J. E. H.

A Commencement Story.

"Good morning, Miss Vernon, may I share your seat till we reach Lawrencetown?"

"Why, good morning, Mr. Wells, certainly you may."

Ernest Wells took the seat beside her, and they soon became engrossed in an animated conversation.

"And you graduate to-day, don't you?"

"Yes," answered Ernest, "I have been at Lawrencetown for four years now, and to-morrow I leave for good."

"You expect to attend the class exercises this afternoon, don't you?"

"I am sorry to say I can't be there this afternoon. I found it was impossible. I am going on to Georgeburg which I reach about noon. I have several things to do there; then I will take the 4 o'clock train back to Lawrencetown and reach there in time to get my best bib and tucker on for the Junior Promenade this evening."

"Well, I'm awfully disappointed that you're not going to be there," said Ernest.

"You can't be more sorry than I am. I'd love to hear your oration; I suppose you took it up to Sanford with you yesterday to read to your friends?"

"Yes, and they puffed me up a good deal about it. I feel quite good over it, for I think they are people that 'know.' It's there in my bag now."

"Oh, won't you read it to me? I'd love to hear it. There will be just about time enough before the train reaches Lawrencetown. Oh, please do!"

"Well," said Ernest rather reluctantly, "I will."

He drew it out of his satchel, read it to her, and about five minutes before they reached his destination he finished, then replaced it in his grip.

As the train pulled into the station at Lawrencetown he rose to say good-bye, but it took him so long that the train had begun to start again before he had finished.

"Good-bye, I shall see you to-night then?"

"Yes, I expect so," she answered. "Good-bye, I wish you success."

"Good-bye," and he seized a grip and swung himself off onto the platform where he found several of his chums waiting for him. They strolled leisurely along up to the college, and presently began the process of getting ready for the exercises of the afternoon.

"Well, of course, it's the hottest kind of a day, it always is commencement. This collar's nearly killing me," said Ernest to his room-mate, and gave the offending collar a vicious jerk. "How are you prospering, Art, nearly ready?"

"Ready? No! Don't suppose I ever will be. What ails all my neckties, anyway? There's an-

other one finished." A white necktie flew through the air to join the "great unnumbered company" of others that adorned different corners of the room.

"Well, don't get mad; you can't afford to this hot day. Now I must get my oration out of my grip, and then I'll be ready to start—Great Christopher Columbus, what's this!" Ernest exclaimed in an agitated tone.

"What's what?" asked Arthur without turning around.

"Well, look here. I opened my grip to get my oration out, and if here isn't the greatest lot of stuff you ever saw: Two pairs of gloves, one gray, one pink, five and three-quarters—not exactly my size nor the colors I generally wear—a lace fan done up in tissue paper—Well, if I haven't gone and exchanged bags with a young lady. What an idiot!"

"I never thought that of you, Ernest; and the next thing is to find out *what* young lady. What are you blushing so for, old boy?"

"Ah ha! here is the tell-tale," he exclaimed triumphantly, pointing to a little silver plate on the outside, "Frances Vernon, Sanford. I knew you'd done something the minute you got off the train. You rode down from Sanford with her, and in your rush to get off the train, after delaying to say a dozen good-byes to her, you grabbed her satchel instead of your own. Ha! ha! It's the best joke of the season."

"Oh, whatever shall I do," groaned Ernest. "My oration is down in Georgeburg; and here am I in Lawrencetown, and the exercises commence in twenty-five minutes. When it comes my turn, Art, you might get up and tell the assembled hundreds that Mr. Ernest Wells' oration is traveling round the country, but will be back in time for the Junior Promenade this evening, and consequently Mr. Ernest Wells will not be able to favor them with it just now. I know one thing, I'm not going to miss the class exercises if I *haven't* my oration. I'll have to explain to President Noel beforehand, and he'll just have to skip over my part of the programme."

"It is too bad," responded his friend. "Well, it can't be helped, so don't make yourself miserable over it; take the advice of a friend—be gay."

"Well, come on. Ugh! How I hate to tell President Noel about it. He'll look right through

me with those cold gimblet eyes of his, and I know he will just see my oration being carried around Georgeburg in the hands of a young lady. I may as well get it over as soon as possible, though."

The two young men started off across the campus toward Fairfield Hall. They soon reached the building and found the class assembled in an ante-room of the great auditorium previous to the beginning of the exercises.

By this time Ernest was in the lowest depths of despair. Everything seemed to swim before his eyes, and he answered the greetings and questions of his friends in a wandering, far away manner that made them think that Wells must be going daft.

Three times he had approached the President to explain matters to him, but each time his voice stuck in his throat, and he could not say a word. He clasped and unclasped his hands nervously; great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Well, I've got to tell him this time, so here goes," and he walked straight up to President Noel and was just about to touch him on the arm when someone told him a young gentleman would like to see him. He walked mechanically over to the door and beheld a red-faced little urchin, tightly grasping in his hand the *satchel*!

He could hardly believe his eyes, he was so delighted. But he took the bag and opened it, and there, just where he had put it that morning, was his beloved oration.

Ernest marched to the hall beside Arthur Thompson as happy a young man as could well be imagined. When they were all seated he examined his precious roll of paper, and found inside this note:

Sanford, Half past twelve.

Dear Mr. Wells.—As soon as I reached here I opened my bag and discovered the mistake that had been made. The New York express passes through here at quarter past one. I will send your bag by that train. I earnestly hope it will reach you in time.
Very hastily, Frances Vernon.

Ernest read the note and passed it to Arthur who read it and nodded approvingly. "She's the kind of a friend to have," he whispered.

"So I think," said Ernest with a queer smile.

That evening at the promenade he thanked her.

H. M. H.

DEATH-ROLL OF 1894.

In looking over the record of the year that has just ended, we are struck with the number of great men and women who have died since January of 1894, bringing in many cases a sense of personal loss to thousands who, perhaps, never knew intimately those for whom they mourn. Certainly Death has reaped a rich harvest of earth's great ones.

Russia mourns the death of her emperor, and Morocco that of her sultan. The death of these two rulers, and that of President Carnot of France and of President Nunez of Columbia give, opportunity for great changes in the governments of their respective countries.

It is to be hoped that the new Emperor of Russia will have more mercy for the poor convicts than his father did. It is said that petitions were sent from almost every part of the civilized world to Alexander III., asking him to treat the wretched convicts rather as human beings than as beasts; but these pleas for more merciful treatment made no impression on the inflexible Czar.

In the musical world alone heavy loss has been sustained in the death of such men of note as Anton Rubenstein, one of the most famous of pianists and composers; Hans Von Bülow, another celebrated pianist; Max Klein, violinist; Sir Robert Prescott Stewart, professor of music, Dublin, and the composer of a number of fine cantatas; and Eugene Esperance Oudin, a noted singer. Besides these, other eminent musicians of less note died during the past year. Ernest Knabe, the manufacturer of the Knabe piano, died during the summer.

Of her political characters, our own dear country has lost during the past year Senators Colquitt, Stockbridge and Vance; Governor Curtin, General Banks and Robert Winthrop—all men of note and influence.

Besides her President, France has lost Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, the originator of the Suez Canal scheme.

Wellesley College mourns the death of its president, Miss Shafer, and Yale has been bereft of Professor Whitney.

Literature has suffered by the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Anthony Froude, Henry

Morley, Edmund Yates and George Ticknor Curtis. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who died in October, was especially dear to us, irrespective of his high position as a literary man, since he was the honorary member of the graduating class of '94.

From Germany's roll of great names we miss those of Herz and Helmholtz, her two most famous scientists. Add to these Rossi, the Roman archaeologist; Brugsch Bey, the Egyptologist; Dr. Brown-Sequard, and several eminent clergymen, among whom were Archbishop Tache, of Canada; David Swing, of Chicago, and the Rev. Dr. McCosh.

The law has lost Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and David Dudley Field.

The last two whom I shall mention are Maccomb B. Allen, the first colored man admitted to the bar in the United States, and Major George Chorpensing, the man who really devised the wonderful system of mail-service which we now use. He was the first man to carry the United States mails across the continent.

There is yet one other, without some mention of whom this paper would not be complete—one who, though not known to fame, nevertheless left in our hearts a sweet and abiding memory of a beautiful and noble character, and who is still held very dear by all who knew her—dear Mrs. Latimer, our English teacher of last year.

Her cheery smile and kindly greeting made the day's tasks lighter; and, best of all, awakened in us a desire to be like her.

LOCALS.

ON Monday evening, December 10th, Mrs. Jenness Miller gave us a very interesting lecture on Dress Improvement. She illustrated her ideas of what woman's dress should be by some very lovely gowns, displayed on her own plump and pretty figure, and she showed also some decidedly practical ones. Of the latter kind, one was what she calls her "rainy day dress," and many of the girls became so enthusiastic about it that they declared they were going to have one immediately. And, indeed, it would be an excellent idea to adopt so sensible a dress for Boston streets, say, on wet days.

A VERY pleasant reception was given by the

Faculty of Lasell, to the girls on Wednesday evening, December 12th. After a pleasant hour in the parlors, the guests were invited to the dining-room, where dainty refreshments were served, and at ten o'clock they took leave, having spent a most enjoyable evening.

WE are sorry to learn of the fire at Mooers, N. Y., the home of Jennie and Hattie Fitch, whose father lost thereby three valuable barns with their contents. Several horses were burned, and among them a fine pony belonging to Jennie and Hattie. They lost also a fine St. Bernard dog. The fire broke out about 3 o'clock on the morning of December 20th.

AT the home of Alice Ball, during the vacation, a brilliant reception was given to the Glee and Banjo Clubs of the University of Michigan. The rooms were beautifully decorated in blue and gold, the college colors. The dining-room, where a delicious collation was served, was a bower of violets, yellow roses and blue and gold ribbon. It was a most delightful affair, and one to be long remembered by all who attended it.

ON the evening of January 10th, Rev. Dr. Spaulding gave us the first of a series of illustrated lectures. The subject was Classic Mythology.

THESE have been favored with calls from members of their families: The Misses Goll, Clapp, Watson, Cameron, Hayden, Kelley, Cruikshank, Morris, Andreesen, Ginn, Dickson, Eldredge, Hubbard, Shaw, Harrison, Shearer, Deane. Former pupils: Grace Coon, Alice Beesley, Eva Couch, Edith Brodbeck, Anna Beach, Myrtis Barton, Edith Gale.

MR. GOLL, Emma's brother, entertained some of the young women after the concert with phonographic recitals, which were a matter of great curiosity to some of them. He gave some selections of Sousa's, played by a military band, one or two songs, and the ravings of an insane man taken in an insane asylum.

PERSONALS.

DR. AND MRS. KENDIG, of Brooklyn, passed the holidays with their daughters Annie and Carrie in Roxbury.

GRACE JOHNSON, of Springfield, takes voice lessons of Mr. Davis in Hartford; has just moved into a new home, and has a class in Sunday-school—"twelve little tots with a large amount of wiggle to the square inch."

ELIZABETH FLEMING, Shelbyville, Ind., was recently maid to a bride, her best friend. Getting your hand in?

MARY SEAMAN, Sheboygan, Wis., writes of fine skating for the holidays; of work for King's Daughters; a Christmas cantata, of which she was director (our title), and of choir-work. She has changed her mind about a Winter in New York. By the way, who said Mary was engaged?

CLARA SOUTHER, St. Louis, Mo., hopes the girls enjoyed their holidays at Lasell as much as she did last year; has seen Julia Anderson in St. Louis, and thinks *THE LEAVES* improved this year.

MINNIE KIESEL, Ogden, Utah, writes of a most pleasant Christmas, both father and brother being at home—an unusual thing. She remembers the singing of carols last year; is in a club where she is soon to give a paper on mythology; has been taking art-lectures, and wishes she had gone with Mr. Shepherd to Europe.

BERTHA LILLIBRIDGE, Minneapolis, Minn., sends Lasell a New-Year greeting. She is getting along well at the State University; also at bread-making, by which she has almost persuaded her mother that there is a chance for her to make a housekeeper; says she (Bertha) could stand even the taking a list of names for a concert if she could be in chapel again (!), and wonders if these seniors grace the front seats. Ah, the old schooldays! How rich they are in memory.

HARRIET SCOTT has visited May Tulleys and Martha Stone, and Elizabeth Ewing has seen Marie McDonald and Kate Norman lately. Effie Symns plans to spend the Winter in Washington.

GRACE ROBB, Toledo, O., writes us her first letter for '95. Says the Noble girls and she spent October with Clara Eads; that Mollie Taylor has been visiting in Cincinnati; that she has had a good letter from Bess Shepherd, and that Bertha Merryman and Annie Kerr are in Paris.

Thank you all for your nice, cheery, earnest letters. They do us good. Keep on.

ONE of the pleasant chance-meetings of the New Year was with Annie Seeley Springer, here '80-'82, and since of Newton. Her face is as bright and her step as light as ever, though she claims four daughters of her very own (the baby of last August), and shows proudly a few young gray hairs. We talked of May Congdon and Mary Stebbins. By the way, Mistress Annie, has the album the photos of those babies (the oldest eleven) among its treasures?

MR. WILLIAMS (of the well-known Williams & Everett, Boylston Street), is authority for the statement that Nellie Chase's (here '91-'94) Pyro picture is one of the best he ever saw. That's our Nellie!

ELLEN L. FISKE attended Josie Tichenor's wedding. "Joe has married a grand, good man," she tells us. At a reception one afternoon Ellen met Anna Mitchell Martin, with whom she had a nice little chat, feeling as Lasell girls generally seem to feel, that "it always seems so good to meet the old girls."

ELIZABETH EDDY's engagement to Charles W. Holden is announced.

ANNA WALSTON is with us again. She looks well and seems glad to be back, as we certainly are to have her here.

BLANCHE WILCOX writes of seeing Lila Warren. Georgia Adams made her a call some days ago, and she met Alice Holmes at the opera. Carrie Van Sickle lives on the same street as Blanche does (see Blanche's new address in the list of addresses). Blanche is coming to Boston in a month or so to stay with Alice Donallan till the marriage of the latter, whose new home, we learn, is to be in Philadelphia.

CARRIE CHURCH spent a pleasant Christmas, partly in New Jersey and partly in New York. She comes this month to Boston to take up her music again, and promises us a visit some Monday.

MAUD SHURTLEFF has a word about her pleasant Summer vacation, now, seemingly, so far in the distance. She speaks of having heard recently from Annie Kerr, who is greatly pleased with her trip to the Old World, though Maud thinks she will be glad to set her foot on American soil once more. Blessings brighten when viewed

across 3,000 miles of sea. Study yet forms a part of Maud's daily programme, painting, French and German, but she has time enough for enjoyable sleighrides and other Winter pleasures. She wants to come out to see us some day, with a young friend, who is studying at the Emerson College of Oratory.

AMONG other good friends, Gertrude Sherman sends us her New Year greetings. Her hands are full of work: studies, housekeeping, church work, including the editing of a church paper; besides these, she cares for an invalid uncle, and is making herself, we doubt not, an excellent nurse. Her sister, she says, is at the Emerson College of Oratory, in Alice Beesley's class.

ON A PROGRAMME of the meetings of the Maine State Pomological Society and the State Board of Agriculture, held January 8th-9th, in Foxcroft, Me., we find Miss Barrows' name down for a talk on "Good Food from the Garden." We may be sure it was well worth hearing.

EMMA WHITE is still at work on her shorthand. She sends New Year greetings and speaks cheerily of her plans.

MAMIE CARTER ('77), now Mrs. Stoddard, Ionia, Mich., has a bright boy, Alfred, who entered the High School last September.

BERTHA RUSSELL CHESLEY sends a photograph of a trio of handsome boys who call her "mamma." We are glad to see the little fellows. Their names are, respectively, Solomon Russell, Franklin Russell, and Malcolm.

A LETTER from Nellie Wilber, mention of which was accidentally omitted from our last number, told of a pleasant Chicago visit made in the Fall, in the course of which she met Blanche Fowler, Martha Solari, and Ada Barker. Nellie thinks she would like to be here awhile for the fun and frolic, but feels shy of recitation rooms.

MR. G. ABDEL-CHEHID HENEAN, a Coptic gentleman whom Mr. Bragdon met in 1891, during his trip around the world, sends him a card with the season's greetings. Mr. Henean was the guide of Mr. Bragdon's party in their journey up the Nile. He is a postal officer and a fine Christian man.

MAUDE PARKS has been ill for some months at her home in Toledo, Ohio.

MILDRED WARREN writes a letter full of kindly words and warm-hearted wishes for us all. She sends subscription to the LEAVES, intending by this, and other means, to keep herself informed of Lasell happenings. She is teaching now, and is delighted with the children, though she finds the work arduous. Besides her regular school room work, she has a class of music pupils, so that, altogether, she is kept very busy.

VIRGINIA ALEXANDER says that her physical improvement while here was such that "all the delicate girls of Keokuk straightway decided that Lasell is the place for them."

CLARA CRESWELL wrote us some time ago of the indecision about her return. We were sorry to miss her face from among the familiar ones we saw in the halls at the beginning of school in September. In a letter of more recent date she tells us of Bessie Lothrop's marriage to Barton G. Lester in November, and of their wedding-journey, which included a little sojourn in Cuba and one in Philadelphia. They return to Denver this month. Clara also sends subscription to LEAVES.

FANNIE LAMME is visiting Carrie Brown Caspell, and is just now taking a kindergarten course of training.

MAY RICE, Mrs. Wennie Ewing Coffin, of Des Moines, Clara Cresswell, and another Lasell girl whose name was not told us, met by chance at table in Maniton last summer, to the delight of all.

LUCY SAMPSON, Jennie Brown and Mamie McMann Kellogg are said to be "well and happy." A good report, surely.

NORA FOWLER sends a pleasant word of greeting. Dessie Milliken's husband has had a long illness, but is now improving.

MABEL CASE wrote some time after her sister's marriage. She admits with charming candor that she may follow in her sister's footsteps "within a hundred years," adding "*if ever*." (Ah, Mabel!) When she wrote she sounded the praises of her trim little canoe, which she was then enjoying, and which was built here at Riverside—her father's gift in compensation for her "four years' imprisonment at Lasell." She hopes that the Lasell Canoe Club will, before long, compare favorably with the Wellesley crews. Mabel's studies still occupy her

attention, and she may possibly take a college course.

NELL AND GEORGIE BELL expect to spend the Winter in Florida with their father.

EDITH PARTRIDGE is now in Boston, and is anticipating a visit to Mary Ranney soon.

EMILY WARNER saw Carrie Johnson in Detroit this Christmas, and says that Carrie sent her love to all the girls.

MARIE MACDONALD expects to go South during the winter.

ADA MARSH is making an extensive journey through the West.

WE notice the formation of a society for the study of law relating to women, questions of economics and finances, management of property, etc. It is called the Business League of America, and it prepares various "Question Series" on sundry topics, the purpose of which is to aid the members in the study of such topics. Harriet W. R. Strong is president, and Miss Helena M. Richardson, treasurer. Applicants for information should write to the latter at 56 Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston.

MRS. ANDREESSEN, of Omaha, spent the holidays here with Alice, who was overjoyed to have her mother with her. She will remain a few days longer.

MRS. NOYES' genial, kindly face is always a welcome sight in Lasell halls, and we were glad, indeed, to have her with us a few days during Christmas vacation. She is the same gentle, lovable, motherly woman as in days gone by.

MRS. PIERSON, of Minneapolis, was here a few days after the reopening of school, having spent the holidays with her daughter and son at Woodland Park Hotel.

MRS. ELLEN A. RICHARDSON has recently taken charge of the Home Department in the Boston *Commonwealth*, in which she proposes giving space to college-work in that line. With her recognized ability, the department will be successfully conducted, without a doubt. Mrs. Richardson was the head of the home department of the recent Food Fair.

THROUGH Bertha Morrisson we learn that Lydia Starr teaches china-painting in Chicago, and has become greatly interested in Christian Science. Bertha saw Laura Hutton in the summer, and Mrs. Douglass (Helen Scott).

ELIZABETH WARNOCK enjoyed a visit from Greta Stearns during the Summer. Elizabeth speaks of reading law with her father, and of Clifford's serious trouble with her ankle.

MINNIE BACHRACH also wrote some time since, telling us about Helen Westheimer Cahn's illness in the early Fall. Minnie's telegram of Christmas Greeting was very kind.

FROM Mary Tulleys a characteristic letter dwells on the pleasures of her summer visit with Almena Seagrave; she also speaks very feelingly of Mrs. Latimer.

MABEL SAWYER says that she saw Lotta Proctor at Waterville, Me. Lotta was looking well, and said that she did wish she were going back, too.

RUTH SEIBERLING is having a gay time this winter.

MRS. WM. ETHERINGTON — Grace Garland, 78-'80—has moved to East Orange, N. J.

WINIFRED CONLIN spent a week of the Christmas holidays with Euada Hance of Wilkesbarre, and, needless to say, enjoyed every hour of her stay.

ELIZABETH LATIMER spent the holidays with Cara Sawin at her home. "She was a charming guest," says Cara.

HELEN MORRIS spent her vacation in Chicago; and while there she saw Nell Davis, who told her that Flora Gardner is in Paris with her sister, and that they are enjoying a round of gaieties there, giving receptions, and entertaining a great deal in general.

MARRIED.

Daisy Elizabeth Parkhurst ('87-'89) to Louis Alvin Brady, on Wednesday, December 5, at East Boston, Mass.

Lucy Ellen Sargeant (class of '91) to William Homer Warren, on Thursday, December 20, at East Saugus, Mass.

Mabel Douglass Lord ('89-'91) to Lucian Carpenter Shellabarger, on Monday, January 14, at Orange, N. J.

Florence J. Tait to Joseph C. Koch, on Tuesday, January 1, at East Boston, Mass.

DEATHS.

MR. G. S. ALLEN.

Miss Allen's holidays were inexpressible saddened by the loss of her dearly-loved father, who died at his home in E. Freetown, Mass., on the morning of December 24th, only a few days after she arrived home from Lasell.

Mr. Allen had been suffering with heart-disease for several years, but only within the last few months had the symptoms been of an alarming character. They, however, finally became so much so, the attacks coming more frequently and being more violent, that the sad truth became apparent that the end was not far off.

Our tenderest sympathies are with our teacher and her family in their sad loss.

DR. L. D. PACKARD.

On Saturday, January 5th, died, at his home in South Boston, Dr. L. D. Packard, one of Boston's most skilled and beloved physicians, the father of Mrs. Joseph R. Draper, Mrs. Arthur T. Cass and Miss Lillian Packard, all old Lasell girls, and the last named one of Lasell's most loved and honored teachers.

We most sincerely sympathize with the family in their bereavement, yet realizing how little power there is in words to express the deep feelings of the heart.

We learn with profound sorrow of the recent death of our old pupil, Mrs. Mary Shellenberger Herkness, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Herkness was a

student here in '82-'83, and made many friends among us. She was a noble, gracious Christian woman, whose death brings great sorrow to those whose privilege it was to know her well. Her health had long been failing, and finally, December 24, she yielded to that dread disease, consumption, while visiting her parents in Easton, Pa. She leaves a husband and a seven-year-old son.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU.

New mercies, new blessings, new light on thy way;
New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day;
New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of delight,
New praise in the morning, new songs in the night;
New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise,
New fruits for thy Master, new garments of praise;
New gifts from His treasures, new smiles from His face,
New streams from the fountain of infinite grace;
New stars for thy crown and new tokens of love,
New gleams of the glory that 'waits thee above;
New light of His countenance, full and unpriced—
All this be the joy of thy new life in Christ.

—Francis Ridley Havergal.

BOSTON LASELL BANQUET.

The preparation for the annual meeting and banquet of the Boston Lasell Club is in hand, and will be thoroughly made by Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce, president, and Mrs. Carl Cushing, secretary. It is expected some time during the last two weeks in February. Lasell girls in New England take notice, and plan for a visit to Boston on that day, of which due notice will be sent.

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Ask G. J.

MR. B. has been honored lately by several new titles of respect.

Ask G. J.

WHAT is the pleasantest of all Christmas customs?

Ask G. J. and V. E.

FOR ONCE Lasell girls have had more theatre than they wanted.—Positively no one to accept the last offer!

ONE of the Seniors, speaking the other day of a college open to both sexes, made the remark: "Oh, well, it's co-operation, you know, and"—Then she was bewildered by the shouts of laughter. Does she know yet why?

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NUTS.

It was a tiny little Mrs. Partington of our acquaintance who said to her mamma, while passing the New York obelisk one day: "Oh, mamma, wait a minute while I look at St. Patrick's Needle!"

THE same wee maid ran breathless to her auntie one morning with: "Oh, auntie, Betty's broken that lovely china Johnnie-dear in the parlor."

ADDRESSES.

Blanche Wilcox, 217 West End Avenue, New York City.
Mrs. Louis A. Brady (Daisy Parkhurst), Titusville, Fla.
Mrs. Wm. H. Warren, 27 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ERRATUM.

"Martha Wheeler Page," in the December LEAVES, should be "Martha Paige Wheeler."

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EXCHANGES.

She had asked me
Would I help her
With her Latin—
'Twas so hard,
Would I help her?

Mean, irregular
Old word,
Disco. She just
Kept forgetting
The subjunctive
All the while!

Pretty lips, so
Near, so tempting
To beguile;
Thought I'd teach her
By example,
Didicissem?
I should smile!

—Ex.

Astronomy is 1 derful,
And interesting, 2;
The ear 3 volves around the sun,
Which makes a year 4 you.
—Lynn High School Gazette.

A senior is a senior—
Sub-seniors "subs" call they;
An "ex" is an ex-junior,
But a junior is a "j."
—Lynn High School Gazette.

OLD SNAGGS: "Haint you ashamed to be at the foot of your class, Tommy?"

Tommy: "I don't know why I should be, popper; the foot is the foundation, isn't it?"—Ex.

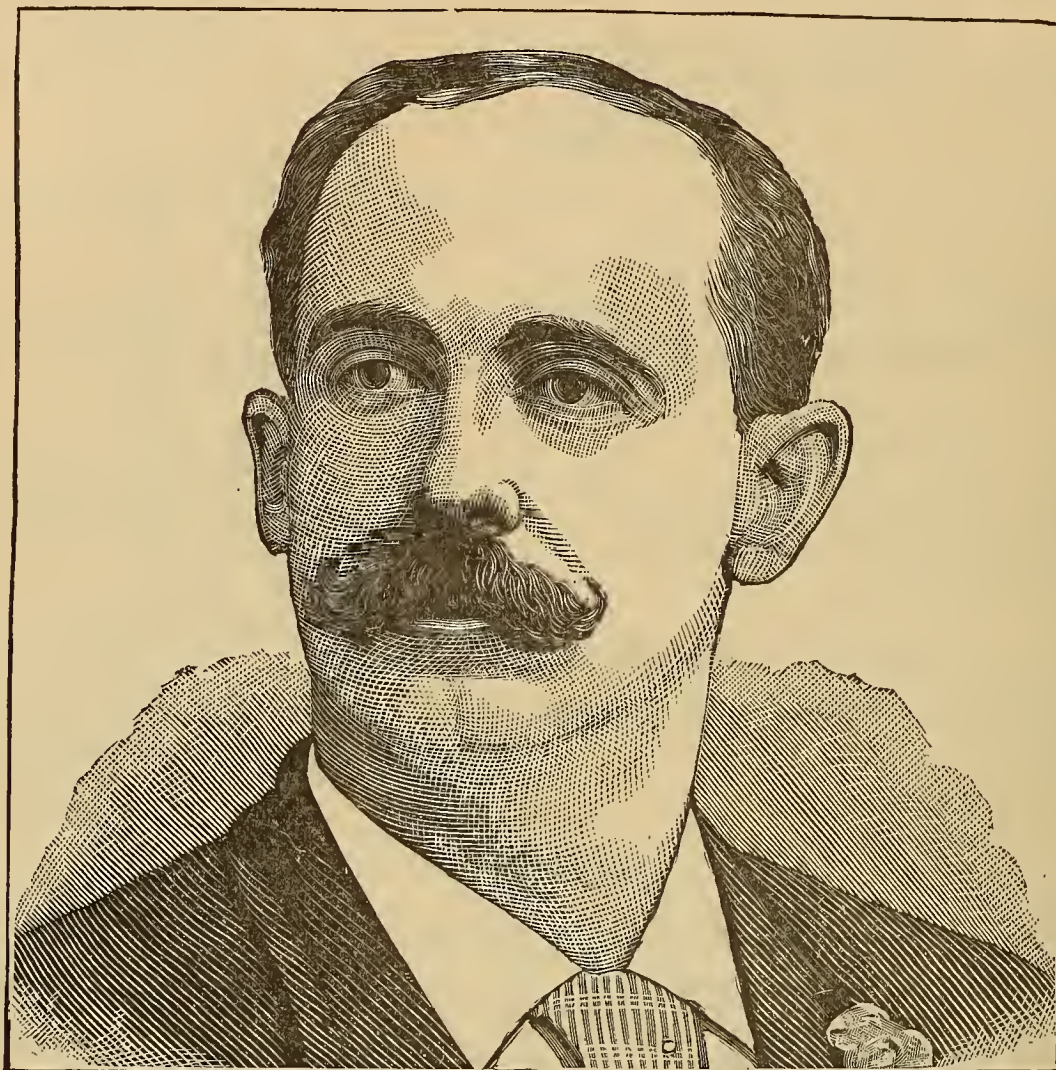
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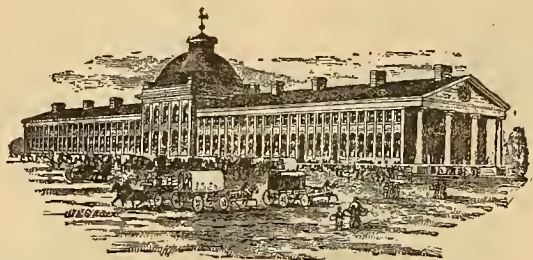
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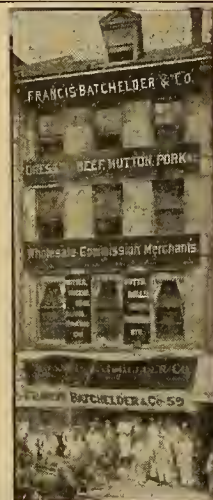
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For several seasons it has been impossible during the months of May, June and July, to fill our orders under five or six weeks, beside many of the best styles having been selected early, late comers had to take the poorer patterns, and wait a long time to have them made. We shall be glad to take orders now to be delivered at any time our customers wish them. We invite an early inspection of the choicest goods we have ever shown.

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VOLUME XX. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., FEBRUARY, 1895. NUMBER 5.

LASELL LEAVES.

Published Monthly, during the School Year,

BY THE

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OF

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AUBURNDALE, MASS.

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EMILY WARNER.

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EDITORIAL.

GERMANY'S RULER, Emperor William, is now making a great effort to secure for himself despotic power in the state, and there are murmurings of discontent among his subjects, such as have never been heard before in the Empire.

The German people have not concealed the impatience with which they have awaited the opening of the Reichstag. Contrary to the world-wide custom, forbidding the ruler of a nation to be present when its laws are under discussion by the representative body of the people, the Emperor entered through a private passage into the building of the Reichstag on the opening day of the present session, and was thus an unseen witness of the discussion of his latest restrictive laws. Of one of these laws it is said: "This is one of the most remarkable laws that has ever been presented to a free country, wherein journalists, politicians, or any other class that comes in contact with the public, are forbidden, under the penalty of \$150 and imprisonment for a period not less than two years, to write or utter any comment that can be construed into a criticism upon the established order of things, or that would be likely to arouse the resentment of any class of citizens."

Various causes are assigned for the extreme action of the Emperor in making the new law, and the people regard the situation as a grave one; but many think that the consideration of the bill will be delayed for several months, and that there is a hope that something will, in the meantime, happen to make its withdrawal desirable. One who has played an important part in the Reichstag says: "The Emperor becomes every day a greater power in the Government, and it is probably his intention to abolish universal suffrage in the near future;

but in these democratic times I fear that, whatever might be his wish in that direction, the people would not tolerate it."

IT WAS our good fortune, January 19, to listen to Mr. Geo. Bartlett's most entertaining and instructive lecture, on some of the great writers of Concord.

When, at the beginning, Mr. Bartlett asked what author we would rather hear about first, the unanimous reply was, "Miss Alcott." Whereupon he related many of his own reminiscences of this charming woman, one amusing story following another until the speaker's time was up, though we were not half ready to have him stop.

Mr. Bartlett would accept no remuneration for his services, not even his car fare, although the lecture was well worth paying for. We are much indebted to his interested kindness.

DR. SPAULDING delivered the second of his fine lectures, January 17; the subject was, "Landscape Painting, Ancient and Modern." It made very clear, indeed, how great has been the advance in this branch of art since classic times.

THERE HAS been sent us a little circular descriptive of the Women's Aid Association of the City of Berlin, on whose Executive Committee is our old friend, Mrs. Mary Willard. The aim of this association is to assist American women in Berlin, who are in need through lack of funds occasioned by death, financial failure, or misapprehension of the amount of money necessary to study abroad. An American Girls' club has also been established, having in view the providing for young women students a sort of "American cosy corner, a bit of home," where all may come and make pleasant acquaintances with their own country women, or find diversion among the papers and magazines, with which the room is to be supplied. A considerable amount has already been expended upon the work, and more is needed. The worthiness of the cause will appeal to all. Those who feel that they can contribute to the association may forward such sums as they feel inclined to give, to Mrs. J. Cleves-Symes, Wichmann, specifying whether for the club or for the general fund.

DAY OF PRAYER.

The last Thursday in January was observed at Lasell as Day of Prayer, services being held in the chapel at half past ten in the morning, and at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Dr. Steele had charge of the meeting, and introduced the speakers.

Dr. Cutler read from Isaiah the fifty-fifth chapter, and offered prayer.

Dr. Steele then made a few remarks before introducing Rev. A. A. Wright, dean of the Boston Correspondence School of New Testament Greek, who said in effect: "We all ought now to surrender unconditionally to our highest religious ideals. Our highest ideal depends upon our point of view, and our point of view depends upon our will. Every one does not set for himself the same standard, but he should live up to his own particular ideal. Each one should have grounds for his belief, and be able to back that belief with reasons and arguments.

"Some one may say, 'I am a sceptic, I doubt this and I doubt that,' but God permits us to doubt that which is doubtful. We should also hold ourselves in such an attitude towards God that we may hear Him when He speaks to us." Mr. Wright then told a story of a fisherman's daughter, who, alarmed at the enormity of her sins, went to the priest, with both her hands full of sand picked up on the shore. Presenting the sand grains as emblematic of the number of her sins, she said, "What can I do to save myself." The priest told her to go back to the shore and to pile up a heap of sand, then to come back to him to-morrow and to tell him what became of the grains. She did as he directed, and, after the sand was heaped up, the tide came in. Nearer and nearer it came to the sand heap which soon disappeared utterly. Then the maid, with a radiant face, went to the priest and told him that she now understood how the great tide of God's love was able to wash away all sins, no matter how many or how great they were.

The Rev. John Matteson, rector of the Episcopal Church of Auburndale, then spoke, and referring to Dean Wright's talk, he said: "To speak of, or to present, these highest ideals, requires noble womanhood and strong manhood." He then took

as his text, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." This was heard by the blind beggar, Bartimæus, who had for so long sat in darkness by the gate of the temple, begging alms. He heard a tumult and, asking the cause, was answered, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." He started up crying, "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!" and would have pushed his way to Jesus, but he was shoved rudely back by the crowd, just as many are now pushed back or hindered by the people about them. However, the cry of the blind man was heard by Jesus, and his reply was: "Go thy way; thy faith has made thee whole!" "Jesus of Nazareth," said the speaker, "*now* passeth by. Well for us, if we press in and cry, 'Son of David, have mercy upon us.'"

After singing a hymn, the Rev. F. E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, spoke. He said his message to us was, "Never say *No* to God." Dr. Clark then spoke of William Carey, that grand man, who had done so much good, all because he could not say *No* when God called him to do anything. God says now to each one of us, "Yield thyself to me; give me thine heart." He says to them who have already yielded, "Consecrate again thyself to me." Some said *No* to Christ when he was on earth. If he should come here now, would we not all listen eagerly to his words? He *is* here. Listen! He says, "Daughter, give me thine heart."

At the afternoon service, the Rev. H. Hughes of Newton Centre preached from the text, "I will come to you." He said, in substance: "The pre-eminence of Christ does not arise from any one event in his life. The most striking events of his life have parallels in the lives of other Biblical characters, but these have never done for the world what Christ has done. We are very likely to think that Jesus *did* live, not that he *does* live. There are certain relations toward God that we greatly magnify—these are, the 'giving,' the 'revealing,' the 'inspiring,' and the 'communing' relations. We do not pray so much for His presence as for His gifts. But 'the gift without the giver is bare.' If people receive your gifts and services, but do not receive you, it is a source of pain to you. We may accept the words of Christ and think of Him as having lived nineteen hundred years ago, or we may take His words, with Him in

our hearts. Sheridan, in that great crisis of the battle at Winchester, might have sent his messages to his soldiers, but how much more he effected by going himself and leading them on to victory. We must not think of Christ's gifts as coming a great celestial distance, but we must take Him in to our hearts and lives."

In the evening, the general prayer meeting was led by the Rev. Mr. Bishop, Dr. Steele being compelled to remain at home because of a hard cold.

This day was a very helpful one to everybody, and will be remembered with pleasure by all.

DEAR LEAVES:—Some time ago a request came to me to write something of what I am seeing, to you. The months have been full of seeing and enjoying, but little time left for writing—though I would be so glad to do something, that I may not be altogether forgotten, in my absence, by the dear old girls, whose faces are often in my mind.

Just now I found a letter that Mr. Shepherd has written to his comrades, which I think will give you an idea of what Lord Mayor's Day is, in London, so I will make this a joint letter. He writes—"Our attention was first called to it by many posters on the streets calling attention to the date, giving the line of march, regulating the street traffic in the section indicated, prohibiting any public or private demonstration on the streets, police regulations, etc., etc. For some days before, conspicuous signs and placards appear in the windows of shops, stores and offices on the route, offering seats, spaces, chairs, balconies, bay windows and fronts, from which to view the parade. The repeated answer from many places, when applied to, was "ten shillings" (\$2.50) a seat. This was not encouraging when I applied my early training in arithmetic, and found it would cost me \$50 to give the ladies of my party the "show." But I finally found an upper room, in central location, with a bay window where by the use of chairs, high and low, and window seats, all the party could have a fair view, which I considered cheap at \$20. The house was located on the Strand, the old-time road along the bank of the Thames, now a block distant, St. Paul's Cathedral at the head of the street on the left, Charing Cross and its magnificent surroundings on the right, the bells of "St. Dunstan's in the West" ringing their mer-

riest, calling the attention of the passing crowds to the stately old front, and its antiquated statue of Queen Elizabeth over the portal. A little farther along, the fine Law Court buildings and Chancery Lane, where the Chances of Law have monopolized the whole section. And here is the gorgeous front of a barber shop, four stories devoted to the tonsorial art, and inscribed across the upper front, "Formerly the palace of Henry VIII." Near by is Old Temple Church, where, after service one Sabbath, we stood by the grave of Goldsmith; and in the center of the street, still nearer, the modern monument marking the spot where Old Temple Bar once barred the street. The "Cock Tavern," with the old rooster still there, might be the place where "Cock-tails" were first made! or concocted. Hereabouts, too, are the popular papers published, and in six or more windows within a square, we see the original designs and sketches for Punch, The Graphic, Illustrated London News, The Strand Magazine and The Daily Telegram, with sketches by Chinese and Japanese artists of battle scenes on land and water, in the Orient. With these surroundings, which are so interesting in their history, we are forced to enjoy the ludicrous, in such signs and combinations of names as often appear—"Robert Peel, Chiropodist"—I should think the old statesman would show a wry face on some of the many monuments to his honor and memory; and a reminder of the locality of Dickens as "Sam Weller's Funerals; are worth twice the money" over a doorway!

As the procession is to pass our location twice, the police keep the street cleared for three squares distant each way, forcing the crowds on to the sidewalks and up the side streets, which with many showy banners and decorations contribute to the lively scene. In the one opposite our windows, are Punch and Judy Shows to amuse the waiting crowd, and several companies of Negro minstrels, going through a regular programme, and between the acts catching the pennies that are thrown from many windows on either side—flower girls offering their fragrant nosegays—men and boys selling papers and programmes of the procession, others with cakes and sweetmeats, mutton pies and pigs' feet for the hungry ones.

To keep these many people in order and the street clear, we notice a policeman stationed every

15 or 20 feet, on both sides of the street, along the edge of the walk as far as we can see in either direction. These policemen of London are conspicuous for *kindness* with great firmness, and showed it on many occasions when called upon all about the city. One could be assured of being civilly answered at any time, which is not always so in our United States cities!

After three hours of waiting, having meanwhile enjoyed a good luncheon, brought in from an "ABC" restaurant (of which make a note as always *good*) the sound of martial music is heard, and the approach of the great procession is announced by a company of mounted men, followed by a solid body of policemen, a mounted band, followed by large companies of soldiers, sailors, marine bands, Highlanders with bagpipes, boys from training-ships and schools, gaily dressed, the Prince of Wales' Royal Irish Hussars, then carriages decorated with garlands and flowers, in which were city and civic officials—more bands—gorgeous gilded coaches, with the Sheriff and the late Lord Mayor. The ancient metal workers, in old time costumes, the old gardeners, the press, the fruiterers and other trades were represented with many appropriate designs and floats. Many banners and bright colors, and brilliant trappings on horse and foot, old time beef-eaters and spearsmen, and plumed knights and liveried footmen and outriders—all these escorting the new Lord Mayor about the city, as he reclines in bright scarlet robes in his gilded chariot (finer than any except the Queen's own, that we saw in the royal stables at Buckingham Palace), and drawn by six white horses, and followed only by a company of lancers on more white horses.

The street fills up with the crowd let loose. The wagons and street traffic take the place they have given up for a few hours, and it is all over. We wait only for the easy passing through the streets and find our way back to our hotel, having seen what a great English parade is on Lord Mayor's Day, the ninth of November.

M. B. S.

BERLIN, Germany, December 10th, 1894.

MR. PILLSBURY, of Smith College, paid Lasell a visit some days ago, desiring to go through the building to examine somewhat its accommodations and equipments.

SPRINGFIELD, CHICOPEE AND NEW HAVEN.

The Principal and wife were honored with an invitation from Prof. and Mrs. Luquiens to celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary at their new home in New Haven. The fatal day falling on a Sunday, of course we must go on a Saturday. "Why not go on Friday, and pay that long-meant visit at Cousin Louie Best Cunnock's?" "Just the thing, if Louie isn't too mad by this time to let us come!" "Why not go a train or two earlie and get a glimpse of the Springfield girls?" "Just the thing, again; only we won't ask them, for some might embarrass us by saying they rather not! So we tell our Jehu what we want, and he takes us in his own order. "Oh! but Jehu! I must see the old tower of the Armory, where I used to play when I was seven years old!" "Yes, Sir." So we stop first in front of the tower! How short it looks! Just about right in area, but a good deal lower than it has been in the magnifying memory of childhood's measurements! I conclude that an earthquake or something has thrown three or four of its upper stories, and sadly tell Jehu to drive on. First is Mabel Morgan. Mrs. Morgan greets us cordially, but says Mabel has come ill from a visit to Jessie Gaskill. But Mabel hears, and says I may come in, and I am glad of a little chance to pay my respects. Mabel did not look sick, and said she'd be all right in a few days, though the doctor was still visiting her. Hope she is well now. I saw a pretty painting of lilacs which Mabel has done, and several specimens of her industry in that line. Then Grace Griffin and her mother make us feel at home in their charming home, and tell us of Kate Hamilton's visit and letters, and how Grace keeps up with some of the other mates of Lasell days. We dare not say, though we want to, how we miss the dear man who was loving husband and father, and whom I esteemed as one of the most intelligent and real friends Lasell ever had. Then to two friends of my father and mother, Mrs. Sexton and Mrs. Bigelow, who live just where they did forty years ago—the one next, the other opposite, the parsonage, which still stands as it did when father was pastor of Union Street Church. The warmth of their welcome almost brought tears, when I thought how good they were to my father when he was dis-

tressed by failing health and compelled to turn his face westward, hoping to find strength for more work in a changed climate. We next called at Grace Johnson's delightful home, but Grace had gone out. Next on Cora Shackford Tilton, in the splendid parsonage of Florence Street Church, of which Mr. Tilton is the successful pastor. A nicer church-home is seldom found than Mr. T., with pardonable pride, showed us in the bit of time at our disposal. The two boys, of ten and seven years—only think of it!—were away singing. Then electric cars to Chicopee, and Louie Best Cunnock's nice home and loving greeting. Rosa Best was there too, and Ruby Blaisdell Carter came all the way from Springfield, her present home, to call in the evening. (I like Mr. Carter—Mr. Cunnock too. Our girls marry well, I notice.) In the morning a visit to the great mills, of which Mr. Cunnock is manager, opened our eyes anew to what strides machinery is making in our day. Ruth and Agnes were charming, and we were friends at once. By 3:30 next day we were in New Haven, and met by Mrs. L. and Fred, a Sophomore in Yale now—no more our little Fred. We were taken to see the College buildings, spending some time in the fine new gymnasium watching the Freshman crew row, the 'Varsity crew exercise before rowing, and the students in general working up muscle and mind. A delightful Sabbath was passed in this new home which Prof. and Mrs. L. have builded them in a growing part of the beautiful city, and which seems to me to be perfect in every way. If one of you girls is about to help build, I advise her to get help from Mrs. L., who has architected two and knows how to do it. We heard preaching in the splendid chapel, saw the boys face round to gaze at the visitors, and heard the fine organ *well played*. Next morning, at 8:10, we were on hand for prayers, which Pres. Dwight led, and saw the boys scurry off to their 8:30 recitations. Then we found Stella Smith Strong in her nice new home on Sherman avenue (222), and enjoyed a few moments' chat with the same good Stella and saw one of her two girls, a dear little thing. The other was at school. Tried next to find Martha Ladd, but she had moved to Waterbury without giving Lasell notice. So we lost the time when we should have seen May Gaylord. Sorry to miss her, but trains go promptly.

Rev. A. D. Vail gave me a cordial welcome, and I liked him, and hope to see more of him.

Sorry also to miss Agnes Cornell in Springfield, bitt time was too short; and we came back to work glad of our glimpse at Lasell's dear daughters and their work in the world, the homes they are making and the worth they are developing.

C. C. B.

A SKETCH OF JAMAICA.

The approach to Jamaica, whether made by day or by night, cannot fail to interest and charm the traveller. He must, indeed, be an unappreciative wanderer who can view with indifference the unfolding beauty of its mountains, the curving outlines of its coasts and the brilliant green of its plantations. Whether he land on the north side, amid the garden-like beauty of St. Anne's, or step ashore among the bananas of Port Antonio, or seek the beautiful south side, rich in historic associations, he is sure to find everywhere something to charm and delight.

As the traveller goes ashore he is greeted with a jovial "Howdy, massa," accompanied by a low courtesy and a broad smile, from the negroes crowding the wharf. He soon learns that he is a welcome visitor, for the negro is very fond of his country, and nothing pleases him more than to have "Buckra come and see Jamaica."

Everyone knows the story of the Spanish occupation and colonization of the island, which continued till 1665, when, after many severe battles, the English, under Cromwell, gained possession of it. Although at the very first no great change was made in the administration, the island was thenceforward more prosperous.

The government of Jamaica consists of a Governor, appointed by the Queen, and a Council, partly chosen by the people and partly serving by virtue of official position. At the present time the Governor is Sir Henry Arthur Blake.

The slave trade in Jamaica increased very rapidly during the eighteenth century, and reached its height just before the American War of Independence. In 1838, however, the slaves were emancipated; since this time freedom has reigned.

Then the chief business of Jamaica was the manufacture of sugar and rum. Slave labor being chiefly employed, the immediate effect of

emancipation was disastrous to Jamaican industry. In 1840, two years after the slaves were freed, a plan for the introduction of East Indian coolies for contract labor was carried into effect, on account of the loss sustained by the planters from the unreliable service of the lazy freedman. This plan met with such success that the importation of the coolies has been continued at intervals up to the present time.

The lower class of natives of Jamaica are among the happiest people existing. They live carelessly to-day, and "let to-morrow take care of itself;" and well they may, for the climate is so warm as to do away with the expense of a fire for comfort, and nearly all their food, in the form of bread, butter and fruits, grows around them. It is not necessary that they work to keep from starving, and they realize it fully, getting along with as little labor as possible. But the coolies, quicker in their movements and more reliable workmen, are therefore more valuable for labor.

The houses of these negroes are made of split bamboo, with a thatched roof and sometimes no floor. There are generally two rooms—a sleeping-room and a sitting-room. The dining-room and kitchen are one—a little hut standing apart by itself. The people have a very kind, obliging disposition, and never attempt, as is generally supposed, to harm anybody. Strangers travel at all times of the day and night, often with a great deal of money about them, and never think of being molested.

One of the most memorable events chronicled in Jamaican history occurred on the 7th of June, 1692, when a great earthquake shook the island and almost totally destroyed the metropolis. Mountains were risen; earth and rock fell upon the valleys, injuring the people; hamlets were engulfed, plantations obliterated and rivers turned into new channels. The terrible retribution that overtook Port Royal, the then flourishing capital, in three or four minutes, can be compared in magnitude only to the unexampled record of her debauchery. It was a disaster which in a moment transformed one of the richest spots on earth into the most desolate. Even Lisbon's fate could not compare with the complete overthrow of the Jamaican capital. Port Royal was situated upon a peninsula, a part of which,

at the time of the earthquake, sank below the waves with the unfortunate city. Some of the ruins are still visible below the surface of the clear water, and the curious traveller may row over the place, seeing far below him the remains of what was once the glory and pride of Port Royal.

The prevailing idea of the climate of Jamaica seems to be that it is insufferably hot all the time. This is a mistake; for what most surprises one after a residence in Jamaica long enough to enable him to form a just opinion of the climate is its comparative coolness all the year round. In the West Indies the sweltering, stifling heat of the East Indies is unknown. The days are undeniably hot, the direct rays of a tropical sun being much too ardent to be desirable; but the nights are almost always cool and pleasant, and the evenings and early mornings are ideally delightful. All through the day, from about 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., a strong sea-breeze, called by the early Spanish settlers "the Doctor," blows almost continuously; and at night a cool and refreshing land-breeze sets in, sweeping gently down from the Blue Mountains, and seeming very chilly after the heat of the day—so much so, indeed, as often to render a blanket a necessary addition to one's clothing at night, even in the middle of summer.

The scenery in Jamaica is very beautiful. Range upon range of mountains rising before the delighted spectator fade away in a blue haze on the horizon, while below him lies the placid sea, bright with the hues characteristic of tropical waters.

The mountains of Jamaica, even to the natives, have been unknown regions till a very recent day, and even now there are parts which have never been explored. When the Spaniards discovered "Xamayca," though the sea-coasts were thickly populated by Indians, the "inland parts," they tell us, were "unpeopled solitudes." The Spanish settlers inhabited only the plains, and the early English settlers seem to have followed their example, for after the great earthquake of 1692 an eye-witness thus speaks of the Blue Mountains: "But those wild, desert places, rarely or never visited by man, not even by the negroes themselves, are yet unknown lands to us, nor do we know what happened there."

F A D S.

We all know what fads are, so I need not stop to define. Young ladies, in particular, are charged with a fondness for them; but if you keep your eyes open, I fancy you'll find the young men liking them quite as well. One of the fads of college men, for instance, is collecting signs of all kinds. Perhaps it is not known where some of these curious signs are to be had. It is whispered that there is a certain store at which they can be bought. The cardboard signs are the cheapest; of these the ordinary kind are stenciled with such gratuitous information as, "Meals at all Hours," and such instructions as, "Pay at the Desk." Hanging shop-signs are dearer; these are done by hand. Some of the students give orders unmistakably original. One of these cost its owner twenty-five dollars. It seems to be the actual sign of a five-cent lunchroom, and appears to have been broken off from the post to which it was fixed. This is supplied with legs, and thereby converted into a card table; and we imagine that the owner will many times be obliged to recount to his friends the daring way in which he possessed himself of it, and eluded the police with his plunder.

There is also the express-label fad. Many men, especially members of glee clubs, like to have their dress-suit cases plastered with labels, particularly those of Western and Southern roads, to create the impression that they have been great travelers. You can hardly see the leather of some of these cases, so numerous are the labels. Of course, all this is very foolish, but it is profitable for the shopkeepers. "A fool and his money are soon parted," says the old saw; and I'm afraid it is as true now as when it originated. Perhaps one of our number might amuse her friends with accounts of how she obtained some of the many signs which adorn her room.

It is a fad among young men now to part their hair in the middle. Are they so jealous because we have adopted a part of their dress, that they must imitate us in some of our ways? Among the fads of the ladies is the use of the new stock collars, separate from the dress. To me, this fad does not seem quite so foolish as these whims usually are. We might note, too, the size of the shell comb now worn. If these continue to increase in

size, it will soon be a case of all comb and no head, comparatively speaking. But we will be thankful that it is not the fad to wear two large combs stuck one on each side of the head, as it was years ago, when my grandma was young. The use of side-combs, too, is something of a fad, although it is true that these are useful as well, in the present style of dressing the hair. The camera fad we must not neglect to notice. We shall not say anything ill of that one; for when we have left our alma mater, and have grown old and staid, and wise, we shall be glad to look over those "snap shots," and remember the happy days at school.

Two more fads occur to my mind: the bicycle and the memory book. Those who do not ride a safety, do not know how enjoyable a fad that is to the cyclist. How strange it looked at first to see a lady riding one! Now it is a common sight, and soon the divided skirt may be the recognized costume of the lady riders. The wheel has, however, become so truly a necessity to many, that I am half inclined to take back the statement that it is a mere fad. I wonder how soon Mrs. Jenness Miller's short walking skirt will become a fad. That, surely, will be a useful one. Long be its reign, when once it has come. The memory book will, like the camera pictures, be a pleasure in after years. How every girl will cherish that book, with all its reminders of her school days!

Now these are but a few of the fads which suggested themselves as I sat thinking this afternoon; you, perhaps, may think of many others. Some are foolish and useless, while others may be really good; but whether foolish or good, they will be followed by a great number of us. People are much like sheep, after all, a few lead, the rest follow.

E. D. L.

FOUR GIRLS IN SPAIN.

At a recent meeting of the directors of the International Institute for Girls in Spain it was reported that the four young women who were graduated there last June took the degree of B. A. from the Royal University of Madrid, after most searching examination, (made all the more rigid by reason of the national Roman Catholic antipathy to Protestant schools,) by the professors of that school. These are the first girls to do this in all Spain, and it is a matter of great moment, and a signal

triumph for our mission teaching, that not one failed, and two took special honors. These two are now taking post-graduate work for degree of A. M.

THE FLAG.

From very early times there have existed symbols which, because representing that held dearest and most sacred, have had the power to arouse all that is best and strongest in the beholders.

Among such symbols are flags and standards, which originated, perhaps, in the necessities of military discipline, and have existed ever since.

We have proofs that the Egyptians possessed military standards, usually consisting of metal images of sacred birds and animals.

The old Jewish tribes also had their particular emblems. In Numbers ii., 2, we read: "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house." And again in Numbers x., 14: "In the first place went the standard of the camp of the children of Judah, according to their armies."

It was not until the Middle Ages and the days of heraldry, however, that cloth of various sorts was introduced as a material for national ensigns. Thus can be traced the gradual evolution of the flag from the crude designs of the earliest nations to the graceful folds of our own national banner. This flag, dearer than all others to every loyal American, was adopted by the United States June 14, 1777. Whittier, with the poet's love of beautiful colors, has very prettily said of our flag:

"Its hues are all of heaven—

The red of sunset's dye.

The whiteness of the morn-lit cloud,

The blue of morning's sky."

And good cause, indeed, is there for our love and pride in it. It stands for a strong nation, founded on justice, liberty and honor—a nation which has recorded on the pages of its history deeds of valor, benevolence and heroism, and steadfast endeavors to better the condition of its people. Our flag stands for all that we most truly honor and reverence—for the strength of our Union, for the blessing of home and friends, and for the goodness and mercy of Him who has granted us prosperity in time of peace and victory over our enemies in times of conflict.

With the "Stars and Stripes" before them, men have dared to brave death on the battle-field, since to them that flag stood for the glory of their country's past, the reality of its present, the splendid hope of its future. By this chivalrous devotion to their flag our ancestors were spurred on to the heroic defense of their homes, and the boys in blue to respond so courageously to the call for aid in the crisis of 1861. The glimpse of its tattered folds fluttering in the smoky air of battle cheered and strengthened many a brave heart which otherwise would have faltered.

Innumerable are the instances of devotion shown to our national emblem. While the battle-field is certainly the severest test of the power of the flag over the hearts of a people, in many other ways we may show love of country and reverence to our emblem. There may never be necessity for another war. Our citizens may never again be called upon to prove their strength and courage in the face of an enemy's fire. Let us, then, show our patriotism while we may in our every-day life.

This we can and should do on those days which mark the turning-points of our national history. Of these, the most worthy to be observed are the birthday of our noble Washington, the "Father of his Country;" Memorial Day, the day on which we do honor to the many who laid down their lives to preserve our country's unity; the Fourteenth of June, when our forefathers adopted for us our world-honored flag; and the Fourth of July, that day of all days, upon which our ancestors declared themselves a free and independent nation.

On these occasions, at least, let us show the honor that is due to our flag, and join one of our poets in his patriotic wish:

"As it floated long before us
Be it ever floating o'er us,
O'er one land from shore to shore.
There are freemen yet to wave it,
Millions who would die to save it—
Wave it, save it evermore."

N. A. C.

THESE have been favored with calls from members of their families: The Misses Mayo, Hayden, Briggs, Bliss, Avery, Deane, Loud, R. Kimball, Evans, Watson, Cameron, G. Clark, Shaw, Chandler. Former pupils: Marion Gilmore, Blanche Busell, Beulah Shannon, Rosa Best, Grace Myton, Nellie Chase, Mabel Case, Marion Fessenden, Edith Starkey.

GOLDFISH.

As goldfish seem to be the latest attraction at Lasell, perhaps it would be interesting to know something more about these beautiful creatures.

The Chinese say that China is the home of the goldfish. A Chinese home, indeed, is not complete without some of these sunny little fish swimming about in a glass vessel of some sort, or artificial pond.

Goldfish are said to be easily kept alive in small tanks, if due attention be paid to changing the water daily, and to proper feeding, the fish relishing as food, worms, crumbs, and insects. They are prized for their beauty of form, their color, and grace of motion. The usual color is a bright orange above, light on the sides, and whitish beneath. The intensity of the color, and certain other external characteristics are modified by their food. Occasionally they lose the orange hue, and turn silver.

The mouth of the fish is small and toothless, the scales are large and striated. They make poor table fish. The price of goldfish is from twenty to fifty cents each, according to the size and beauty of the fish.

These fish have a larger measure of intelligence than one would suppose. We read accounts of their being taught various little tricks—to come at a call, to retreat at a given signal, to rise at the ringing of a bell, and so on. Another curious fact is their power of living a considerable time out of water, by reason of the peculiar construction of their gills.

With us these bright little swimmers do not live very long a life, four or five years being thought an unusually long one for them; yet we read that they live from twenty to thirty years, under favorable conditions.

Goldfish, it is said, were introduced into England in 1691, but were very scarce till 1728, when they began to be imported in great numbers from Holland, where they had become domesticated. They will not thrive in rivers.

The Chinese, who long ago domesticated these fish, have succeeded in propagating all those strange varieties, and even the monstrosities, which appear in other domestic animals.

The most beautiful varieties are the very tiny

fish with abnormally developed fins and tails, voluminous rosy gossamers, in which, as it sometimes seems, the small creatures might completely envelop themselves. E. P.

NOT BY BOOKS ALONE.

How do we gain knowledge? Is it from books alone that we get our education? By no means. All experience goes to show that books are the source of but a small part of what constitutes an education.

How interesting it is to note the growth and development of a child. His first infantile speeches are made up of gleanings from the talk of those about him. Once he begins to speak, he learns new words very quickly; and while, perhaps, he does not put these words together very intelligently, still he does use them, and with an ever-increasing sense of propriety and correctness.

One seldom finds children who are not full of an active curiosity, and an innate love for flowers and other beautiful objects; and while they are, as we say, "playing," they are really carrying on their education—learning a great many very pleasant lessons from dear old Mother Nature, an exacting but kindly teacher.

In a few years he goes to school; and now, indeed, he begins to learn more and more rapidly, not alone by the use of books, but in a thousand ways, from his new surroundings and his playmates.

Children are born imitators, being especially fond of imitating those older than themselves, and in their school-life they find greatly widened opportunities for such imitation, learning thus many profitable lessons, together, with others less salutary. From their playmates they learn not only how to play their childish games, but also—and this is of prime importance—how to discern character, and to draw many fine discriminations hitherto unthought of by them. Not infrequently one child is heard to say that he does not like some other child, "because," says our young critic, "he is so selfish." The meaning of this word, I judge, he did not learn from books. Here, then, we see he is gaining, not only in the knowledge of book-lore and of what Nature can teach, but in moral development as well.

One learns constantly; there is no stopping our

education. We may guide and control its direction, but can no more shut our minds to fresh acquisitions of some sort than we can stop the sun in its course. One especially pleasant way of learning that which will elevate, refine and broaden us is by travel—so good a thing is it for us to come in contact with the people of different places. Their manners and customs often differ widely from ours, as do their habits of thought, their religious beliefs, their ideas of government—all of which can be referred to adequate causes, if only the traveller be an intelligent, and not a superficial, observer. It should here be said, however, that a knowledge of books adds greatly to the traveller's ability to gain instruction from unfamiliar sights and scenes.

A visit to any of our fine art galleries adds much to one's knowledge; and in this part of the country the many fine museums accessible to the public are undoubtedly, to those who visit them, a prolific source of knowledge, both of the natural resources of our own land and of its history, to say no more. But to glean useful information thus, requires an inquiring and a receptive mind, and this all persons do not possess in equal degrees.

Two may take the same journey, one coming home with his mind filled with the sights and scenes of his trip, and the other having gained almost nothing of real value. The difference is due to the fact that one has been thoughtful and attentive to what he has seen, while the other has been but a careless observer. He has little of value to tell us of his trip; but the other is brimming full of curious and interesting facts, to which we listen with pleasure.

In no other way in the world can we so quickly learn to speak fluently a foreign language as by living for a while with a family to whom that tongue is native, where we constantly hear the language spoken. The use of books as teachers cannot compare in efficiency here with the method of learning thus by association. We may, in a great measure, liken ourselves to children in this particular, for we begin by learning a word or a phrase at a time, and gradually acquire a vocabulary wide enough to allow us to express ourselves well in the new tongue.

Not only to children and young people do these remarks apply; but everyone—the teacher

the scholar, the man of business—learns lessons of incalculable value, or often the reverse, by the simple means of daily associations. The monarch on the throne and the beggar in the street are being steadily educated by a method productive of far more important results than the mere study of books can give.

If, then, we are both a means of education to others, whether willingly or not, and in a large sense the pupils of others as well, it is of vast importance what companions we choose and how we live our daily lives.

PERSONALS.

A WEE card, sent by Mrs. Walter Leslie Mellen (Carrie Fisher, of '90-'91), together with her own and that of her husband, tells us of the arrival in their home of a little daughter, Dorothy Mellen, December 29th. Congratulations to Carrie and Mr. Mellen.

MABEL REED sends greeting all the way from Paris, where she is studying French and music.

GRACE HARRISON, now staying in Boston for medical treatment, is reported better.

WILLIE STOWE sent a kindly Christmas greeting.

LUCY CURTIS (class of '80), of Rockland, Mass., sent a beautiful New-Year card, with a pretty green sprig suggestive of the season.

JESSIE MACMILLAN (class of '82) has made Anbrndale her home for the year.

HATTIE SCOTT speaks with regret of the thwarting of her plans for travel and study. While visiting her sister recently she saw Mary Tulleys and Gertrude Gleason, spending some time with the former in her home at Council Bluffs. During the holidays she spent a week with Martha Stone.

NORA WESTHEIMER reads THE LEAVES with pleasure. She and her sisters, Yetta and Helen, are as greatly interested in Lasell as ever.

MINNIE KIESEL, of Ogden, Utah, is a member of a flourishing club, LaCoterie, a copy of the constitution and by-laws of which she sends. The little pamphlet contains also a scheme of the work for the present year, which includes, we see, two

papers by Minnie,—one on "The Discovery of America", the other on "The Beauties of Mythology."

GRACE ROBB writes that Harriet and Alice Noble and she spent October with Clara Eads; that she has had a charming letter from Bessie Shepherd, who is now studying at Berlin; and that Bertha Merryman and the Kerrs are still at Paris.

LOUISE BEST CUMNOCK (of '81) claims the bright little woman Ruth Cumnock, whom the recently received photograph represents as standing, with a funny little air of matronly dignity, by the side of a chair occupied by a winsome dollie, which—we beg Ruth's pardon! *who*—must surely be Ruth's most "grown-up" child, so stately is she.

LILLIAN PACKARD writes us that the class of '83 had last fall a complete set of class-letters. All the girls seemed well and happy and full of good work.

FLORENCE MANN writes that she and Alice House have planned a visit to Annie Clark Butterworth one of our girls, whose home is now near Cincinnati; a short distance—twenty miles—out of the city.

LYDIA TUKEY is engaged in mission-work among the very poor of her city; and she is finding in this work, repugnant as it may seem to some, blessing and broadening. To range oneself on the side of those who are trying to help others *must* mean something—something vastly more than the wholly selfish life can mean.

MADELINE MEEGAN is taking a post-graduate course in literature this year at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., of which school she is a graduate. Madeline hopes to do something in journalism. She has our hearty wishes for her success.

KATE MORRILL VAN HUSAN tells us that Grace Garland Etherington has moved to East Orange, N. J., expecting to make it her home if she and her husband like the place.

THIS pleasant little view of the recent Ottawa (Can.) carnival, seen through Belle Bronson's eyes, is interesting: "The ice castle was built on a bluff above the river. The various snow-shoe clubs, each man carrying a torch, gathered on the Quebec side, crossed the river and charged up the

bank, storming the castle with rockets, Roman candles and other pyrotechnic artillery, while the Governor's Guards defended it in similar fashion. At last, amid a great illumination by red light, the castle surrendered. The rest of the carnival, too, has been a great success. I am so glad I was here to see so much of it as I did."

ANNA CROCKER tells of a little visit to Mary Hanson. Mary is now visiting Margaret Laughlin, Evansville, Ind. Lou Whitney visited Anna in the summer. She was much improved in health. Anna regrets that she was unable to carry out her plan of attending Commencement last June. Perhaps next June may be kinder. We hope it will.

REV. M. S. HUGHES, of Portland, Me., brother of Rev. E. H. Hughes, who preached here on the Day of Prayer for Schools, has been appointed to Wesley Church, Minneapolis. This is the church which Bertha Lillibridge's father was so largely instrumental in building. Rev. Hughes will begin his new work in May next.

NELLIE CHASE'S beautiful pyro picture of "The Favorites" is much admired by the pupils.

THE following is from *The Independent*: "In the Women's College Miss Foss has been teaching for three years, but she goes back to Paris to continue her studies next summer. Her picture, 'The Flower Maker,' has made her known in New York and Philadelphia." This is our Hattie Foss, who was here in 1875.

JOSEPHINE STEEL says all the good things are coming now that she is gone—referring especially to the three weeks' holiday at Christmas. She is learning to cook, and expects to dispute the palm with Carrie on her return.

EDITH GRANVILLE STARKEY is enjoying a visit to friends in Portland, Me.

MARTHA STONE, now visiting in Sioux City, speaks of having recently had Harriet Scott with her as her guest.

MARY WIGGIN sends kindly greetings.

BESSIE AND LAURA COMSTOCK keep up with Lasell news by means of THE LEAVES. They are now at Mrs. Cady's school in New Haven, and mention, among the pupils of that school, Mattie Deardorff, Ella Eddy and Helen Camp.

MABEL CASE thinks it rather hard to take a back seat at Lasell now,—or so she says. She is busy with French and German, taking lessons in the latter language of a somewhat exceptional teacher, a lady who has had forty-three years' experience in teaching the language,—which, by the way, is her native tongue,—speaks French as fluently as she speaks German, and, to cap the climax, is mistress of seven languages. Mabel thinks that she would like to know how to speak seven languages too, but is afraid to hope for so much. Prof. Winchester's lectures on Shakespeare are a part of her present course of study. She finds them delightful. The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution counts her among its latest acquisitions. Mabel expects soon to visit Washington, D. C.

ALMENA SEAGRAVE, we hear it whispered about, is engaged to that "nicest man alive" who periodically "bobs up serenely" when the Lasell girl "is willin'."

HELEN MEDSKER speaks of a possible Lasell Club at Kansas City. She saw Mae Burr and Mollie Taylor some time during the fall. Elizabeth Ewing, she says, was in the city, but she did not see her. "Stella Conkle was in the city for a month, and I saw her frequently." Helen is busy now housekeeping for her uncle and grandmother.

MAE BURR and Kate Norman have exchanged visits recently.

EVELYN MASON has visited both the above-mentioned girls. Mae says: "I hope to persuade 'Captain Medsker' to come to see me while the other girls are with me."

RUTH SANKEY has had a very pleasant visit at the home of Beulah Hough and Annie Webb. The winter weather brought winter sports; and on New Year's Day several of the young people "kept open house," to the delight of all concerned. Ruth is to visit her sister in Seattle this coming summer.

ELIZABETH HANCE sees Ella Martindale frequently, who, she says, is "as sweet and happy as ever, though not very strong in health." Ella's husband and boy are well.

BERTHA LILLIBRIDGE had a merry Christmas, but misses the snow. She is trying her hand at bread-making, and quite successfully. Effie

Symns, she tells us, is to spend the winter in Washington with her sister.

MOLLIE TAYLOR has visited in New York, Cincinnati and elsewhere since leaving school, but seems to have settled down at home awhile now. She has begun the study of the mandoline and of literature, and is her mother's assistant in house-keeping. Eva Bond she sees often. Jess Hunter is not very strong. Mary Loomis is engaged to a young man from West Point. May Tulleys is learning shorthand. Gertrude Gleason is doing well in her position as organist.

HELEN HOLDEN is having a pleasant winter. Says perhaps her sister may come next year.

NEW YEAR'S greeting from Ruby Whitney.

EFFIE SYMNS, Marie McDonald and Elizabeth Ewing spent a day together last fall at Marie's home.

EDWARD J. PRICKETT, brother of our Virginia Prickett, class of '85, sends us New Year greeting from Kehl, Germany, where he is United States Consul. Glad to hear from an old friend, and trust that the receipts from dues are satisfactory.

MRS. E. W. K. LASELL remembers us from Athens with a beautiful cross worked upon white silk, with Α Γ Α Η Α Τ Ε Α Λ Α Η Α Ο Υ Ε Ε Ι Ρ Η Ν Η Υ Μ Ι Ν upon it in the beautiful language of her adopted country. Our memory of Mrs. Lasell's cordial welcome to Athens is vivid and grateful.

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A WELCOME GUEST.

As we go to press, we are most pleased to have here once more Dr. Helen F. Pierce of Plymouth, who for so long has been to Lasell girls a beloved sample of Christian patience and sweetness under the severe trial of great and long suffering, resulting from an accident when she was resident physician here eight years ago. It does not seem so long, but so it figures. All Lasell girls since that year know who Dr. Pierce is, if they do not know her, and will be greatly joyed to learn that she is again under Lasell's roof. She is at Dr. Mosher's, 53 Blue Hill Avenue, Boston, while attending some clinics, etc., at the hospitals, and will be glad to see any Lasell girl there any afternoon.

Dr. Pierce tells us that Miss Helen Sheldon who was teacher of English here in '88 has now her own school at 280 Benefit, Providence, R. I. We are glad to learn that she is so near us, and shall hope to see her here. We know it is a good school if she is in charge.

MARRIED.

Zoe Elsie Lowe to Herbert Cutler Brown, at Pasadena, Cal., on Thursday evening, February 14, 1895.

They will make Pasadena their home.

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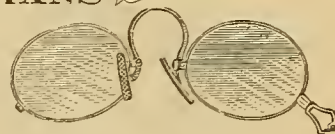
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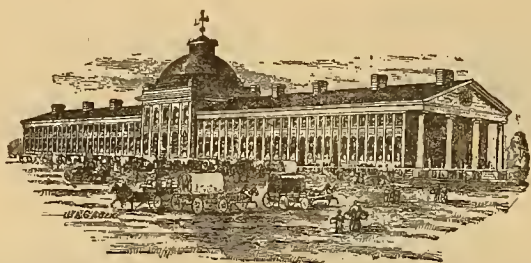
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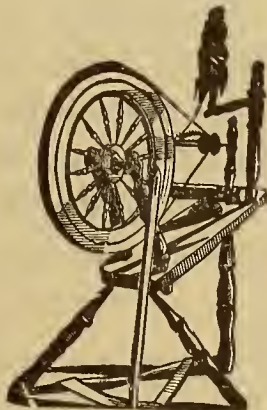
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3-4 "	9.00	15.00	20.00
1 "	12.00	19.00	25.00

Press of Avery & Doten, Plymouth.

EDITORIAL.

HOW OFTEN we hear the expression: "Oh, if you girls could only realize the advantages you are having at school!" It is, indeed, true that we take things too much as a matter of course; that, while we are continually enjoying privileges which thousands of girls would be thankful to have, we do often lose sight of the true value of many things that not only tend to make our school-life pleasant, but are also a means of culture.

Especially was this thought impressed upon me when, a few days ago, our attention was drawn to the four beautiful paintings which Mr. Bragdon has recently added to the already fine collection of Lasell. Constant association with fine pictures is one of the most refining influences that can be brought to bear upon a person; and this is one of the advantages which Lasell affords, and which, I fear, we do not now fully appreciate. In our art-gallery are many of the choicest works of the best foreign and home artists.

The four new pictures referred to are well worth study. The largest is by the Bavarian artist Berninger, showing a view of Amalfi on a summer day. The landscape is very true to nature, and the effect is magnificent. The critics consider this one of the finest pictures ever brought to Boston. Another canvas by the famous Julius Rose presents a splendid view of a Norway fjord, a scene in which one seems ever to find some new charm.

A fine specimen of Igler's work represents two little girls feeding their doll. In this picture the artist is wonderfully true to life, and his anxious little people appeal to all of us. The smallest picture of the four has, nevertheless, elicited many expressions of admiration from the girls, and is by Ernest Schmidt. It is entitled "The Young Gar-

deners," and shows five merry children grouped about an old pump. It is an exquisite thing, both in coloring and in execution.

THE SOLITARIES.

A FRAGMENT.

"In one part of this great country," said the traveller, resuming his narrative, "so far inland as to be within easy reach of the great interior range of mountains that lifted their serene heads into the blue, lived a race of people of whom much has been written and but little understood. They were called the Solitaries, because of their peculiar habits of life. Among them each man, woman, and child lived alone, in a house built for the occupant according to the fancy of the ruler of the small realm. No Solitary ever by any chance chose his own house or planned its architecture. He might not even buy for himself the dwelling of another when, for any reason, the owner vacated it.

So seldom was the plan of these houses varied that whenever, by chance or design, an alteration in style or in arrangement was made by the king's architect, the house so built was looked upon by the people with disfavor, and he who dwelt therein was regarded with pity, secret or outspoken. The material used in the construction was marble, both white and colored, and every house had beautiful windows of stained glass; and thus, although the houses were similar in plan and furnished alike, they were by no means monotonous in appearance, a pleasing diversity being gained by skillful variations of color in the materials chosen.

The windows were the crowning charm of these dwellings. The central pane was always of colorless glass, but the others were of royal hues: now of richest violet, now of the lovely blue of the heavens, or, perhaps, even of a grey tint, but a grey exquisitely soft and tender, and more beautiful far than the word seems to imply. Some windows seemed to be black; but these, when seen closely, revealed in their depths strangely fascinating lights, unsuspected hues and radiances, holding the gazer spellbound. "In their depths," I say, for it was a peculiarity of these windows that they left upon you no impression of surface, but only that of depth, of depth unfathomed, fathomless.

The colors of the houses were almost as beautiful as were those of the windows. In some the stone was white, faintly flushed with pink, in others rosy-red, brown, black, or a peculiar yellow deepened and enriched by soft brown tones. The roofs, too, were of colored tiles—black or white; yellow shining and golden; or brown, with glinting golden lights. For me the white roofs had always an indefinable suggestiveness of decay and death.

With equal propriety, though in more homely phrase, these people might have been called the Stay-at-Homes; for never was seen a folk fonder of their homes, more averse to the street, or to entering the house of another. That they were able to gratify this peculiar passion for home was due almost wholly to the fact that each house was supplied with a corps of more or less perfectly trained servants, always faithful, even if sometimes unskillful; and always ready to do the bidding of the master of the house. So intelligent were they that they responded marvellously to any attempts at training them, becoming under patient teaching wonderfully deft and alert, quick of comprehension and of action. They were practically incorruptible. During the ten years of my stay among these people I never knew a servant to accept a bribe, or to become in any way alienated from his master. To them were intrusted all affairs of business and of pleasure, both at home and abroad. The master planned, directed, supervised; the servants executed his orders.

You are doubtless thinking either that these strange folk must have lived very dull, uneventful lives, or that individually they must have possessed within themselves wide resources, such as we lack. This is not wholly true. Resources they undoubtedly possessed, resources sometimes left almost undeveloped, like yours and mine; but not greater than ours, I think. The key to the riddle is found in the wonderfully complex and expressive code of signals possessed by these people, a code by means of which the occupants of different houses communicated with each other with inconceivable ease and rapidity, and without stirring a foot beyond their own homes. The window signals were the most direct and unmistakable of all. The servants were employed, too, in fetching and carrying messages, and were severally masters of their own especial systems of signals.

This puzzling people were a nameless people. Each house had its name, and this was applied by an easy figure to the master of the house. We, who possess individual names, can scarcely understand how the ordinary matters of life can go on, unless a man have some name by which he may be distinguished from his fellows; and undoubtedly inextricable confusion would result, had we not this easy means of distinction. Among the Solitaries, however, each house-name was different from any other in the city; and since, if we except the servants, only one person lived in a house, this odd system of names was, for all practical purposes, as good as ours.

Now and then, among this folk were found some who repined at the loneliness of their life; but the people at large loved their homes and their manner of living, and failed to see wherein it was lonely, or other than desirable and precious. Yet I confess that to me their situation seemed one of the most pathetic and melancholy imaginable. Each man was, in reality, a stranger to every other. Each lived, indeed, a solitary life; and when, at the royal summons, he left his mansion, with a signal of farewell to those with whom he was wont to communicate most freely, his departure was final, for the king permanently retained at his capital those whom he had summoned thither. How circumscribed a life! How empty! How the man must sometimes have longed for companionship! Only a code of signals by means of which to express the needs, the longings, the aspirations, of the restless soul within him! Only the same ineffectual means by which to learn the depth and richness of his neighbor's nature, the warmth and tenderness of his neighbor's heart!

It was whispered to me, though I gave the tale no credence, that each of these noble mansions, so beautiful and so exquisitely ordered, was in reality a prison, to which the king kept the key; and that when the monarch willed it, he sent to release the prisoned subject, and when he willed otherwise, the man was left, years longer it might be, shut up in his curious house, gazing out upon the world through his *one* little pane^s of transparent crystal, to gain thereby what wisdom and knowledge, what sorrow and pleasure, he might.

AN OLD GIRL, OF THE 'EIGHTIES.

DEAR LEAVES—It was about noon of a gray November day that we arrived in Berlin. The approach to the city reminded us of the newer parts of New York. "Berlin is the increasingly important capital of the German Empire, growing rapidly and quietly beside the river Spree, really the royal impersonation of Prussia and the Hohenzollerns. There is a continuous thread woven through the old history, from Frederick the Great, and the new, and this appeared even in the first hour of our stay. Everywhere on the streets the one thing most strange to our American eyes was the number of striking military uniforms mingling with the more sober garb of civilians. Officers of fine forms (well padded to make good square shoulders) and military bearing, in uniforms of dark blue, with scarlet trimmings, and long, dragging, rattling swords, and frequent glimpses of gold-laced blue or scarlet jackets, or of plumed and helmeted hussars, animated the scene on the crowded sidewalk. Germany is still, as it has been from the beginning, a military power."

Our home is in the beautiful West End, where it most resembles all modern cities, with fine blocks of buildings quite regularly built, though the streets often converge toward a centre, called a "platz." The outlook from our windows is over the centre of five streets, on to Lützow Platz, and over Hercules Brücke, to the wonderful Thiergarten, one of the many beautiful parks, but overshadowing all the rest, "both because of its commanding location, close to Unter der Linden and other busy streets, and its great extent. A combination of park and wild forest, with streams, ponds, bridges, and miles of shaded avenues and riding-paths in perfect condition, its 600 acres form one of the largest, most beautiful parks in Europe." I would like to describe many of the beautiful monuments in it, but would weary you, I fear; but a few words of description of the elaborate central one will not tire you—the "Column of Victory," which, when the Franco-Prussian war was happily ended, was made a fitting memorial of united Germany.

"In the open colonade of the substructure of the monument a vast mosaic shows in symbols the history of this war, closing with a representation of Bavaria offering the German crown to Prussia and the proclamation of the Kaiser at Versailles. It

was King William himself who refused to have his own image placed here as a victor, and who substituted a female figure with the features of his mother, Queen Louise," whom France had made so unhappy in her life. Need we think a bit of revenge for this humiliation was in his heart? Rather, may we not realize what a sweet fitting tribute of love to her whom he so venerated? I hope you often enjoy the beautiful picture of her, as you pass through your hall at Lasell; for her *character* surely warrants much admiration, as well as her beautiful features.

Along our favorite walk is a colossal statue of Goethe, which shows "at its best in the twilight of an early summer evening, framed in the tender greens and browns of the bursting foliage behind it;" others of Lessing and the famous "Lion Group," and near by also the beautiful statues of Queen Louise and King Frederick William III., in the midst of beautiful flowers, pools and fountains.

If I could only have shown you the foliage in this beautiful place a month ago, one morning covered with the newly fallen snow and ice, that hung like fairy lacework on all the branches of trees and bushes, and the great puffs of downy-looking cushions surrounding these beautiful monuments, and the bright sun lighting it up like gold, you would not wonder that I felt it was a sight beyond words feeble as mine to picture, but one never to be forgotten, and that this subject drew me away from our "everyday doings." Our beautiful "outlook," which drew me to think of the "Thiergarten," is from a fine corner room, with immense windows looking east and north, and, like nearly all rooms in Berlin houses, connected with double doors to the salon where the girls study; and we write, live and enjoy "Frükstück" and "Abendbrod," getting these ourselves, but having a real German "mittags-essen" with our kind Frau P. and the pretty Fraulein Clara—her daughter—who speak nothing in English! You may be sure I am a quiet listener, though a busy one, at this meal! The furnishings of the room are good, ceilings and cornices ornamental; but perhaps the most necessary and imposing article of furniture is the stove! Across the corner of the room stands a tall white monument, reaching to the ceiling, composed of glazed tiles laid in mortar, built into the

room. A drab cornice and plaster ornaments of the same color set off the five or six feet about the mantel which surrounds it, and on which are sundry ornaments; for even there the hand can always be held upon the tiles against which they stand—they are *never* too warm. A brass door, about 10x14 inches, is in the middle of the front below—a sort of triple affair to keep the heat *in*, and which is locked fast after the couple of dozen pieces of coal-cake used for a fire are allowed to get well lighted. That this cannot compete with your steam-heating radiators I am sure you will believe. It requires several hours to get the *stove* heated and raise the temperature from five to ten degrees; and yet in our coldest days we have not suffered, but learn to believe the frau, who says "Americans have too warm rooms!" "Berlin is about 600 miles nearer the Pole than New York (but the climate is much milder, because the Gulf Stream sends its warmth over it), consequently the days in winter are much shorter than ours, as in summer they are longer. All the midwinter daylight of Berlin is between 8 and 4 o'clock; so the work of the day, sightseeing, etc., must be done before the dinner-hour—usually two or thereabouts. One necessary adjunct to our rooms at home—a closet—we never see. Instead, we have wardrobes, and another article of similar appearance, with shelves—"for the wash," the frau told me. In this poor substitute, which on opening its doors exposes all the contents whenever any article or any one of them is needed, must be kept hats, bonnets, gloves, ribbons and laces—underwear and *all* necessities, really—for not a real bureau have I seen! The beds are invariably single and very strangely arranged. We enjoy the luxury of springs and hair mattresses, the latter usually covered or incased in white and closely buttoned or laced at one end. When the "mädchen" arranges your bed for the night you find for covering *only* a down or feather bed, also covered by a white case similarly fastened, which is meant for all covers as well as upper sheet; a pillow completes the outfit of a real German bed. In the daytime this is well shaken and smoothed over all the length of the bed, and covered by a dark maroon or green puff. By special desire one may usually have "French bedding," when the sheet is buttoned on to the puff for covering, with a smaller feather-bed for the foot!

But the girls have come to enjoy the German best. Ventilation is not much approved here. When our landlady found we slept with wide-open windows she made most emphatic assurance that "this would never do in Berlin." However, like the drinking of water, against which warnings are so customary, the breathing of fresh air and drinking nothing *but water* everywhere has been followed by no bad results.

"These differences in customs among all nations are natural and inevitable, and one gradually becomes accustomed to them, and in spite of them can live a happy life, as one grows to see many interesting and enjoyable features in daily living here, even to the hearing day after day an unknown tongue spoken, and really get somewhat used to the 'bitte' and 'danke sehr,' so common."

Our Thanksgiving evening was passed with dear friends of the home-land, but it was our pleasure to accept a kind invitation or two and enjoy Christmas Eve in genuine German family ways. Everyone had a *tree*—even *we* had one on our breakfast-table, and a lovely French mademoiselle of the house to enjoy it with us; and we gave and received our little gifts, as typical German as we could get, with as much pleasure as you your costlier ones at home—and far more, I am sure, the pile the mail brought us from home of loving remembrances from our dear friends, who had thus proved their thoughts of us!

Of our visits to the "sights" and churches of interest, and much more to tell, I must wait; and perhaps Bess can sometime tell you of the great parades of New Year's Day and the Emperor's birthday, where she saw the state carriages, several princes and princesses, beside the popular Emperor and Empress.

M. B. S.

BERLIN, January 25, 1895.

THE first record we have of tennis is found in the Bible, in these words: Joseph served in Pharaoh's court, and Israel returned out of Egypt.

—Exchange.

SOPHOMORE (patronizingly to innocent looking individual)—So you are just entering? Now, I have been here some time and am quite well acquainted. If you are in need of assistance I will take pleasure in aiding you in any way possible. By the way, what course will you take?

A STRANGE REVELATION.

Late in the afternoon one dark and stormy day some time ago, as I sat alone in chapel, doing penance for being late at breakfast, I had an odd experience. The light in the room was slowly fading, but the sun, just before its setting, broke suddenly, in a glad burst of radiance, from the heavy mass of clouds which had rested over it so long, and a beautiful glow spread over the entire sky, shining through the window with a limpid ruby light that was softly reflected on everything about me. I glanced up at the picture of the old monk and saw something I shall never forget. In the weird, lovely light surrounding it the whole figure seemed suddenly to be endowed with life; the face, especially, shone with a rapt expression of divine inspiration as the uplifted eye sought the crucifix above: one hand rested with loving reverence on the old Book wherein the story stands forever written, and his lips seemed to breathe a prayer of grateful adoration. I could almost see the folds of the brown robe rise and fall on his bosom with the motion of his deep, quick breathing; and I half expected the heavy frame and canvas to fade away, leaving the old man there before me in living reality. This, indeed, did not happen, but what did come was equally strange.

The light in the room vanished almost as suddenly as it had come; and through the deepening gloom which followed I heard behind me a faint sound. Turning in inquiring wonder, I saw the doors of the old skeleton case slowly open, and to my amazement there stepped forth the figure of the old monk himself.

There he stood before me, the dark, sweeping robe falling in soft, clinging folds about his tall, bent form; his long, bony hands clasping the rosary to his bosom; the sunken eyes fixed on his own portrait hanging there before him. In all my fright I remember to have noticed how deep were the wrinkles on his careworn face, how soft and silvery was the fringe of hair beneath his tight-fitting cap, and how holy a radiance of peace and calm transfigured every feature. I dared not move. Finally he turned and saw me. He manifested no surprise; but, fixing his eyes on mine, held me as by a spell with a powerful, piercing glance, while in low, deep tones, almost inaudible, yet distinctly heard, he said; "Do not be surprised; I am only

taking advantage of my rightful privilege. Although I left this earth many years ago, yet, unlike most people, I am permitted to return occasionally. You have often wished to know the story of the picture yonder, and as we are alone together, I will tell you. You have sometimes taken a half-timid peep at this case, and, shuddering at its contents, wondered, too, what was its story. Ah! but you never once connected in your thought the skeleton and the picture, did you? No, nor has anyone else; yet that picture represents me as I once was, and the skeleton of yonder case shows me as I now am. It is, indeed, an odd circumstance; but, you know, strange things often happen. When the picture was painted I was living in a secluded part of Bayonne, as Father Antony, and was an old French monk. I was an Anchorite—a believer in a religious system now nearly obsolete, and which taught that complete isolation from one's fellow-men was the best means of a closer union of the soul with God; but this belief I did not entirely accept. My isolation was never complete; I held constant communication with men, not directly, but indirectly, through the thought of the books which I wrote for them, with the purpose of directing their thoughts to a life of holy service. This I think I did better, perhaps, in this way than I would have done by actual association. I always had a few personal friends, and among them was the artist Goldmann, who painted that picture, for I did not live quite so long ago as some suppose. He was a very dear young friend of mine, and visited me at Bayonne very frequently. One day he sought my retreat, his presence in the city being quite unknown to me. I was alone in my study, surrounded by a pile of dirty old volumes, with all my manuscript and writing materials beside me. I had been reading the sacred story of our Saviour's life and death, and, looking up, I blessed again the crucifix hanging on the wall before me—the holy symbol which had been such an unfailing help and comfort to me through my weary years of trial and temptation. While I looked upon it my heart was filled with gladness that not alone in the crucifix, but on the pages of the holy Book, also, the divine story stands written.

"Suddenly I became aware of another presence, and, turning, saw my young friend standing in the doorway, busily working with pencil and paper.

He was then only a poor struggling young artist, but in a few moments he sketched that day one of the pictures that have since made his name famous. He told me that he did not dare let slip the opportunity to catch my unconscious expression just as it was at the moment. Thus it was you have to-day your favorite picture.

"Now, you ask: 'Where is the connection with the skeleton?' In addition to my theological studies, I also became much interested in anatomy; and it was my desire after my death that my skeleton should be made to render service to my fellow-men, for whom, while living, I had so faithfully toiled; and, in accordance with this wish, it was mounted, as you have seen. It was merely by chance that I was finally brought to Lasell, but I am very glad that it happened so, for on the occasions of the annual visits which I am allowed to make to my outworn earthly frame, I have been privileged to observe much that has pleased me. In the years during which my pictured self has hung in this chapel all the girls have learned to love my quiet face more, perhaps, than any other object in the room; and I feel instinctively that I have often inspired higher and nobler sentiments than merely the love of art.

"Ah, but my past life has been an interesting one! Despite my seclusion, I have passed through unusual experiences, which, if detailed, would prove the most fascinating story you ever heard. If I should relate it to you I should have something to tell about the small framed picture, which, if you look closely, especially in a certain light, you will see hanging on the wall to the right of the crucifix. Do you care to hear about it?

"Oh, indeed, I do!" I cried in impatient eagerness, when suddenly there fell upon my ear a terrible sound—a harsh, discordant clang, telling me as I glanced at the clock that it was half-past five—dinner-hour.

When I turned around again, lo! the old monk was gone; the case stood dark and silent in the corner, and just the outlines of the picture were visible in the evening dusk. Had I been dreaming?

INNOCENT LOOKING INDIVIDUAL (meekly)—I—I shall try to fill the position occupied by Professor.

Exchange.

THE BOSTON REUNION.

The annual reunion of the New England Lasell Alumnæ and pupils was held at the Vendome February 28—reception at 12.30, banquet at 1 o'clock.

From the earlier hour named the "girls" poured in, and lost no time in getting their tongues going. One reported that as she and others turned the corner the voices were heard, and one said: "Oh, there they are! Doesn't it sound good?" And it *did* sound good, and was good, all the way through—only too short. I propose for the next reunion that all come at 11.30 or 12, and so get more time. When many have come so far, it seems too bad that the visit should be confined to three hours. I didn't get half enough—hardly spoke to some—and yet I was busy, delightfully busy, every minute, hardly taking time to eat. And we want those of various years and stages to get acquainted with others—their sisters whom they never saw in school. It frequently happens that pupils have come from the same cities, but in different years, to Lasell, and make each others' acquaintance at these reunions. We must have time for this, as well as for old friends to meet. President Annie Kendig Peirce received, assisted by the vice president, Gertrude Sherman, Bertha Simpson, Nan Peabody Hall and Carrie Kendig Kellogg.

The reporters were a nuisance to President Annie. Evidently she is new to the burdens of office in that direction. They came from all over New England (see list appended), and there was a goodly company, though, owing to some not yet explained mistake, a good many did not get their invitations. It ought to be understood that every Lasell pupil and teacher from '51 to the current year, not in actual attendance, is expected at this reunion whether she gets a card or not. If she does not, it is because her present address is not known or through a mistake; by no means because she is not desired. Everyone has a right there as much as if she had the card, which is a notification, not an invitation. How would it do to set it upon the last Thursday in February, and let it be so understood?

After the banquet, which was in the Vendome's best style, there was more visiting until departing trains called them all too soon away.

Many joined the Grand Opera to the reunion, some shopping, some visiting. We were glad to see so many from long distances, and trust they were repaid as we were gratified by their coming.

Let all join in swelling the number for 1896 by stirring up their own friends.

On Alumnæ Day, in June, there is to be a grand rally of all the girls of the twenty-one years of Principal Bragdon's administration, bringing *husbands and children*.

Think of that, and get ready for it.

These were present:

Mrs. H. N. Noyes, '75,	Andover.
Miss Caroline A. Carpenter, '73-'95,	Auburndale.
Prof. C. C. Bragdon, '74-'95,	Auburndale.
Mrs. C. C. Bragdon, '74-'95,	Auburndale.
Mrs. Mary Ransom Wagner, '76,	Auburndale.
Miss Martha E. Ransom, '81,	Auburndale.
Mrs. Fannie Sykes Davis, '57,	Newton Centre.
Mrs. Adelaide Sears Gilman, '57,	Newton.
Miss Angeline C. Blaisdell, '73-'95,	Auburndale.
Mrs. Maria Warren Hayden, '58,	East Hartford, Ct.
Mrs. Fannie Gray Merrick, '56,	Walpole.
Miss Mary P. Jones, '56,	Newton.
Miss Martha E. Stone, '56,	Newton Centre.
Mrs. Mary Murdock Billings, '56,	Newton.
Miss A. L. Whitin, '57,	Whitinsville.
Mrs. Augusta Damon Nickerson, '57,	Newton Highlands
Miss Minnie A. Nickerson, '84,	Newton Highlands.
Miss Bertha W. Russell, '84,	Belmont.
Miss Annie Wallace, '83,	Rochester, N. H.
Mrs. Lizzie Burnham Low, '87,	Essex.
Miss Lucy G. Dudley, '89,	Wilkinsonville.
Mrs. Hattie Greenleaf Smith, '87,	Nashua, N. H.
Miss Susan C. Richards, '91,	Weymouth.
Miss Nellie M. Richards, '93,	Groton.
Miss Clementina Butler, '80,	Newton Centre.
Miss Mary I. Gould, '89,	Hillsboro Bridge, N.H.
Mrs. Inez Bragg Johnson, '88,	North Cambridge.
Mrs. Rosa Best Pike, '88,	Portland, Me.
Mrs. Sephie Mason Dumas, '83,	Lowell.
Mrs. Lina Maynard Bramhall, '84,	Lowell.
Mrs. Annie Bragdon Winslow, '82,	Auburndale.
Miss Anna B. MacKeown, '94,	Malden.
Miss Annie Blanche Merrill, '89,	Manchester, N. H.
Mrs. L. Nickerson Mason, '67,	Newton Centre.
Mrs. M. Colby Walworth, '67,	Newton Centre.
Miss Josephine H. West, '93,	Provincetown.
Mrs. Mary Haven Thirkield, '76,	Atlanta, Ga.
Miss Mary K. Wales, '76,	Canton.
Mrs. Edith Flint Barker, '84,	Fall River.
Mrs. Jessie Flint Brayton, '87,	Fall River.
Mrs. Emma Sibley Guilbert, '76,	Warren.
Mrs. Ida Sibley Webber, '84,	Holyoke.
Mrs. Leora Haley Marvin, '83,	Cambridgeport.
Miss Helen S. Johnson, '83,	Boston.
Miss Carrie T. Manning, '94,	Orange.
Miss Gertrude Sherman, '94,	Wollaston Heights.
Miss L. Mabel Case, '94,	South Manchester, Ct.
Miss Edith N. Brodbeck, '94,	Charlestown.
Miss Mollie F. Lathrop, '93,	Malden.
Miss Jennie M. Arnold, '93,	Peabody.
Mrs. Annie Shillaber Fuller, '74,	Brighton.
Miss Gertrude P. Reynolds, '90,	East Haddam, Ct.
Mrs. Annie Seeley Springer, '82,	Newton.
Miss Elizabeth I. Edwards, '66,	Southbridge.
Miss Jessie J. Macmillan, '82,	Hopkinton.
Mrs. Grace Fribley Pennell, '81,	Portland, Me.
Mrs. Nan Peabody Hall, '91,	Newtonville.
Mrs. Anita Henry Mirick, '75,	Worcester.
Miss Maudie Lorena Stone, '88,	Hinsdale, N. H.
Miss Irene G. Sanford, '79,	Boston.
Miss Bertha A. Simpson, '88,	Lowell.

Miss Eva L. Couch, '93,	Boston.
Mrs. Bertha Harris Armington, '83,	Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Laura P. Morrill, '85,	Boston.
Miss Lizzie May Whipple, '85,	Boston.
Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79,	Roxbury.
Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce, '80,	Roxbury.
Mrs. Warren P. Dustin,	Boston.

LASELL CLUB OF NEW YORK.

You are invited to attend

A RECEPTION

On Wednesday, February twentieth, at three o'clock.

Sherry's,

Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street.

MRS. EDWARD PAYSON CALL, *President*,

Assisted by

Miss Phillips,
Mrs. Milbank,

Mrs. Burrowes,
Miss Healey,

Miss Johnson.

So the engraved billet read, to which we responded, eager to look again into the bright eyes and wholesome faces of our New York Lasell girls.

Two-fifteen found us there, with the albums of grandchildren, samples of Lasell pins and spoons, recent circulars giving glimpses of advance movements of Lasell enterprise in education; 2.20 brought Mrs. Call, who soon had the brilliant rooms, set for a lecture, transformed into a reception-room, bright with electric-light and inviting with cosies; and later came the women, girls no longer, but bright with maturer charms and sisterly greetings.

As we chatted, chocolate, tea, cake, etc., were served by Misses Phillips and Healey, and everything was cheery and homey. We were especially glad to see the following. We wondered if the absentees could guess what they were missing. By six the last were gone. A most brilliant and enjoyable gathering.

Appended is a list of those present:

Mary Marshall Call,	Florence Hunsberger,
Marion Sigafus Bird,	Polly Stebbins Ingham,
Virginia Prickett Burrowes,	Lila Page Jackson,
Minnie Holmes Ellis,	Louise LeHuray,
Bessie Harwood Fones,	Eliza Parsons Marden,
Grace Garland Etherington,	Corinne Heinsheimer Meyer,
Jennie Raymond Geyer,	Grace Myton,
Annie Gwinnell,	Ida Phillips,
Mary Mangels Sedgwick,	Grace Spellmeyer,
Mary Healey,	Emma Strong,

Susie Griggs Wilson,

And one unfortunately married (?), whose husband does not want her name mentioned.

LITTLE THINGS TELL.

If you'd know for sure her age,
Ask not herself or mother;
Just make a quiet pilgrimage
Unto her little brother.

A LAKE IN MAINE.

Among the wilds of northern Aroostook is situated Portage Lake, one of the most beautiful lakes of that region. It has a long stretch of firm beach, the sands and pebbles of which sparkle in the sunlight like diamonds. The lake is ten miles long and three wide, and is surrounded on every side by the forest, in which is found both large and small game. At the head of the lake there are myriads of beautiful white lilies, giving out a subtle and delicate fragrance, and these are hidden by tall reeds which often present, at a distance, the appearance of a waterfall.

The steamer Marion, carrying about forty passengers, affords the many visitors to that section of the country opportunity both for pleasant sailing parties and for visiting the various picnic grounds in the vicinity of the lake. There are also many beautiful camping grounds near the shore of Portage Lake, and during the summer months numerous little white tents are to be seen scattered here and there and occupied by the visitors who come here at that time, charmed by the prospect of a few weeks' outing in this spot, although it is so secluded that nothing is heard at night but the hoot of the loon. Ten miles from Portage Lake is Ashland, a small town in northern Aroostook. The people of this town enjoy greatly the pleasures afforded by the lake, often going for a day's fishing to some distant brook where trout are plenty.

Fish River, flowing into the lake, is a narrow stream between Big Fish Lake and Portage Lake; it has a winding course of several miles, and lovely banks shaded by trees whose moss-covered branches sometimes droop so low that they shade the lilies growing beneath them, and nearly touch the water. The footprint of the deer and the moose can be seen along the banks, and on suddenly rounding a bend of the curving shore, one often sees a deer with uplifted head, already apprehensive of approaching danger. At the sight of the visitor, however, quickly turning he runs back into the safe recesses of the forest.

Sunset on the lake is a sight well worthy of being seen. Then the soft masses of evening clouds are reflected in all their brilliant hues on the calm waters, and this rich coloring is relieved against the back ground of the green forest.

A. A. K. '98.

AMBITION.

What does the word *ambition* mean to us? Perhaps to some it stands for nothing more than greed for power, distinction and financial success. It should mean much more. It is that indefinable something within us which spurs us on to higher and yet higher attainments in any chosen course. It is a quality which all should have and without which no one can succeed in life.

This word does not apply merely to the pursuit of gain, influence or reputation, though often the motive power; but it is applicable to all activities of life, to the physical, the intellectual, the moral; and a man's ambitions not only direct his actions in business, but also help to shape his character. Ambition in business, we, as school-girls are not yet called upon to consider; but of the intellectual and moral ambitions we need to think. If it be true that our ambitions determine our characters, now is the time that we should govern and direct our desires, for it is in youth that character is formed. Our actions to-day may not seem important, and frequently, in themselves, they are not so, but as related to character-building their influence is powerful and must be considered. To the one who possesses a quick conscience, evil-doing is at first difficult, oppressing the mind with the feeling of guilt; the second offence is easier, and each successive step downward causes less and less trouble of mind, until one thinks nothing of doing a wrong deed. Similarly, if we constantly feed our minds with unwholesome food, neglecting to give to them that nourishment which would make them strong and healthy, will not they, too, be weakened, and in time utterly fail to do our will?

There are, however, always two ways of applying a rule. It is equally certain that right actions, faithful performance of one's duties, and earnest efforts to improve one's intellectual power and to preserve one's moral balance can have but one result. Our characters will be moulded according to our efforts, and our lives will be sweeter, purer and more helpful, not only to ourselves, but to all with whom we come in contact.

Let us, then, while we are yet young, aim at a life successful in this respect, that in it evil shall have no root; and let us strive, in these, our school days, to exclude all lowering tendencies, and to

unfold and develop our intellectual powers and to build for ourselves characters of which we need never be ashamed.
N. A. C.

HURRAH FOR THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE!

One of the most charming events of the year took place on the evening of the anniversary of Washington's Birthday.

A surprise, in the shape of an elaborate dinner was prepared for us; but, like many another secret, it leaked out, and soon nearly every girl in school knew about it.

Unwilling to be outwitted, the girls planned a counter-surprise, nearly all agreeing to wear light gowns, and to powder their hair à la Martha Washington.

Even the gong summoning us to dinner, seemed that evening to have a festive sound, and, as we entered the dining room, a most brilliant spectacle met our eyes. The room, pretty even in undress, was transformed into a bewitching combination of garrison and fairy-land. At one end of the room, on a small table, adorned with flags and other military accoutrements, was a stack of guns; while at the other end were gay draperies of the national colors; and everywhere, palms and smilax were abundant. Each table was beautified by garlands of smilax, and further brightened by tiny flags, which we carried away as souvenirs. It was a happy thought to have the menus in the shape of hatchets, with a motto by Washington on the handle, which was tied with a tri-colored ribbon.

The crowning joy, however, was an orchestra, stationed in one corner of the room and half hidden from view by screens and palms. So that we ate our dainties to merry music, which made us almost forget the tempting dishes. Martial airs were in the ascendant, and the girls, entering heartily into the spirit of the occasion, joined in singing "Yankee Doodle," "Marching Through Georgia," and other songs designed to stir the blood.

At the close, they sang "America" with great vigor, though with not much exactness as to the stanzas, and we left the dining room with our happy hearts full of the spirit of an exalted patriotism.

THE JUNIOR PLAY.

During the last two weeks in January there was a conspicuous poster on our bulletin board, and similar ones were to be seen at the corners of the most frequented streets of the town, announcing the coming Junior play for the evening of February 4th. Alas! the day broke not bright and pleasant, but cloudy and cheerless, and by night the snow lay deep on the ground. In spite of the weather, however, the gymnasium was filled.

After several selections by the orchestra, the curtain rose for the first play.

Several members of the Junior class, Misses Hammond, Ray, Ellison, Watkins, Sawin and Josselyn, the last named lady fresh from the Emerald Isle, if one may judge by appearances, took part in the play entitled, "A Love of a Bonnet." In the other play, "An Afternoon Tea," the parts were taken by Misses Schuberth, Sawin, Pennell, Wilson, Kelley and Hubbard. All played their parts with great naturalness; each seemingly especially suited to the character she represented.

Both plays were certainly a success. The audience was entertained most agreeably, and we were very proud of our amateurs. After the entertainment the chairs were pushed aside to give room for dancing, although this was of short duration. Soon all scattered to be seen later gathered in groups of threes or fours, giving each other their opinions of the plays.

SENIORS IN MENTAL PHYSIOLOGY.

One of the old girls says, referring to the new Course of Lectures, "I think it is *perfectly splendid*. Now you certainly do take in everything, and I would give anything if you had had such a course when I was there, for I am as green as can be.

"I do hope all the girls are taking the lectures, more useful than law. I haven't any money to fight about, but I have a boy with colic, and I'd lots rather have learned a *sure cure* for that than about the man who lost his cow—remember Mr. Hemenway telling us that? And he always brought in, 'BUT THE COURT SAID NO.'

"Really, now Lasell is perfect, and that is not

flattery. I do hope I am not too late to attend at least a few of those lectures.

"Do you know, Professor, it is a wonder to me your hair is not white—to see some of the girls (for some do appreciate their advantages) throwing away such opportunities as they get there! I wish now I had made better use of my time, but have no one to blame but myself, for whenever you, or any one, spoke to me, I merely thought you were cross, and put it down as a "squelch," but to-day I look at things differently. I am fairly decent, but think how much better I ought to be after spending six years with you all. I am ashamed of myself. My son whoopeth, so good bye."

CLASS REUNION.

The class of '56 enjoyed a delightful reunion at the Parker House, Boston, on the 8th, Mrs. Charles Billings, of Newton, being hostess. Her invitations included not only the members of her class, but their family relatives. Eleven ladies and gentlemen sat down to the elegant dinner, five of the nine living members being present, and three of the class children. Only the zero weather prevented the appearance of four grandchildren.

Letters from Brooklyn and New York were read; a record of a class-meeting held in No. 27 Lasell Seminary just thirty-nine years before was received with much laughter; many pleasant reminiscences were made, and the company separated after singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The occasion was a farewell to Mrs. Harriet (Rice) Carpenter, who has since left for the mission which she has for several years personally supported and directed in Nemuro, Japan.

MARRIED.

Emma Harding Gass to Edward Greenwood Moody, on Friday, March 1st, at Cambridge, Mass.

The bride is a Lasell girl of '88-'89.

ADDRESSES.

Mrs. J. Everett Bird (Effie Sigafus, '81-2), 12 West 96th St., New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Ralph Marden (Eliza Parsons, '82-3), 774 State St., Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. Edward G. Moody (Emma Gass, '89), 20 Roseland St., Cambridge, Mass.

LOCALS.

ON WEDNESDAY evening, February 20th, Prof. Yule gave us a lecture on memory. At the close, the girls were so enthusiastic that many of them decided to take his course of lessons. This was duly given, and now we who took shall never (?) forget *anything*.

DR. SPAULDING gave us a unique valentine, February 14th, in the form of a lecture on Browning's musical poems, the author's verses being illustrated by Mr. Hills' fine rendering of various compositions chosen for the purpose.

ON SATURDAY evening, March 2d, the "Gym" was filled with the girls and such of their friends as wished to attend the entertainment given by the Canoe Club. Clara Lewis sang a pretty song, entitled "Ask What 'Thou Wilt;" Alice Andreesen played Paul Wachs' "Valse Caprice," and Mr. Emerson and his assistants gave some very amusing readings, after which chocolate and wafers were served.

THE OFFICE work has so increased that it has become necessary to have an assistant. Miss Leavit is filling that place.

MINNIE BACHRACH in a recent letter says, "I have just received the LEAVES. Oh, I enjoy it so much!" She also says that she has been having a very gay winter.

ELIZABETH LATIMER is much improved in health, and expects to return to Lasell soon.

ON SATURDAY evening, February 23d, the Seniors entertained us very pleasantly at a masquerade. The gymnasium was prettily trimmed with flags, and an orchestra furnished music for dancing. The girls represented Shakespeare and Dickens characters, the prizes for best costumes being awarded to Miss Allen and Miss Taylor—Mr. and Mrs. Micawber.

"My boy you are weary and wan;
You are working too hard with your Greek,
To try, from constructions obscure,
Some plausible meaning to seek."

"No, no," he wearily said,
"The meaning I plainly can see;
But I'm worn out trying to make
The text and the pony agree."

PERSONALS.

JOSEPHINE WALLACE SWEET sends a little card bearing the name Carlyle Wallace Sweet, and dated Feb. 19, 1895. We congratulate Josephine and her husband upon the possession of the tiny owner of this name.

MARY HAZELWOOD RENWICK tells us of a meeting which she recently attended. The leader was a Wells College graduate, and the audience included many college students, Wellesley, Vassar, Amherst, Michigan University, and others being represented. The topic was College Day, or The Day of Prayer, and the meeting was rendered exceedingly interesting by the remarks of the various students concerning the religious life in the several colleges, and the observance of this particular day. So many spoke that no chance was left Mary to speak of Lasell in this regard, though she wished to do so. She is kept pretty busy, she says, with her housekeeping and other duties.

THROUGH LILA WARREN we hear that Georgia Adams and she have seen Blanche Wilcox recently, learning from her much Lasell news. Blanche seems always to keep herself informed of what's going on at Lasell.

GERTRUDE GLEASON is well and happy; and Anna Miller is taking a course in design at the Pratt Institute.

SARAH DUNHAM writes regretting her inability to be present at the recent reunion in Boston. She speaks of having seen in the paper the announcement of Edith Starkey's engagement, and of having seen Alice Burr several times recently, in Fall River.

NAN PEABODY HALL, we hear, has a little newcomer at her home in Newtonville. Congratulations.

WE ARE grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. Eliza Adams Willard, Bess Williams' grandmother, with whom she made her home.

HARRIETT SCOTT tells of a pleasant little supper given this month by her sister, Mrs. F. M. Richardson, of Omaha, to the Lasell girls of Omaha and Council Bluffs. There were present Harriett, Mary Tulleys, Gertrude Gleason, Martha Stone,

Florence Silloway, Lillie Tukey, and Helen Cleaveland. To say that they had a merry time is superfluous, for do not Lasell girls have always such a time when they meet? A letter from Mr. Bragdon "was served with the desert," of which it was properly a part.

EMMA GASS' wedding was a very pretty affair. Ribbons, ferns, flowers, music, bridesmaids—all the pleasant accompaniments of the wedding of to-day were hers. Grace Skinner and Bessie Towle were her bridesmaids. Emma and her husband will live in Cambridge; for address, see elsewhere in this number.

EMMA GRANT has recently had an inexpressibly sad experience in the loss of her brother by a frightful railway accident. Her father also was, at the same time, so seriously injured that his life was despaired of. He is, however, much improved, and it is hoped that he will ultimately recover.

INEZ BRAGG JOHNSON'S bright-eyed baby, Iola, sends her grandma, Lasell, a photograph of her wee self. We are very glad to add Her Serenity to the number of Lasell grandchildren whose sweet faces glance out at us from our albums.

BERTHA SIMPSON, we hear, is engaged. Think of Bertha doing that!

THE LASELL REUNION at the Vendome, Feb. 28, was the event of the month for all true Lasellians able to attend. Read about it elsewhere in this issue.

MABEL MORGAN has just finished a course in stenography—same system as that taught at Lasell. She likes the work very much.

NELLIE RICHARDS spent Sunday, March 3, with Louise Hubbard, here at the Seminary. She is the same bright and winsome Nellie as of yore. Tells us about her art club at Groton, and of the delight and profit she and her fellow club-women derive from their study of artists and their work. We were glad to hear about her pleasant visit last summer to Anna Hubbard, and, later, to Ida Short. Nellie says that her Lasell friends claim a large share of her heart: "The girls do so much, and write such bright and interesting letters!"

ESTHER DAVIS and Susie Hayward recited at the concert in the M. E. church, Newton Highlands, Wednesday evening, March 6, and were warmly applauded, but refused encores.

SOPHIE WHITE, Sewickley, Pa., has at last yielded to "love's infinite persuasion," and will be married in April.

THE PRINCIPAL has caught glimpses of—

Carrie Wallace Hussey, on a Boston street car (She said Joe's new baby was mayor of the family and his father mayor of the city, so the baby is ruler yet!)

Mabel Williams, on Dartmouth Street (No time to speak—She and we on way to church, in opposite directions).

Gertrude Woodbury's sister, and her baby who is president of the house, while Mr. Powers, Gertrude's husband, is president of Gertrude and the N. H. Senate.

Edith Durham Rogers, on Summer Street. Also no time, we hastening to train and she to her new "hubbie."

LULU WINE, here in 1889 (but able to stay only a few days on account of homesickness), was married at her home in Washington, D. C., Feb. 13, to Mr. Dwight Daniel Willard, of Philadelphia, Penn.

BERTHA GRAY RICHARDS and son Philip, eight months old, are visiting Bertha's mother in New Haven.

THE PRINCIPAL saw Nan Peabody Hall's new boy, Thomas, asleep, so could not judge of his vocal powers, but if he takes after Nan he will be heard in the world.

NAN had written a letter engaging her old room for "Elizabeth," but was so surprised when "Thomas" came, instead, that she could not say a word!

Deal with him tenderly,
 Watch him with care,
 Guide his young footsteps
 That he fall in no snare;
 Treat him not scornfully,
 Green though his hue,
 He's only a Freshman,
 Naught but pity's his due.

—Exchange.

THESE have been favored with calls from members of their families:

Misses F. Clark, Battey, Avery, Kelley, Butterfield, Bond, Googins, Richards, Briggs, Merriam, Cushing, B. Swope, Howe, Gere, Barnes, Myrick, Hayden, Sawin, Appel, Deane, Rumsay.

Former pupils: Lotta Proctor, Mrs. Will Hall (Nan Peabody), Ruth MacKeown, Susie Richards, Edna Makepeace, Sadie Burrell, Josie West, Nellie Richards, Grace Harrison, Josephine Burkett, Gertrude Reynolds, Carrie Manning, Carrie Church, Harriette Lord.

Mr. W. J. Henderson, principal High School, Auburn, R. I.

EXCHANGES.

IN THE ELECTRIC.

I rose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat,
'Twas a question whether she or I
Would stand upon my feet.

—Exchange.

ONE THING LACKING.

She was smart and she was pretty, and her elders thought
her witty, and she tipped the light fantastic like a
fay.

She could read both French and Latin, and was sweet in
print or satin, and 'twould make your bosom heave
to hear her play.

But in single life she tarried, and she never, never mar-
ried, and she'll doubtless be a maiden till she dies.

For she bade a proud defiance to the culinary science, and
she never knew the mystery of pies.

—Exchange.

"RESOLVED, that higher education unfits a man
for matrimony," was a subject for debate at Vassar.

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Is not born with him. There is always work,
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And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

"I do not care to vote," she said,
"I hate this suffrage rant;
But I don't want some horrid man
To tell me that I can't."

—University Chronicle.

The conscientious Freshmen work
To get their lessons tough;
The Juniors flunk, the Sophomores shirk,
The Seniors—ah! they bluff.

—Exchange.

"Shall I brain him!" cried the hazer,
And the victim's courage fled,
"You can't; it is a Freshman,
Just hit it on the head."

—University Courier.

NOT TO BE PUT OFF BY TECHNICALITIES.

"I want this tooth pulled. I just can't stand this any longer."

"But, my dear sir, I am not a dentist."

"What in thunder are you?"

"I am an oculist. I attend to the eyes, not the teeth."

"Well, that's all right. Go to work. This is an eye tooth that is bothering me."

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SCME BELATED WEATHER PROVERBS.

A warm Christmas, a cold Easter.

A green Christmas makes a full graveyard.

At Christmas meadows green, at Easter covered with frost.

A green Christmas indicates a white Easter.

If Christmas finds a bridge, he'll break it; if he finds none, he'll make one.

If windy on Christmas Day, trees will bear much fruit.

Wet causes more damage than frost, before Christmas.

Christmas wet gives empty granary and barrel.

If it snows on Christmas night we expect a good hop crop next year.

A light Christmas, a heavy sheaf.

If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas Day, there will be an abundant crop the next year.

If the wind blows much the day after Christmas Day, the grape will be bad next year.

The twelve days commencing Christmas Day and ending January 5th are said to be the keys of the weather of the next year.

In England they say: "If ice will bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a mouse afterwards."

W. H.

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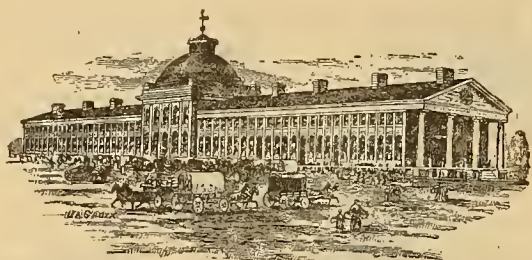
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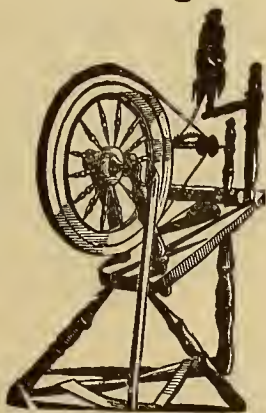
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EDITORIAL.

SCARCELY a day passes without our hearing the epithet *crank* applied in derision to someone whose greatest fault, perhaps, is that his opinions do not agree with ours. It seems to be the one name of all others which the scornful critic uses to express his disapproval. And yet, what would the world do without cranks? By *crank* here we mean one who devotes his energies, his thought, his life, to the furtherance of some favorite project. This project may concern any kind of occupation: house-keeping, medicine, law, mechanics, art. The greatest men of history were great simply because they were cranks concerning those particular objects to which their lives were consecrated. What was the secret of the Athenian culture, the Spartan strength, or of the Roman power? Was it not that in each a certain definite idea was adopted and determinedly carried out?

The greatness of Napoleon was not that he was the commander of a powerful army, but rather that his every thought and action was concentrated upon the maintenance of its power and its ultimate supremacy. And so we might mention many who in their time attracted almost universal attention by their vigorous espousal of some one cause. Nor do we need to go beyond the borders of our own country to find noble examples of such devotion. Beginning with Washington, the first of our American heroes, we find that in his life the one controlling motive was love of country. No one will deny, but that without this, his character would have been worthless, as far as concerns our national history. Abraham Lincoln lost his life because, undaunted by the threats of his enemies, he stubbornly persisted in following the counsel of his own convic-

tious. Grant, as a statesman, was, perhaps, not a success; but, as a military crank, the pursuer of one idea, and that the idea of how to terminate a bloody and unnatural war with honor to his country and safety to her cause, he was one of the grandest heroes of the nineteenth century.

Nor should we confine ourselves to the past alone; for there are, according to our definition, many notable cranks at the present day. They are found in all professions and in all ranks of life. Perhaps the most noticeable one is Thomas Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park. Had it not been for his study and research in the field of electrical science many appliances of comfort and convenience would have been lost to us.

And so we might continue enumerating instance after instance proving that cranks, though much abused and undeservedly blamed for all the faults and follies of thoughtless people, are not a scourge to a community, but rather, the motive power back of all progress.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

A right to tread so softly
Beside the couch of pain;
To smooth with gentle fingers
The tangled locks again;
To watch beside the dying
In the wee small hours of night,
And breathe a consecrating prayer
When the spirit takes its flight.

A right to cheer the weary
On the battlefields of life;
To give the word of sympathy
Amid the toil and strife;
To lift the burden gently
From the sore and tired hearts
And never weary of the task
Till gloomy care departs.

A right to be a woman
In truest woman's work,
If life should be a hard one,
No duties ever shirk;
A right to show to others
How strong a woman grows
When skies are dark and lowering
And life bears not a rose.

A right to love one truly
And be loved back again;
A right to share his fortunes
Through sunlight and through rain;
A right to be protected
From life's most cruel slights
By manly love and courage—
Sure these are women's rights.

—*Exchange.*

TARSUS, TURKEY IN ASIA, January 30, 1895.

DEAR PROFESSOR—Although many months have passed since I was one of your pupils, my heart is still at Lasell. I can never forget the pleasant days spent there, nor all the kindness I received from mates and teachers, particularly from yourself.

As time passes I realize more and more what rare privileges were mine, and I want to say: "Thank you!" "thank you!" over and over again.

I like to remember that you have been in Tarsus, and so know of my present surroundings. In many respects the contrast is very great between Tarsus and Auburndale. I write this sitting on the piazza; near by are orange and lemon trees, covered with thick green leaves and yellow fruit. The birds are singing, and the sunshine is warm. But I have only to lift my eyes to the north to see winter, for the range of the Tarsus bounds our horizon in that direction, and the long line of irregular peaks glistens with the snow, which will not melt until late in the summer. The climate is fine, the air is balmy, and the nearness of the sea on one side and of the mountains on the other has a health-giving influence.

This is a queer city, for in it both the ancient and the modern are found. Miserable mud huts, with thatched roofs, stand beside fine stone buildings supplied with many conveniences. In the street one sees people of many nationalities, dressed each according to the fashion of his race. Business is increasing, and with a better government all this region would be sure to prosper. The plain that surrounds us is a rich one, and the railroad provides means of export for cotton, sesame, fruits, and other productions. The government seems to grow worse instead of better, and the jealousy of the Moslems increases as the Christian races become better educated and more civilized.

This year Christian institutions have had a hard time on account of the endless hindrances put in their way by government officials. Some churches and schools have been closed. We have had our full share of persecution here in Tarsus, but we have been spared the horrors of a massacre. Turkey is my home, and my parents have their work here. I know the people and am interested in them. I suppose you know that Tarsus was not my home when I was in Turkey before. My father

was a professor in Marash Theological Seminary for many years, also principal of Marash Academy. He moved here only a year and a half ago to become president of St. Paul's Institute. This work is hard because the enterprise is new, and we have no suitable buildings; and the boys coming from the village schools are not well prepared for the high course of study which papa has introduced. Our greatest difficulty this year has been with the Turkish Government. There has been an effort to break up the school. One teacher and several students were arrested on their way here, kept in prison six weeks, then sent home escorted by policemen and forbidden to leave home for a year. There was no charge against them. Their books were examined, but nothing of a treasonable nature found in them. Seven weeks ago another teacher was summoned before the Vali—"as a witness," we were told. He was, however, thrown into prison, his books confiscated; and, although nothing was found against him, still he is kept a prisoner. We are told that he will be released in a day or two—which means when we bribe the government to give him up. Thus far our appeals to our own government for the protection of school rights have been in vain. The fault is with the U. S. Minister at Constantinople.

Papa is happy over the internal condition of the Institute. He has a small school of carefully selected boys, who are working very hard and cheerfully over their lessons, and showing a good spirit in every way. Ever since the week of prayer there has been a revival in the school. This is the greatest blessing of all. We use five languages—Turkish, Armenian, French, English and Greek. The most advanced boys have their lessons in English with papa. In Bible they study Romans; in English they are reading Milton's "Paradise Lost." They have also been studying rhetoric, logic and chemistry. Next term they begin moral science and other studies new to them. There are many very poor boys, who are beneficiaries. We establish scholarships for these. Some are orphans and stay with us during vacations also. These boys work for the Institute, and we sell their curios to tourists. The little red shols I gave you were made by them. Mamma has charge of the school family, and it keeps her very busy. My parents are very thankful that Col.

Shepard left the Institute an endowment, the interest on which pays teachers' salaries, rents, etc. The *LASELL LEAVES* gives me great pleasure. When I read the personal items I can imagine that I am again with you. I hope you have received the photographic view of Tarsus I sent you by post about a month ago. It was taken from the south, and gives a good view of the Institute and of the city and mountains. My health is somewhat better here than it was in Auburndale.

My parents wish me to express their thanks for all that Lasell has done for me. They intend to write some day. Give my love to the old girls and to the teachers, and especially to the members of your family. We hope the work in Tarsus will be remembered in your prayers. Your grateful pupil,

ANNA C. CHRISTIE.

BULWER AS A NOVELIST.

Authors are expected to be what the readers of their books choose to imagine them. It is true that every writer displays something of his own character in his writings; and as Bulwer was a nobleman and a politician, we expect to find a flavor of politics in his works. If a fisherman should read "Undine" he would ridicule the whole idea as monstrous and impossible—no such creature could live in the sea. Does it therefore follow that we are not to look for poetry and sentiment in the mind of this man of politics?

A little study of Lord Lytton's character will show us that he possessed great capabilities. He was, besides being one of the most versatile novelists of his day, a dramatist, a poet, an essayist and a politician. Through his whole career Bulwer was deeply imbued with the spirit of German romance; and, had it been popular in England, we should now have more stories of sprites and fairies, playing tricks and teaching us a lesson at the same time. Stories of this sort, however, were not popular with the English; and, since Bulwer desired fame more than anything else, he chose another field of labor.

"Pelham," his next work, decided his subsequent literary course. On the publication of this book he, like Byron, "woke to find himself famous." In quick succession followed work in a similar vein; then for a short time he devoted himself to play-

writing. It was his ambition to elevate the character of dramatic literature, and to make the stage a means of training the popular taste to an appreciation of fine poetry. He always wrote with some definite purpose in view, and expressed his thoughts so clearly that no one could ever mistake his meaning. "The Caxtons" is a family picture, and rightly ranks among its author's most famous works. It was, in its way, an experiment, wherein the home and its influence are made to dominate over the usual passions of fiction. In striking contrast is "Lucretia," a morbid, unhealthy story, in which "the almighty dollar" is shown to be the root of all evil. The historical work, "The Last of the Barons," "Rienzi" and "The Last Days of Pompeii" are, perhaps, the most widely read of all his works. It is a difficult task to paint the manners and customs of the Middle Ages. It is even more so to portray those of the Classical Age. Bulwer has handled this subject with great delicacy, and through his romance has interested many in this part of the world's history.

In many cases he treats his characters much as Scott does—introduces them, and devotes the next chapter to their appearance and family history; and yet, when one thinks of Bulwer's best characters, they do not stand out plainly, staring at one, as do those of Dickens. There are no Micawbers, eternally waiting for something to "turn up." The most shadowy and mist-like of all Scott's characters is the Master of Ravenswood; and yet who will say that it is not one of his highest in execution, as in conception? "Strong lines and bright colors strike the vulgar eye as composing fine pictures, while they belong rather to the lower school of art."

AFTERGLOW.

Against the purple mountains
Is etched the trees' dull red,
While over all, from the afterglow,
A soft rose light is shed;
Slowly the shadows lengthen,
The dew begins to fall;
But the light in the western heavens
Still vaguely illumines all
And casts a glory celestial;
As when from some old-time canvas
A face gleams dim and faint,
And a radiance hovers o'er it—
The aureole of a saint.
—Grace E. Browne in *Smith College Monthly*.

BOOKS.

"Books are the world's ages of wisdom, stored for the benefit of coming peoples."

One of the marked things about an uncivilized or savage nation is the fact that they have no books, a fact significant of a corresponding lack of mental development. How feeble and childish are the thoughts and deeds of such a people, how sunken they are in ignorance and mere animalism!

It is said there are three sources of knowledge—experience, conversation and reading. Very limited indeed would be the first two of these if the third did not exist, for it is in books we find the experiences, the conversations, thoughts, deeds, and investigations of the world's great men and women. What should we do without them? Ask yourself that question; imagine if you can the misery and ignorance involved in such a supposition, and you will surely be ready to exclaim with Fenelon, "If the riches of the Indies or the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." Books are the link which binds the past to the present, which makes the heroes of years long gone by, stand before us with startling vividness, bringing all nations together within reach of our touch and sympathies. For the time being, the fire and vigor of ancient writers becomes our own, and we live over with them their varied lives; or with modern writers we realize vividly all phases of this nineteenth century life.

But from all this wealth of literature which tempts and attracts us on every side, we must know how to pick and choose, so as to make every book we read an incentive to nobler deeds and thoughts; an aid to better, stronger and wiser living! Avoid scrupulously all works which will not do this; they are one of the worst poisons we could take.

"Some books," says Bacon, "are to be merely tasted, some swallowed, and others digested." Even as we take into our system food for physical nourishment, we should by a wise choice of books furnish our minds with material for the mental fibres to grow strong upon. If, however, we should devote ourselves to constant and continual eating, our overtaxed powers of digestion would soon give way; similarly, we should soon grow mentally dyspeptic, and would tend to kill rather than en-

courage the growth of our mind. One good book thoroughly understood, read with a pencil in hand to mark those passages to which you wish to return for further study, is worth more than ten works, hurried through in the usual style of perusal. The fact that many of our leading men have been self-educated, shows plainly how great an influence a systematic course of reading will have upon a growing and ambitious mind. Such a course is certainly a privilege within the reach of all; and it seems almost culpable to neglect or ignore these means of knowledge placed within so easy reach. An eminent writer has given a list of books, which alone if read properly, will give the foundation of a most comprehensive education. Here it is:

History and Biography.—Outlines of Universal History, Dr. G. P. Fisher; Shorter History of the English People, Greene; Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, Creasy; Leading Events of American History, Montgomery; The New Era, Strong; Life of Washington, Irving; Life of Lincoln; Life of Garfield.

Travel.—Bird's Eye View of the World, Reclus; Due West, Ballou; Over the Ocean, Curtis Guild.

Religion.—The Bible, especially John, Mark, Proverbs, Acts, Psalms I and II, Timothy and James; History of the Christian Church, G. P. Fisher; Manual of Christian Evidence, Rev. C. A. Row.

Science.—Physical Geography, Russell Hinman; Physics, J. D. Steele; Political Economy, Ely; Walks and Talks in the Geological Field, Winshell; Recreation in Astronomy, Warren; Chemistry, Appleton; Introduction to Botany, Steele.

Essays, etc.—Sketch Book, Irving; Self Reliance, Manners, Friendship, Love, Emerson; Ethics of the Dust, Ruskin; Handbook of Universal Literature, Botta; Makers of Modern English, Dawson.

Poetry and Drama.—Paradise Lost, Milton; Hamlet and Julius Caesar, Shakespeare; Lady of the Lake and Marmion, Scott; Tennyson, Whittier and Longfellow.

Fiction.—David Copperfield, Dickens; Vanity Fair, Thackeray; Hypatia, Kingsley; Kenilworth, Scott; John Halifax, Miss, Muloch; Adam Bede,

George Eliot; Ben Hur, Wallace; Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan; Scarlet Letter, Hawthorne; Tom Brown at Rugby, Hughes; Uncle Tom's Cabin, Mrs. Stowe.

How many of these have you mastered?

H. B. M.

A TRIP THROUGH NOVA SCOTIA.

Nova Scotia, the land of Evangeline, has always had a peculiar charm for me; and during the past summer I had an opportunity of visiting it. The trip by water would alone be well worth the taking, even if one visited no places of interest.

We had perfect weather all the way from Boston to Yarmouth, where we found the only train of the day, "The Flying Bluenose," awaiting us; and in half an hour after our arrival we started northward.

Two elderly ladies in the car with us were a trifle nervous, not liking the word "flying;" and when we began to move, their faces wore an anxious look. The train, like all other trains, started very slowly; but, unlike most trains, it did not increase its speed, which fact brought a look of relief to the faces of these ladies.

Presently the train stopped, and on looking out we saw that the conductor and one of the brakemen had gotten out, and were calmly seated by the roadside eating cherries. Of course all Americans were out of the train in a second, but not so the Canadians.

They seemed surprised that any notice was taken of the stoppage. We were near no station, but the train was soon emptied, and shortly after we saw two men who had been seated near us in the car picking flowers in a distant field. In their own good time the various passengers returned, and we seemed ready to start again; but one man was missing. A search was made for him, and at last he was seen some distance away. One of the trainmen was sent for him, while the "Flying Bluenose" waited. We found afterwards that, since the road afforded no other train, the conductor stopped whenever the passengers pleased.

At last we reached Digby, a quaint little seaport town, where we happened to see a picture of a very primitive type. On one of the steep mountain roads we met a family returning from market. A

horse and an ox were drawing a long low cart, in which sat a farmer, his wife and three children. The woman was knitting, and at the same time rocking a cradle with her foot; a small boy was playing horse with another in the back of the wagon, and the husband and father was driving the queer team. We had some trouble in passing this strange equipage, for in Nova Scotia the rule is to turn to the left in driving, instead of to the right. We left Digby the next day for Annapolis.

We had heard so much about the trip through the Annapolis Valley to Halifax that we were anxious to start. The scenery all through the valley was beautiful. On one side were sloping hills and small towns; on the other a strip of low, brown meadow land, with the blue sea beyond. We had planned to stop at Grand Pré, the home of Evangeline; but, to our great disappointment, could not do so. I think everyone in our car, as we neared the little town, whipped out a copy of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

We were forcibly reminded of the poem before we had left the hamlet. There was a house near the station, with an old-fashioned lattice window; and, as the train went by, we caught a glimpse of a young girl with a white Evangeline cap on her head and a white handkerchief crossed on her breast, one hand resting on the sill and the other holding back the lattice. She made a pretty picture; but we all wondered how often she was obliged to assume that trying position, and were glad, for her sake, that the line was limited to one train a day.

Late in the afternoon we reached Halifax, which, even then, seemed to me an ideal provincial city. We were fortunate in being there when the Governor-General of Canada and his wife, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, were to visit the city for the first time. On going out the day after we arrived, we saw the streets literally hung with flags in honor of these distinguished persons. To our American eyes it seemed so unnatural and wrong to see the Union Jack taking the place of the Stars and Stripes, that we longed to substitute the star-spangled banner for the obtrusive British bunting which we saw moving all about.

(To be concluded.)

NO COLLEGE in England publishes a paper. In the United States there are about 200 college papers published.—*Exchange*.

A WORD ABOUT WOMEN'S COLLEGES IN AMERICA.

Colleges for women have been the outgrowth of the nineteenth century, although this statement seems hardly credible to our college-girl of to-day, who prides herself on being able to cope in things intellectual with any Harvard student. Co-education was first tested at Oberlin in 1833, and five years later the first diploma ever issued to a woman was granted by this college to a young lady whose name is unknown. This was quite a startling advance upon the ideas of our forefathers, who insisted that only boys needed a higher education, and that women were created solely to look after household matters. Yet, though this was indeed a great gain to our sisters of that day, the crying need of America at that time was a college exclusively for women.

Finally, after the people had for fifteen years agitated the question of the higher education for women, justice and good sense prevailed, and the Georgia Legislature in 1836 chartered the Georgia Female College, which was presently built at Macon. The first faculty was made up of eleven professors and teachers; and although the curriculum of study fell far below that of the same college at the present day, it was equal to that afforded by the majority of the contemporary colleges for men. What a vast difference between this and the faculty of Wellesley or Vassar! But everything must have its beginning.

The Georgia Female College opened January 9, 1839, with an enrollment of ninety ambitious young ladies. Eleven of them, having already received, from seminaries which they had been attending, a course of instruction entitling them to enter the senior class, were graduated the same year, and had the honor of carrying off the first diplomas ever granted by a college exclusively for women. Such is the history of the first college for women ever established in America.

The example once set, other states founded similar institutions, and in 1861 Vassar, of which we to-day are so proud, was founded at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Our colleges, as a rule, have not been developed after the plan of boarding-schools; but, as far as it is possible to make them so, they are copies of men's colleges. It is the desire of the faculties of such colleges to obliterate all intel-

lectual distinctions based on sex, and to make woman equal to man in her intellectual attainments. This idea of equality has been carried out, as far as the adoption of the same curricula tends to its promotion; but it can never be fully realized until women have something to take the place of the athletics of the colleges for men. A sound body is essential to a sound mind. Without good health it is impossible to do justice to one's studies. The belief that fewer rules and less restraint on the students create an independent spirit, and are followed by better results, is coming rapidly to the front. Hence it is easily seen how much more is expected of us than of our grandparents, who had not nearly so many advantages. Every year the educational advantages for women improve in a remarkable degree. 'Tis not only to colleges that we owe a heavy debt, but also to the numerous preparatory and other schools. We see with thankful hearts what a great advance the education of the women of to-day shows when compared with that of only seventy-five years ago.

NOTABLE EVENTS.

THE sudden death of Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon was a great shock to the people of Boston. He was a most useful man and eloquent speaker in the American pulpit—a man of scholarly attainments, broad and generous sympathies, and tireless activity in good works; an ornament to the pulpit, and a trusted and loved friend of the people.

BENJAMIN LOUIS PAUL GODARD, the French composer, died on the 11th of January.

Two Englishmen of high esteem have recently passed away—Prof. J. R. Seeley, the great historical scholar and brilliant author; and Prof. Arthur Cayley, one of the most eminent mathematicians of our age.

ON February 8th occurred the death of the Rev. William Taylor, D.D., of New York City. Dr. Taylor had been feeble for some time previous. He was a distinguished Presbyterian minister, and the author of various religious works. He came from his home in England to take charge of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York.

ALFRED L. LOOMIS, of New York, specialist in lung diseases, died on January 23rd.

ROBERT L. STEVENSON, the distinguished novelist, died December 23rd at his home in Samoa, having just reached his forty-fourth year. He was of Scotch parentage, born in Edinburgh. His best known works are "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Kidnapped" and "David Balfour."

IN Rochester, on February 26th, Frederick Douglass was buried. This celebrated orator and journalist was a native of Tuckahoe, near Easton, Md. He was a mulatto slave belonging, as did his mother, to Col. Edward Lloyd. In early youth Douglass had an earnest desire to secure an education, and in 1838 he ran away to New England. In 1847, having settled at Rochester, he published *The Frederick Douglass Paper*, afterward called *The North Star*. In his endeavors to help his people to gain freedom he became intimately acquainted with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, and other prominent men interested in abolition.

THE 18th of February was the 100th anniversary of the birth of the philanthropist, George Peabody. His native town was Danvers, Mass.; but he eventually went to London, and became a noted banker in that city. He was naturally of a benevolent disposition; and, becoming interested in the London poor, he built for them tenements on an improved plan, which were a great blessing to these people. He was most liberal, frequently giving large sums to charitable purposes and for the furtherance of education. The schools in the Southern part of our country were helped by him; and the Peabody Institute of Baltimore is a noble monument to his generosity. This is a most interesting building: in one part is a large library containing over 100,000 volumes, in another an art gallery; there are also a school of music, an auditorium for lectures and for orchestra concerts, rooms for societies and for literary classes. In Danvers, also, is an Institute, similar in arrangement to that at Baltimore, but not built on so large a scale. Mr. Peabody died in London in 1869.

BOSTON may well be proud of her new Public Library, which was opened a short time ago. The architecture is praised by the highest art critics, and the interior decorations are of unusual merit. In this decoration the city employed American talent.

THE Fifty-third Congress closed its last session March 4th, at noon. In 1892 the Democrats, being in the majority, gained complete control of the executive and legislative branches. In this new Congress the Republicans have a majority in the lower House. The intermediate conference has not been called yet, but is expected to be called shortly.

CAPT. JAMES A. CROSSMAN, commander of the American steamship *Allianca*, on entering New York harbor March 12th, reported an insult from an unknown Spanish man-of-war. On March 5th, while passing between Cuba and Hayti, a man-of-war responded to the salute of the *Allianca*, then immediately fired two guns at her and commanded her to stop. Since no attention was paid to the order three more shots were fired, and a chase ensued for twenty-five miles, when the warship withdrew. Capt. Crossman's report caused a burst of indignation from the people of the United States, but the matter has apparently been smoothed over by an apologetic explanation from Spain to our country.

It is now proposed to connect by ship-canal the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean. The new canal will join Lake Ontario to the Hudson River. If this is done New York will hold the commercial supremacy of America. A plan of this sort has been in the minds of many studious men for several years. It is urged against the Erie Canal that "it is too slow and ancient a channel to compete with railways, even with electric power to move its boats; for its prism is both too narrow and too shallow to carry the freights that must be transported without waiting for the breaking of bulk and trans-shipment at Buffalo."

MAYFLOWERS IN MARCH.

A box of Spring, the fragrance of the mossy corners in the woods. Alice White sent it; Alice White thought of it; knew it would send a whiff of hope all through old Lasell. So she did it up in a box—trailing arbutus, great large blossoms—and sent it all the way from All Healing Springs, N. C. The delicious bunch went about the halls, satisfying everybody, spent the afternoon in a sick-room and attended evening prayers in the chapel.

An old friend who has trusted Lasell with his daughter, has also done us the courtesy of an invitation to meet the Governor of Pennsylvania. We are sorry that the distance prevents our accepting.

A MOSQUITO.

At last upon a senior's head,
He settled down to drill;
He bored away for half an hour,
And then—he broke his bill.

—Exchange.

LOCALS.

IN our account of the masquerade of February 23rd we omitted the names of those whose costumes received honorable mention. They are the following: Miss Parish, as "Gratiano;" Miss Bucklin, as "Hamlet;" Misses Manning and Bragdon, as "Peter" and "The Nurse;" Miss Baechtcl, as "Mr. Micawber;" Misses Alice Kimball and Sadie Eldredge, as "The Micawber Twins."

MR. NAKAMURA, a Japanese gentleman, now a student at Harvard, lectured at the Seminary Thursday evening, March 28th, on the war between China and Japan. The lecture was illustrated by a number of stereoscopic views and Japanese prints.

THE monthly meeting of the Missionary Society was held in the chapel Sunday afternoon, March 17th. The readings given by the members were all on the life of the leper missionary, Miss Mary Reed. Several of Miss Reed's favorite hymns were sung by the choir.

AMONG the most enjoyable evenings of the year was that of March 14th, which we spent in wandering with Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs through the chapels and cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Downs showed us many beautiful views of the Abbey, and these, together with her vivid descriptions, made us feel, when the lights came on and the last picture disappeared, as if we had just returned from a European trip with a most entertaining companion.

RECEPTION AT "FATHER ENDEAVOR" CLARK'S.

About twenty-five members of the Christian Endeavor Society accepted the kind invitation of Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Clark for the evening of April 1st.

After an hour of social chat the time was pleasantly passed in playing games and looking at the Doctor's curios. Later the guests gathered in the parlors, where Dr. Clark spoke a few words of welcome, and all joined in singing several Christian Endeavor songs, the very enjoyable evening closing with prayers by Rev. Mr. Cutler and Rev. Mr. Bishop, of the Congregational and Methodist churches respectively.

THE ALBUM.

Among our additions this month are two highly prized photographs, neither of which can be reckoned as belonging to the Lasell Grandchildren Album.

Certainly our military friend, Austin T. Sylvester, of the Fortieth New York Volunteers, Post 62, G. A. R., cannot be called a Lasell grandchild, however much at home he might feel with the frolicsome little people (he is something of wag at times). He will have to be put into the "Battalion Album," we fancy, where, among uniforms, braid and brass buttons, he will feel quite in his element. His fine erect figure and keen eyes will add distinction to that already distinguished company.

And little Mary Butler and Sandford Wagner, wee bits of old-world quaintness and dignity, in their costumes of Y^e Olden Tyme—George Washington and the stately Mistress Martha—they must surely have a whole album all to themselves. We fancy the rognish coquette is already peeping out from under Mary's long lashes, though she stands so primly beside her small lord, whose embroidered ruffles, big shoe-buckles, three-cornered hat and powdered queue impress us with a sense of our own insignificance.

Anita Henry Miriek sends an interesting picture of her four boys—Richard Henry, George Hammond, Paul Russell and Robert Stephen, respectively—fine little fellows all, who make, in respect to their several heights, as good an example of "a descending series" as we have seen. We are glad to add them to the grandchildren so far received.

THE RECEPTION OF POST 62, G. A. R.

On the evening of March twenty-first the Lasell Battalion gave a reception to the Charles Ward Post 62, G. A. R. Mrs. Strong assisted by Captains Ray, Allen and Loud, received them. Soon the gymnasium was filled, and the girls, as the hostesses of the evening, devoted themselves to entertaining their guests, overlooking no one. Pretty soon each cadet selected her partner, Miss Baker played a march, and all marched around the room; as we came down the centre the officer of the day gave to each girl a red, white and blue badge. After the march, Commander Whitney, at the suggestion of one of the captains, announced that the men would show us how they drilled in the army, during the war. But as some had not touched a gun since they were in the war, you can imagine that they would not remember all the movements. It was quite amusing to watch them, and Mr. Bradshaw set us all laughing when he acted the part of a raw recruit. When they had finished drilling, Company C gave a bayonet drill. Between times we entertained our guests by showing them the swimming tank.

Soon the call came to go to the dining-hall for refreshments. On the way down each guest received as a souvenir a menu, designed by Mr. Ryder. After the refreshments, speeches were in order, Commander Whitney being the toast master of the occasion. The remainder of the time until half past ten was occupied by short speeches from veterans. Mr. Bragdon replied to them, and thanked his comrades for honoring us with their presence. After this we all said good-night to our new friends and our pleasant reception was over.

E. H. L.

A PARADOX.

Though the college man may,
In his own specious way,
Tell a story whose fictions appall,
But be certain that when
You enter his den,
You will surely find *Truth* on his wall.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

A YOUNG LADY the other day quite startled a newly hired salesman by confiding to him that she wanted to get "Over the Banister" and "Into the Wide, Wide World."—*Lowell High School Review.*

A VICTORY FOR THE LASELL BATTALION.

Some days after the reception given by the Lasell Battalion, March 20th, Mr. Bragdon received the following news from "the enemy." Now who will dispute the value of a military training for girls?

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

Lovingly Dedicated to Prof. Bragdon and the Lasell Battalion.

'Tis said that Alexander cried,
His eyes just dripped with woe,
When he who'd conquered all the world
Could find no other foe.

And Alexander'd cry the more
Could he be here to-night,
And see the soldiers of Lasell
Just conquering left and right.

But not with arms we old vets used—
Old Satan's weapons vile—
Their Gatling guns, bright, sparkling eyes;
Their deadly sword, a smile.

"Our" Bragdon reinforced the girls
With culinary art:
He knows the old vet's stomach is
An outwork of the heart.

Bulletin.

Lasell has captured 62,
But willing captives they;
And mem'ry this defeat will name
"That sweet 'red-letter' day."

Yes, yes; we vet'rans are enslaved—
We bend to Lasell's powers;
But sweet the servitude of love—
Sweet are the chains of flowers.

E. BRADSHAW, *Sen. Vice Com. Post 62.*

AN EXCURSION TO EUROPE.

Mr. Shepherd who returns soon from an eight month's trip to Europe, with a dozen or more ladies, has planned another tour for the Summer and Fall, and engagements are invited. The unusual success that has always attended Mr. Shepherd's excursions at home or abroad, has been due to the very careful preparations made for the entire tour before leaving home; and the very best service and accomodations, that could be obtained, always supplied during the tour.

The price is fixed at a sum, which secures the very best results, in routes, sight-seeing and comfort. No money is spent for style, but the utmost liberality is shown to secure the objects of the excursion. The route will include England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, the Rhine, Germany, Vienna in Austria, Italy as far as Naples and Vesuvius,

Switzerland, Paris and London. Mr. Shepherd will return to Europe June 22nd, from Boston.

A full itinerary is in preparation and will be sent, on application to

WM. T. SHEPHERD, Auburndale, Mass.

PERSONALS.

EVELYN MASON, we hear, had, during February, a rough bit of experience in winter travel in the West, her train having been blocked by snow in various places, and the journey, ordinarily requiring only twenty-four hours, having extended in this case through ninety-six, or four days and nights. Cold and hunger added to the vexatious delay, made the trip one long to be remembered for its disagreeable experiences.

NEW PIANOS.—Lasell has lately added two new (Decker Bros.) pianos, in place of two displaced; and two more are coming very soon. Great care is taken that the pianos shall be kept always in good condition, and when an instrument shows signs of deterioration in tone it is promptly replaced by a new one. No piano here is more than five or six years old, which is very unusual in schools.

FROM Mr. C. W. Sanderson, the artist, we learn that he is soon to return to Boston from Camden, S. C., whither he went some time ago for his health, la grippe having left him rather feeble. He is much improved.

OUR old friend Prof. J. A. I. Cassedy sends kindly greeting to Lasell. He is now carrying on two schools for young women—one at Norfolk, Va.; the other, lately opened, at Forest Glen, Md., very near Washington. He gives up Norfolk after this year. He sends out a very handsome book for his new school.

FROM the *News Courier* of Charleston, S. C., we learn of a brilliant vocal and instrumental concert recently given at Orangeburg, the leaders being Mrs. J. C. Hartzell (our Helen Thresher) and Mr. Kohn. The program was certainly a fine one, and from the report of the concert we should judge that it was finely rendered. Those who remember Helen will remember also her gift in the musical line, and her resolute purpose to excel.

WE have not yet heard the name of Addie Johnson Plumstead's new baby. What is it to be?

PROF. CURRIER, of Wellesley, dined recently with Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon. The Professor is enthusiastic in her profession—an elocutionist on a broad scale.

FROM Panline Collins we hear that she is back again, after her long absence from her home, in Oakland, Cal. She is teaching the piano; and, knowing her energy of purpose and thoroughness of preparation, we predict all success for her. She is one of those who care enough about her old school-home and its associations to subscribe to THE LEAVES "for anld lang syne."

NINA BARTHOLOMEW WINTER sends a pleasant note, introducing her sister-in-law, Miss Winter, who has recently become Mr. B.'s stenographer; and adds that Grace Durfee is to visit her in June. We expect a joint visit then, Mrs. Nina. Don't fail. Nina also tells us of the sadness that has come to Mrs. Sanders (Louise Hawley—here in 1875) in the loss of both father and mother.

ALICE DUNSMORE VAN HARLINGEN (1878) sends us a recent photograph of herself, which shows her somewhat matured, but only a little different from our Alice of seventeen years ago.

LUCY CURTIS told us that Sallie Rhoads, here from Reading, Pa., in 1885, is at home, caring for her mother.

MARY BYRAM's address is Highland Avenue, Arlington, N. J. She was a Lasell pupil in 1885.

CHANCE meetings with Grace Robinson, here in 1891, from Roxbury—on Water Street; Edith Nickerson, here in 1890, from Newton Highlands—on cars to Apollo; Grace Skinner, here in 1886, from Newton (now of Evanston, Ill.)—in Newton, on a visit.

JESSIE GASKILL, '93, and Grace Keiler Rowe, here in '91, made a pleasant call March 14. Jessie is studying at Brown Annex. Mrs. Grace says she and he are about to move to Bucyrus, O.; are housekeeping and enjoying it—at least, she is; doesn't know whether cooking lessons help her or not. She brought Alice Hane's remembrances. Both looked well.

OUR hearty sympathy went with Grace Bliss, who bravely started for home, in Atchison, Kas., in response to a telegram announcing the serious

illness of her father. In Chicago she was met by a friend from home, bearing the sad intelligence of her father's death, the result of a brief attack of grip and pneumonia. For nearly thirty years Mr. Bliss had been a successful business man and honored citizen of Atchison, where his name has been held in highest confidence and esteem, and where his removal is the occasion of universal regret. Recent word states that Mrs. Bliss and Grace will carry on the business in which Mr. Bliss was engaged, Grace acting as bookkeeper.

WE overheard in the car, when starting Grace home, Mattie Slavens' (here in 1890, from Kansas City) name; and, making bold to inquire, learned from some strangers that, by a mistake in the making up of a prescription, she was recently killed. Her married name was Mrs. H. W. Immke, and her new home was in Chicago; but our informer said something about Baltimore, and didn't know just where.

GERTRUDE SHERMAN, '94, has made up her mind to enter teaching as a profession. The teaching profession is the gainer thereby. She says in her recent work in the Guild she has been grateful "for Lasell's training, even for those publishing meetings."

THE Pasadena *Evening Star* gives an extended notice of the wedding of Miss Zoe Elsie Lowe, youngest daughter of Prof. and Mrs. T. S. C. Lowe, to Mr. Herbert Cutler Brown. Miss Lowe was here in 1889.

THESE have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses Watson, Lond, Briggs, Muth, Avery, Cameron, R. Kimball, Manning, French, Clapp, Wetherell, Cushing, Myrick, Chapman. Former pupils: Maude Oliver, Maudie L. Stone, Jessie Gaskill, Grace Keiler, Mary Wiggin, Beulah Shamon, Nellie Chase, Jennie Arnold, Laura Jones, Millie Warren, Alice Beesley, Edith Brodbeck, Lillian Packard, Bertha Childs, Carolyn Waters.

ALICE LINSCOTT HALL and her talented husband, Prof. F. A. Hall, of Drury College, Springfield, Mo., gave recently, at their pleasant home, a unique entertainment, the chief feature of which was the reading of the "Agamemnon" by the Professor and his pupils. A large number of guests

were present and heartily enjoyed the fine translations rendered by the students, as well as the graphic preliminary description, given by Prof. Hall, of the Greek stage, and his comments on the play during the reading. At the close *souvenir* cards were distributed, bearing quotations from the drama of the evening.

Of all the Christian Endeavorers who went to Dr. Clarke's reception, only two succeeded in getting *beaux* home, and those two were Grace Loud and Bessie Roper. Think of that! "Still waters run deep."

BEULAH SMITH and Louise Hubbard's special gentlemen on that evening illustrated the attraction of opposites. They were the Messrs. Cooley.

LUCY CURTIS' FATHER.

Twenty years ago I went to ask Joshua Curtis to send Lucy here to school. She came, stayed six years, graduated in 1880 and has since paid loving ministry to her invalid mother, who entered into glory two years ago, and to her father. She was the only pupil I ever went after. Though graciously received by Mr. and Mrs. Curtis that sort of work was not my forte and when I came home I registered a resolution that I would try and make a good school to which girls would come without being asked but would never go after another. March 27th Mrs. Wagner and I went to be in touch with Lucy and the brothers as they said good-bye to what was mortal of their honored father. It was a beautiful day and a beautiful loving service. The house was full of neighbors who loved him and love him still. After the service we spent a pleasant hour with Lucy and the rest. There was nothing gloomy about the house. Mr. Curtis passed on triumphantly and the Divine Comforter was near all the time. There is too much faith in that home to let sorrow obscure the triumph. Lucy has gone through many good-byes within a few years but she knows in whom she has believed and is "kept by the power of God." We came away strengthened and built up in our most holy faith.

C. C. B.

We clip from the *Congregationalist* of March 28th, the following memorial sketch of Mrs. Jennie Whitin Lasell, in whom we were personally in-

terested, since she was a member of the first graduating class, 1854, of Lasell Seminary. Some time after her graduation, she married Prof. Josiah Lasell, who was, for eight years, Associate Principal of Lasell.

IN MEMORIAM.

The name of Jennie Whitin Lasell will awaken sweetest, tenderest memories in every heart that has ever known and loved her, and her death brings to all her friends a deep sense of personal loss.

She was a woman of strongly marked characteristics; modest and unassuming, she yet possessed an overmastering energy that surmounted every obstacle and overcame every difficulty in the accomplishment of any undertaking which her clear, sound judgment dictated as worthy of her effort. Unselfish to a remarkable degree, her large-hearted benevolence entered into every plan for extending the kingdom of her blessed Master, and reached out in love to every child of want whose need came under her notice. She bestowed her gifts without ostentation; her left hand scarce knowing what her right hand did.

Most loyal in her warm, personal friendships of long standing, Mrs. Lasell possessed a courtly graciousness of manner which ever won the respect and regard of all whom she met. Her unwavering faith in the promises of God, her conscious sense of His abiding presence in her soul, sustained her in all the experiences of her long and eventful life; no words were needed to express her faith—she lived it, and it shone in her life day by day.

The summons to come home was sudden—only one night of intense suffering was appointed unto her, in which the utmost patience and calm endurance were displayed. A few sweet messages to her absent children and friends, a few words of thanks for the loving care bestowed upon her, and at sunrise, on Tuesday, March 12th, she entered into rest.

ERRATUM.

For fear some of our former pupils in Greek should judge that Lasell is forgetting her Homeric spelling, we will say that without Greek type it is not easy to print Greek. We think our printer did pretty well. But of course Upsilon should be where Y is (in February No.), and S where the final E. The translation gives us the beautiful greeting Mrs. Lasell meant to send from her native land: "Love one another: Peace be with you." The tasteful bookmark has the place of honor in the chapel Bible.

ADDRESSES.

- Pauline Collins, 526 Tenth Street, Oakland, Cal.
 Mrs. Harlan Thomas (Edith Partridge), 1437 South Fourteenth Street, Denver, Colo.
 Mrs. Thomas C. Ingraham (Florence Fuller), 37 Green Street, Augusta, Me.
 Mrs. Frank P. Edson (Carrie Clarkson), 1305 West Tenth Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.
 Mrs. John B. Miller (Carrie Johnson), 518 Wall Street, Port Huron, Mich.

MARRIED.

Edith Davenport Partridge to Harlan Thomas, Thursday, March 21st, at Fort Collins, Colo. Miss Partridge was with us in '92-'93.

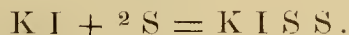
Florence Fuller to Thomas Church Ingraham, Wednesday, March 27th, at Augusta, Me. Miss Fuller was here in '87-'89.

Carrie Clarkson to Frank Paley Edson, Wednesday, April 10th, at Topeka, Kansas. Miss Clarkson is a Lasell girl of '89-'90.

Carrie Borden Johnson to John Barnes Miller, on Wednesday, April 17th, at Yonkers, N. Y. Miss Johnson graduated in '94.

EXCHANGES.

POTASSIUM IODIDE and sulphur, under slight pressure, give an exceedingly interesting result, as follows:



This experiment is dangerous, as the above result may not be accomplished, and, instead, the reaction be very violent. Therefore this experiment should only be attempted in the absence of light and when few (usually two) are present.—*The High School Recorder.*

ITEMS—SCHOOL AND OTHERWISE.

The maiden said, "Since this is Lent,
A time for joys denying,
I'll rest my mind, on study bent,
And really 'give up' trying."
—*W. H. in the Interlude.*

A QUERY.

Ye listening rocks, ye sounding sea,
Ye bellowing winds from o'er the lea!
O tell me, if ye can tell aught,
What will they call the clas of '00?
—*Yale Record.*

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GUBERNATORIAL INTERFERENCE.

"Say *au revoir*, but not good-bye,"

Sang Mame in tenderest tone;
The hour was half-past eleven,
Her audience—Harry alone.

But the deep bass tones of her father

Broke in on the maiden's tune:

"Young man, you may say whichever you please,
But you'd better say it *soon*."

—Exchange.

THE LATEST ON MARY'S LAMB.

If Mary's snowy little lamb

Back to the earth would hie,

The jokes he'd see about himself

Would make him glad to die.

—Exchange.

"Oh, would I were a bird!" she sung,

And each disgusted one

Thought to himself the wicked thought,

"I wish I were a gun!"

—Exchange.

IT REQUIRED four years of my early youth

To master my "A, B, C;"

But now it is worse, for to tell the truth,

It requires four years for A. B.

—Exchange.

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THEIR METHODS.

The conscientious freshmen work

To get the lessons tough;

The Juniors flunk, the Sophomores shirk,

The Seniors—ah! they bluff.

—*College Folio*.

HE ENTERED the editor's sanctum

And vented his views unsought,

And next day was hanged as a bandit

For wrecking a train of thought.

—*Augusta Chronicle*.

WE HAD chicken to-day,

Shall we have it to-morrow?

'Twas a bird old and gray.

We had chicken to-day,

Not a spring one I say,—

But a steel we must borrow—

If we had it to-day

We may have it to-morrow.

—*Trinity Tablet*.

STUDENT—I want the life of Julius Cæsar.

Librarian—Brutus is ahead of you, sir.—*Normal Review*.

WHY do I educate myself? For three reasons: First, for present enjoyment; second, that I may be more useful to my fellow beings; third, that I may know as much as possible at the end of life, so as to have a good start for eternity.—*Exchange*.

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No. 63—Leaves Boston at 11.00 P. M., except Saturday. Wagner Sleeping Car, Boston to Albany, arriving at 8.05 A. M.

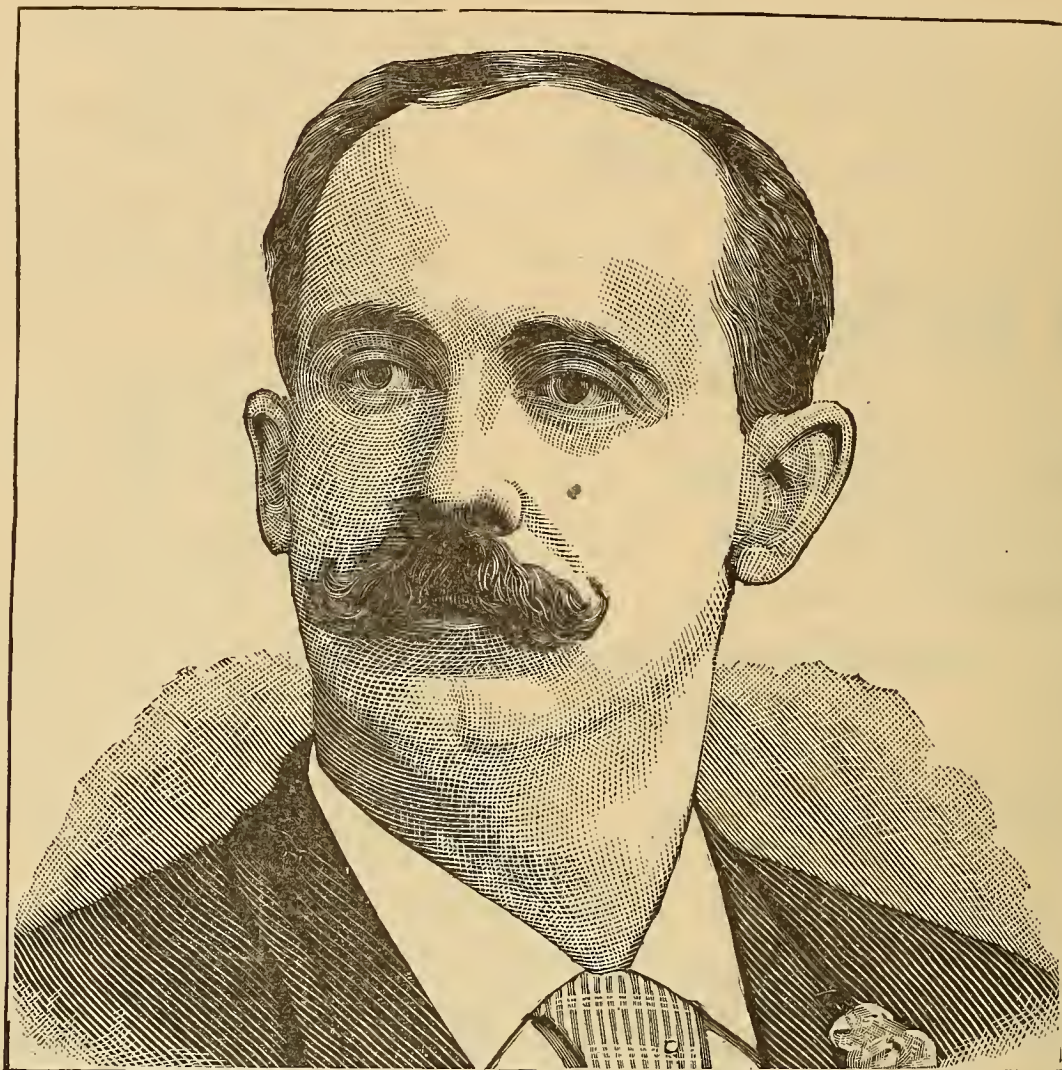
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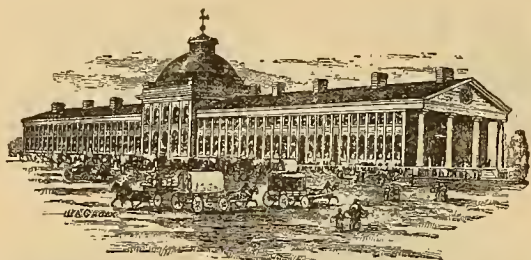
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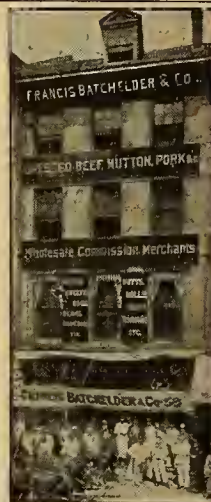
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

NUMBER 8.

Another deficiency which is alleged to exist in woman, is her "lack of initiative," and her inability to accomplish anything which requires close attention, exactitude or a nice sense of time. The first named can easily be proved erroneous. From the most ancient times, and even in those dark ages when woman was suppressed and was little better than a slave, she has been a moving power in the world. To see this one need only to turn to the pages of literature, and there view the number of

famous writers who have been inspired and aided in their great works by women. But one notable exception to this has been found, and that is Shakespeare. Little, though, is known of his domestic life, and it may be that in the near future some new facts will be brought to light which will prove him to be no exception. Again, if there is one occupation which, more than another, requires a "nice sense of time" as well as continual attention, it is that of a trained nurse, and yet, physicians say that this place can be filled successfully only by a woman.

Morality is a grave subject, and one which should not be lightly handled. All women are not perfect, nor are all men, but it is emphatically untrue that the greater number of criminals are women but that owing to man's chivalrous regard for women as a class, they are seldom punished. Even if this last were true, it would simply prove the converse of Strindberg's assertions, for in the eyes of the law an accomplice of a criminal is also a criminal, and it is undeniable that one who aids such a person to escape justice, is an accomplice.

The above are the main points discussed in the article from the English paper, and, though they have been but lightly touched here, enough has been said to show the reader that the assertions are unjust and ill-considered.

A NATION'S safeguard lies always in the patriotism of its citizens, and no nation of patriotic men ever fails in her hour of distress. Patriotism consists in loving loyalty to one's country, faithful devotion to her service, unshrinking firmness in upholding her cause, and in advocating whatever will contribute to her honor and her triumph.

It was with some such conception as this that the Archbishop of Ireland, recently addressed a large audience on the subject of American citizenship. Patriotism, he believes, is the secret of good citizenship, for without this loving allegiance to one's country, there is nothing but selfish interests by which to control men as citizens. As the future citizens are to be found in the youth of today, it is imperative that with the ordinary tasks and lessons, they should be taught the sacredness and beauty of patriotism. There is little of this spirit evident in the average school and college, although there is no doubt that in a case of national peril the fire of

patriotism would kindle in every part of our country. Why should it not be burning now? Much may be done for a country by her patriot sons, even in time of peace, and our country should be all aglow with the warmth and light of loyal devotion manifested daily by her people.

IN LAUREL TIME.

In laurel time we often strayed
Together on the twilight hills,
And watched the lazy sun go down,
Heard the soft murmur of the rills
That laughed beneath our feet,
And dreamed sweet dreams, alas, too sweet!
In laurel time.

But tears may fall while flowers bloom,
And sorrow come and dreary gloom,
In laurel time.

For now I walk alone. And where
The laurel grows in silver drifts
No longer do I hear her voice;
And where the mellow sunlight sifts
I twine sad wreaths to her,
And mourn the happy days that were
In laurel time.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

A TRIP TO NOVA SCOTIA.

CONCLUDED.

On the day of the Governor's arrival, all our party, except myself, went down to the station to see the train come in. I remained on the balcony at the hotel, and felt sure that fortune would favor me. Very soon I was rewarded, for on looking up the long street, I saw a carriage drawn by four horses coming at full speed. In the carriage sat a man dressed in a long scarlet robe trimmed with ermine, and wearing a silk hat, which seemed to me a little incongruous. I was indeed lucky, for without moving I had seen what the rest had walked more than a mile to see. I remarked to an English lady beside me, how well Lord Aberdeen was looking. She seemed surprised, and informed me that the gentleman in the scarlet cloak was the Mayor of Halifax. In the midst of the awkward silence which followed her explanation, I retired, and lost no time in joining my friends at the station, arriving there just as the Governor-General was leaving his private car. Awaiting the distinguished party were five carriages, the first of which, looked to me like an old-fashioned chaise. It was drawn by five horses, and there was a smart postillion in

attendance. His Excellency, followed by Lady Aberdeen, walked quickly to this equipage. The former was assisted into the carriage by two footmen, while the latter was left to clamber in alone as best she could. I do not like to say too much in praise of America and Americans, but certainly their manners compare very favorably with those of the Canadians. However, one of my Canadian friends tells me that this seeming rudeness was simply because Lord Aberdeen is of higher rank than his wife.

A lady at the hotel told of a very significant sight which met her eyes one market day in Halifax,—a woman and an ox harnessed together to a vegetable wagon. We left the old town, however, a day too early for a similar sight.

Among the pleasantest and most interesting places one wishes to see in Halifax, is its harbor, full of beautiful ships. We were shown over one, the largest, "Her Majesty's Ship, Blake," and while we were on board, a French frigate steamed into the harbor, and we saw the very formal meeting of the English and French captains.

The next day we went back to Annapolis, and crossed the Bay of Fundy to St. John. The feature of this quaint old city, which struck me most forcibly, was the fact that the main streets ran directly uphill from the sea. After staying in St. John only a short time we found ourselves steaming along the Maine coast towards Boston. We had perfect weather for the trip, and after passing many beautiful summer houses and pretty watering places, we finally entered Boston Harbor, with a very different, but an altogether pleasant, idea of the Land of Evangeline.

FRANÇOIS DELSARTE.

There was born in Solesme, France, in 1811, a child whom fate decreed should gain great triumphs in art and add to science deep knowledge. This child was Francois Delsarte. His father, a physician and extremely poor, treated his wife with such cruelty that, with her two little children, she was obliged to seek refuge in the city of Paris, where, worn out by grief and poverty, she soon died, leaving her two little ones alone in the great city, Francois, the elder, being then only ten years old. One stormy winter night in 1821 the two little boys lay in an old deserted loft, en-

twined in each other's arms asleep. When morning came Delsarte was clasping to his breast the frozen body of his little brother.

Returning from the grave the next day, Delsarte, cold, hungry and overcome by grief, fell fainting in the snow. While he lay there he saw a vision which is said to have haunted him all his life. Strange forms floated before his eyes, and divine music swelled around him. Heaven, indeed, seemed to open her arms to this desolate child deserted by man. When he recovered his consciousness he saw a rag-picker bending over him, who, pitying the child, put him into the basket of rags and carried him to his own poor home. Thus Delsarte, afterwards crowned "King of Art," began his career in Paris as a rag-picker.

Three years later Père Bambini, an eminent professor of music, found the little boy in the gardens of the Tuileries, making strange characters in the sand. When asked what they were he replied: "Music; I have written the music of the soldiers." The old man, looking sharply at the signs, replied: "I am a musician, but I cannot understand these signs." He then asked the child to read them, whereupon Delsarte sang correctly with child-like simplicity the music just played by the band, pointing at the signs as he did so. Bambini grew more and more interested, and when the boy had finished, the master asked him who had taught him. "Nobody, sir; I found it out myself," said the lad. Bambini, deeply interested in the child, took him home and taught him until the pupil became greater than the master. At fourteen Delsarte entered the Conservatory, where, by careful study of nature, he soon discovered a method very different from that of his teacher. He had been at the Conservatory but a year when his great friend and teacher died, leaving Delsarte for the second time in poverty. Delsarte now determined to go upon the stage. His musical ability was finally recognized, and after many difficulties he was able to make an engagement with the manager of the Grand Opera, who offered him a good salary. Owing, however, to the failure of his voice, he was obliged to leave the stage just at the height of his success. He now devoted his life to private teaching and development of a system of expression based on nature. With this end in view, he studied anatomy and physiology, ob-

taining a perfect knowledge of the uses and capabilities of the muscles. This system was his most important work, and upon this his fame chiefly rests.

It was Delsarte's great discovery that the human body moves in accordance with universal laws, and that the force which prompts all motions is the soul. This force is of three kinds, corresponding to three states of being, which are thus translated into expression. When the force causes motion outward or from the body it is said to proceed from the physical nature, and is called vital; when it causes motion inward or toward the body it is said to proceed from the intellectual nature, and is called mental; and when the motion is neither from or toward the body it is said to proceed from the emotional nature, and is called emotive. In each person one of these three natures is predominant, and the other two are more or less subordinate. This accounts for the various types and characters of mankind. The question is often asked why this system is so little known. Delsarte left no account of his labors, since he wished to fully complete this system before he should give it to the public. His death in 1871 prevented, it is said, a visit to America, which he desired to make for the purpose of introducing here his method. It is greatly to be regretted that this plan could not be carried out, for there might thus have been some indisputable record of his works. As it is, the only record we have is the reports given of it by his pupils. Among Americans, Steele Mackaye stands first as the one who has done more toward the advancement of the Delsarte system than any other man. Of Delsarte, Mackaye has said: "This master possessed a method so perfect, a style so pure, a passion so profound, that none in all art is more noble or divine." Although such indifference was shown to his art by the French people, still sparks of his genius, like flickering flames, broke forth here and there, not to be entirely quenched, by the storm of adverse criticism, for his principles were founded upon truth, and "Truth will abide." E. M. D.

ACCORDING to Dr. Darwin and others, it takes a monkey thousands of years to make a man of himself, but a man can make a monkey of himself in a minute. We lead the world.—*Ex.*

MANITO.

Although the larger part of the Indian race occupy the Territories, yet here and there all over the continent are settled stray bands leading secluded lives, having very little to do with the outside world, but nevertheless affected somewhat by the civilizing influence of the palefaces, from whom they cannot flee.

These Indians do not desire closer intercourse with their white brothers whose busy lives are buried in the perplexities of our modern advancement. Simple-hearted children of Nature, they have within them something so akin to her, arising from long generations of unlimited intercourse with her every element, that they love her supremely, and seek her as she is, finding an answering sympathy in her even when she is most wild and wayward. Such a band may be found in one of the most picturesque retreats of our coast—a bold headland forming the western portion of Martha's Vineyard, and known by the name Gay Head, a name suggested by the brilliant coloring of the cliffs, which attract many visitors in summer, and which are of great delight and interest to geologists.

Beautiful Gay Head! Well is it chosen for the haunt of Nature-loving folk; for here Nature wears her rarest loveliness with an elusive charm which evades the touch of the most gifted artist so that this bright picture gemming the blue canvas of the Atlantic has never been adequately reproduced by the brush.

To one approaching the spot from the north its first appearance is a jagged outline, but as the traveller draws nearer he sees the cliffs one mass of vivid color—glowing crimson mingling with dull gold and shaded by a soft silver-gray, which, deepening and darkening in places, makes an effective contrast to the brighter hues. Near the landing the cliffs tower majestically a hundred feet above the sea, and the waves dash vehemently against the rocks bordering the coast. The ascent to the top of the cliffs is by a steep incline, and is usually made in an old-fashioned ox-team driven by the dusky inhabitants who have grown old in this service. Rocks abound in the road everywhere and occasion many a comfortless jolt of the cart, but no shade can be found on any side—only a great stretch of green grass and bright flowers, and

here and there the white tents and rudely-fashioned cabins of the natives.

Seen from the top, the broad sweep of lovely landscape, with its emerald hills and vales, ends abruptly, and far below the glorious ocean spreads its immeasurable blue until it seems to meet the distant skyline with a force which sends the crested waves wildly rushing and roaring back to shore again.

It is strangely fascinating to stand below at the foot of the cliffs and watch this fancied collision of sea and sky; and listening to the reverberating thunder of the great breakers, it almost seems that the sound echoes in the world beyond.

Many years ago, among the Indians at Gay Head, lived Manito, a youth with a passionate poetic nature and a soul in which the harmonies of wind and wave found fit response.

Manito, listening to the wild sea music, sometimes wondered whether it were not indeed true that the great outside world thrilled with it also, and when the wind swept shrilly around the rocks he liked to fancy that someone over there had heard, and that the gusty note was an answering cry.

Had he believed in the superstition common to his race, he might have thought that there was indeed a message for him in the voice of the winds and waters; but his was a more matter-of-fact age, and although he thought a good deal about this great, puzzling outside world, desired earnestly to go thither and learn about it, yet afterwards, when in a soberer and less dreamy mood, his pretty fancies about the responsive cry of the wind gave way to more practical thoughts.

Manito was the pride of the whole island: everyone loved and welcomed him. The sad death of his father and mother, who had been drowned at sea many years ago, had secured for him the sympathy of the islanders, so that he would have held a place in their hearts even had he been less clever and handsome than he was. He was quite worthy of all the admiration accorded him, having a noble nature and a loving heart. One of the most conclusive proofs of the sweetness of his character was his affectionate care for his grandmother, old Nokomis, with whom he lived.

Several years before his death Manito's father had in some way come into the possession of a

small violin, not a very valuable instrument, but an object of rare interest and priceless value among these rude people, most of whom had never seen anything of the kind before.

With this inheritance, which was about all Manito's father had left him, he was considered very rich; and he proved himself to be rich indeed in talent, for although entirely without any scientific knowledge of music, he yet knew how to coax exquisite harmonies from that old violin, as with a gentle caressing movement of the bow, with a delicate inimitable touch, he drew forth the most beautiful strains of melody that were ever heard.

To visitors he and his violin were always a source of as much interest as the island itself, and the Indians proudly pointed him out with as deferential an air as if he had been their little chief.

The sight of this young Indian Apollo pouring all the depth and love of his nature into his strange, wild music was to strangers something wonderful. They recognized that there was great genius in the lad, which, if cultivated, might one day startle the whole world.

Finally, one enthusiastic young musician, while on a short visit to Gay Head, chanced to hear Manito play, and in his delight immediately sought old Nokomis and begged her consent to his taking the boy away with him and giving him a musical education, telling her that it was wrong to deprive the world of so much genius.

Nokomis had heard many others say this thing before, and although she had always seen the pleading look in Manito's eyes, yet never for a moment did she consider the possibility of a separation from him, and always made the same reply: "When I am no more Manito may go; but I have given the sea my husband, my son and my daughter, and while I live it shall not have him." This was all that she would say, and Manito would then take his violin down by the shore and remain for hours listening to the voice in the wind as it shrieked among the rocks.

When Octave Sewall asked Nokomis for Manito there was something about the earnest young fellow's plea that appealed to her as such requests never had before. Perhaps it was because she had begun to realize most fully that this lonely far-away spot was not the place for the boy. He was old enough now to feel how superior he was to the

people among whom he lived, and she had long noticed that he loved to talk and to play to the visitors more than to anyone else; so she knew that he was not happy, and she understood what he meant when he talked of the voice in the wind.

Perhaps Manito had inherited some of the fineness of his nature from old Nokomis, who all her life had mourned for the degradation of her race. She was a lithe, active old Indian woman, straight as an arrow, with a deal of intelligence in her unusually fine-featured face. She mingled more with the visitors than the other Indians did, and they all regarded her with a sort of veneration, and loved to hear her tell of the wrongs and former glories of their race. There was some excuse for her dread of parting from Manito, for he was all she had, and she gave him a worshiping love such as her forefathers might have given Gitche-Manito, the master of life, from whom she had taken his name. To her he seemed a God-given heritage, and to think of ever losing him was like tearing the heart from her bosom. In some way, however, Octave Sewall had made her feel that this sacred trust was not for her alone, and that she was selfish in her love. Still she hesitated and bade him come again before she gave the final answer. He did come again and again, and poor old Nokomis met him each time with a haggard, troubled countenance, still undecided.

One day Manito led her down to the foot of the cliffs and found a nice seat for her hollowed out of the side of a large boulder. He sat down at her feet, and placing his violin on the sands beside him, laid his head in her lap. "Nokomis," he said, "I want to tell you something—something I have thought of oh! so much; but because I loved you I never would tell it before. Now I feel that I must." The old woman drew a quick, pained breath: he felt it, and clasping one of her nerveless hands in both his own soft, warm ones, continued: "Not that I love you any less now, Nokomis, but I know that I cannot keep this secret any longer. Ever since I can remember hearing you speak I have heard you tell again and again of the terrible injustice which has been done our people: how they have been wronged and persecuted, and because they persecuted in return, have been slain for it, and driven farther and farther away from the bright, beautiful land which is rightly

their own. I have heard of another race—one whose skin is dark like ours, who have also been wronged. They were made slaves to the pale-face, but they have been pitied, and I heard one of the visitors say that they were made free a short time ago. He said, too, that our race was a sadder one than theirs; for not only have we been enslaved, but robbed of our country as well. We are slaves every day of our lives—slaves to ignorance and to degradation, while the cowardly white thieves enjoy the blessings which it is right that they should have shared with us. And we thought them celestial beings! We know better to-day; and oh! Nokomis, when I see them coming among us here, and contrast them with our poor people, something like fire burns and scorches my soul: how I should hate—*hate*—HATE them all if I did not love God. Nokomis, you must let me go. You think it is for my music; but that shall only help me to plead for a poor defenceless people, and to show the world that they thirst for something more than ignorance and solitude."

In his excitement Manito had risen to his feet, and stood tall and straight before her. He had not said all this in irreproachable English; but it was just as eloquent as if he had. Nokomis looked at him with wide, astonished eyes, and saw in him the dawning hope of a dying race. His glance was riveted to a floating mass of white clouds slowly gathering above the sea. Suddenly, with a rapid movement, he caught up his violin. "Listen!" he said softly, his eyes still fastened on the clouds. "This is the story I will tell them." Sweet and low at first, the sad strains rose and fell, filled with a divine music: the very waves seemed hushed and listening; the wind died away into a soft accompaniment; and as the glorious notes grew fuller and richer, all the beseeching agony of a breaking heart seemed poured forth in marvellous melody. Now the wild notes swelled higher and higher; now, dying slowly, they broke into a pitiful wail of anguish; but ever the music grew in force and power, ever the passionate pleading in the liquid tones told its pathetic story so truly and well, that it might have brought tears gushing from the gray rocks, and would have melted the stoniest heart to love and pity. Never before had Nokomis seen him so grand and handsome, or known such grace and force in his touch. The rich crim

son glowed brightly in his bronzed cheek, the straight dark hair was blown back from his broad brow; his soul-lit eyes never once moved from the clouds in the sky over where the sea seemed to meet it, but grew larger and deeper as he ceased playing; and slowly raising his bow, he pointed to the place. "Look," he said, "there is the hand that is always beckoning me to go."

The mass of clouds had parted here and there: and melting into the blue ether, had left sharply outlined in the broad space what strangely resembled a human hand—all the fingers closed but the index, which seemed to beckon, as Manito had said. Nokomis arose now—her hands pressed against her beating heart; her eyes, full of shadows, fixed with the undying love of self-sacrifice on his face. "You shall go, Manito," she said.

And Manito did go. Octave Sewall bore him away in triumph to that great world he had prayed for so long. And Nokomis?—well, it was only a common sacrifice, after all; and she lived on as many another has done under similar circumstances; but she had all the love and longing of a mother's heart, this poor ignorant old Indian woman; and her loneliness was harder to bear, perhaps, than it might have been had she been younger, and could she have felt that life held something else for her than Manito. Yet she knew that it was right that he should go. He had stayed for her when his heart had not been there; and from time to time she heard such glorious tidings of his progress in the school where Sewall had placed him, and of the wonderful development of his musical talent under his master's instruction, that it gladdened her even if it failed to make her less lonely.

After a year or so he sent her his old violin, which had been replaced by a fine new one; and the captain who brought it to her brought also a little note written by Manito himself as a proof of his progress. In it he told her how he loved his work and his friend Mr. Sewall, and that in another year he would come to see her. She laid the violin and note away together, and if she sighed no one heard her, and no one noticed the shadows in her eyes which had come there when she bade him go. She never spoke aloud the words that re-echoed in her sad heart day and night—"Shall I ever see him again?"

At last the time for his return did really arrive which Manito had appointed.

Nokomis had grown old and weary during the days which had seemed to her so long; but on this particular day—the one before he was expected—she seemed suddenly to have regained all her former happiness and vitality. She made the little cabin bright with sea-moss, shells and bead-work of her own making; and when this was done she went down by the sea to rest for a short time before sunset. She did not see the sun set that night, however, for its golden light seemed suddenly swallowed up by a black rim of clouds which gathered over the horizon. A nervous fear chilled her heart as she sat and watched. She was sitting where she always did when she came down to the shore—in the hollow seat of the rock where she had sat that last day with Manito. A black cloud on the horizon was not so unusual a thing—Nokomis knew she was foolish to be frightened—but this one spread and grew larger and larger as she watched. "I am glad Manito won't come until tomorrow," she said to herself. For some reason she did not wish to go back to the house: this cloud cast a strange spell over her, and she waited until it had covered the whole sky as far around as she could see. Then the winds were bringing the waves with them—huge, white-maned, furious—and had Nokomis not been protected by the shelving ledge of the rock where she sat, and by several huge bowlders around her, she would have been carried off her seat by the force of the breakers; as it was, she was soon drenched by the salt spray scattered all about her.

In a few minutes the tempest broke in all its fury: it was the worst one Gay Head had felt for years. To this day many will remember it as the occasion of the dreadful wreck of the *Seaman*. All through that terrible night the Indians worked at the peril of their lives to rescue the perishing crew of the doomed ship, which went down in full sight of the island. They distinguished themselves so well by their daring courage that a handsome monument has since been erected there to commemorate their heroism.

Only a very few were saved from the wreck, and among them was Octave Sewall. He was found clinging to a floating mast-head after the storm abated, and was taken to the island in a life-

boat. His first inquiry was for Nokomis; then they remembered that no one had seen her for hours—not since some one had noticed her on the way to the foot of the cliffs.

Sewall went to this place to find her, and happened to stop in front of the very place where Nokomis had sat down. He stood there for a moment looking out over the wild waste of swollen waters, and his attention was attracted by a small shining object floating over the waves toward him. Sometimes it was lost to sight, but it always reappeared, and steadily came nearer. Finally it was tossed up on the sands at his feet; and picking it up, he saw that it was a small glass flask, such as is used by sailors. It was tightly closed with a rubber stopper, and inside was a tiny roll of white paper streaked with red. When finally he succeeded in getting the stopper out, he examined the paper, and found to his horror that the red marks were letters of blood, and this is what he read:

"I am on a sinking ship, and feel that I shall perish; but I want to send a last farewell to my dear grandmother, Nokomis, Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard. I want to tell her that I know I have done some good, and that our cause will not perish. We shall meet in Heaven.—Manito."

Sewall staggered back against the rock behind him with a cry of despair. Something made him look behind the rock; and there he found poor old Nokomis, leaning back against the cold stone, with that significant stiffening of the body which indicates death. But resting on her still, calm face, there was a smile of peace; and tenderly raising one cold hand, Sewall closed the stiff fingers over this last sad letter, stained with the life-blood of him she had met at last. "Poor old Nokomis," he said softly, "she will never again be separated from him."

PEN PICTURES OF GREAT AUTHORS.

We read of the marvellous power of an Aladdin's Lamp or of a Lyge's Ring; but can either of these compare in power with the magic of the pen? The Wizard of the Quill can in a few strokes of his little tool give us pictures which shall live in the hearts and memories of generations—a never-failing source of pleasure and of instruction.

Among the most interesting and delightful of books is Wallace's "Ben Hur." What wonderfully vivid and varied pictures its name brings up!

What a diversity of characters and modes of life are here portrayed!

Again steals over us the wonder of the sacred story—the birth, the miracles, the crucifixion of Christ; with magical shifting of time and place we cross the desert on the lurching camel, or loiter in the market-place near Joppa's Gate to watch the rank and file of nations pass—Egyptian camel-drivers, classic-featured Greeks, Roman soldiers, brawny gladiators, swarthy Arabs, Assyrians and Pharisees.

Once more we look with pity on Jerusalem held in the iron grip of Rome; or visit the Jewish homes, with their sculptured cornices, bolted gates, towers and terraces; or, thrilling in every nerve, sit in the balcony of its circus at Antioch, and amidst glowing colors and blaring trumpets, follow with straining eyes the mad rush of the chariot-race.

Scott has given us a whole gallery of splendid paintings. Especially are "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman" and "Kenilworth" rich in pictures of the old-world life of chivalry and warfare, and the canvases are bright with a score of fair ladies, with kings and knights, bringing back the days of tourney and crusade. We step freely among the stately dames and courtly gentlemen of the days of Good Queen Bess, but turn with a shudder from that dark tragedy of her reign, the sad fate of trusting Amy Robsart.

Again, with brimming eyes, as in childhood, we look at the darker and more pathetic scenes laid before us in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The old friends are still there—gentle Eva, poor Eliza and old Tom—silently protesting against that curse of their lives, slavery.

Helen Hunt Jackson gives us the moving panorama of the wanderings of Ramona and her Indian husband in search of a mountain-home where they may be secure from that persecution of his race which remains a blot on the annals of our country, which we have ever loved to call "the land of the free," but which Alessandro found to be the land of violence, wrong and flagrant injustice.

Dickens's lurid pictures in "The Tale of Two Cities" make us feel again the horrid fascination of mingling with the Paris mob during the French Revolution.

Our own Hawthorne takes the pen, and presently gives us that wonderful picture of a soul struggling with its indwelling evil. Hester and Little Pearl and the conscience-lashed young clergyman are less pictures than living realities.

Dear, delightful pages! transforming our imaginations into a "confusion of action, sound, color and things." Stories you are, and yet we may believe in you and be helped; for in your incidents, characters and scenes we read truths gained by long search and careful investigation.

But nobler yet your mission if, between your lines, one reads a spiritual lesson appealing to the inner self!

TRILBY.

No novel, recently written, has caused such discussions, or, has become so well known as has Du Maurier's "Trilby." Other works have been read and commented on, have had their run, and then have been forgotten; but "Trilby" has been read and criticised by press and people and has come out victorious, having won fame for its author, and for itself an enduring place in the memory of this generation.

Yet we sometimes wonder just what it is that is so very attractive about this work. In the first place it is a wonderful story, wonderfully written. There is something about Du Maurier's style that is strangely fascinating. He pictures his scenes so clearly and delightfully, and, after we have read the first few pages of the book, we see before us so plainly, the studio with all its appointments, and the trio of friends,—Taffy, with his splendid physique; the Laird, with his jolly Scotch good-nature, and Little Billee, with his manly beauty and winning ways. Having the ability to show us, with his pencil, the likeness that he has tried to draw from his hand, Du Maurier succeeds in giving to our minds a vivid impression of each scene and character to the last detail.

We have a most disagreeable sensation as Svengali enters that pleasant studio and comes in upon "the three musketeers of the brush," and we feel that his presence there bodes no good to them. He is portrayed as tall and gaunt, very shabby and dirty, and with those horrible yellowish-black eyes that possessed such peculiar mesmeric influence. And what a contradiction this man is in

himself! He has the most wonderful musical talent, and can greatly move others by his playing, but the sweetest strains, the most beautiful chords that he can draw from an instrument, awaken not one sweet thought in his mind or one tender feeling in his breast. Many people have been influenced by music to do the right and true thing, but Svengali is moved only by the thought of the money and fame it can gain for him. When he finds that Trilby has so wonderful a voice, though she does not know how to use it, he sets himself the task of teaching her, for he knows that through her he can obtain that which he covets more than anything else, fame and money.

Trilby herself has a very peculiar character in some ways, but there is much about her that is really sweet and womanly. She has a loving, unselfish nature that remains unspoiled through life, in spite of her unfavorable early surroundings. She has many faults, but so has everyone, and she is quick to acknowledge them, and to do her best to atone for them when they are pointed out to her. And she certainly shows herself strong for the right at last, when she gives up the one she loves better than life itself, because she knows that it is the right thing to do. By this same act she shows her unselfishness, for, rather than have the least shadow cast over the future life of Little Billee, she is willing to sacrifice herself by giving him up. She is one of the few women in fiction who seem really to love others better than they love themselves.

Much could be said about each character in the book, for each is a study in itself, all, however, seem to have this in common that they love Trilby. Taffy loves her truly, but he knows that though she looks on him as a true friend, her love is all for Little Billee. So he buries his own hopes and keeps on the watch, that no harm shall come to her which it is in his power to prevent. Especially quick is he to protect her from that man so distasteful to her—Svengali.

And scientists say that the story is impossible. Perhaps so, but certainly it is well known that some people have a strange influence over others; and may it not be true that this power is greater than has yet been discovered? Perhaps it may yet be found that not only is it possible for one who has the voice to sing, under the influence of

another who has the theoretical knowledge of music, but that far more wonderful things than that can be accomplished by this strange power of mesmerism, of which we are learning more and more each day.

G. P. W.

LOCALS.

THE Faculty gave the third reception of the year on Thursday evening, April 25th. Mrs. Curtis, Miss Witherbee and Miss Allen received the guests.

NELLIE RAWSON, who was called home by the death of her uncle, has returned to Boston to school.

ON Patriots' Day, April 19th, the seniors appeared for the first time in their new caps and gowns—very impressive and very dignified accessories to their seniorhood.

APRIL 8th was the occasion of a most side-splitting performance by the Darktown Lady Minstrels. The songs were very bright and funny, and many were the sallies of the end-women, who set the audience in a roar by their clever hits.

ON April 9th occurred the music rehearsal by the pupils of Profs. Hills, Davis and Goldstein and Miss Plummer. Miss Baker gave a very fine organ selection, Miss Cadmus played beautifully on the violin, Mr. Hills' pupils showed the effects of his fine training, and the choruses and solos were very good.

THIS was followed May 2nd by a rehearsal given by Mr. Hill's pupils alone. The program was well selected, and the girls did their teacher great credit. A reading by Ruth Cleaveland gave a pleasant variety to the entertainment of the evening.

VACATION ITEMS.

The winter term, which all Lasell girls thought would be so long, has really passed very quickly. At its close came the longed for spring vacation.

Those who remained at the school, remember especially the afternoon of April the tenth. They scarcely knew what to do with themselves, after so many of the girls had bidden them farewell and hurried off. The unusual quiet throughout the building made them feel lonely. This, however, soon disappeared, and all were happy and gay.

A few were so fortunate as to have their mothers with them during the vacation. This fact is a sufficient proof that to those girls the vacation was a very pleasant one.

What the girls did that week it would take long to tell, unless it be condensed into the statement, that most of them did as they pleased. To many Boston was a very attractive place. If one acquainted with the school had stepped into the dining room of the Adams' House at luncheon time, he would have been surprised to see the large number of Lasell girls present, and would have known immediately that vacation had begun.

During the week many places in Boston, of historical interest, were visited by various parties of the girls. The amount of shopping done was remarkable. New hats, gowns and shirt-waists were displayed at the school for days afterwards. Most of the evenings were profitably and pleasantly spent. On the second evening of vacation, the girls had a jolly time in the gymnasium. An orchestra had been engaged to furnish the music for those who wished to dance.

Prof. Bragdon offered many opportunities of attending the theatres, concerts, lectures and readings. The principal attractions at the theatre that week were, Sol Smith Russell and Stuart Robson. The Passion Music and the concert at which Nordica sang, were especially fine.

One thing which was desirable to make the vacation more delightful, was pleasant weather. Even on Easter Sunday it rained; but in spite of that, a number of girls attended church, and a few were as brave as to attend services in Boston.

The vacation passed almost too quickly. After a week of dissipation, the girls found it difficult to accustom themselves again to the routine of school life. Now all are looking forward to June. Then even those girls who have spent the vacations of this year at Lasell, may pack their trunks and start for home.

PERSONALS.

ELIA BACON, here in '75, and now Mrs. H. C. Houghton, writes concerning her daughter, who may come to Lasell next year. Mrs. Houghton speaks with motherly pride of her family of two boys and three girls, and of her happy home-life since leaving Lasell, of

which, she says, she has many pleasant recollections. It is always pleasant to hear from our old girls.

RUBY WHITNEY is very much better, but not entirely strong yet. She has had a long and tedious illness. We hope better things for her in future.

LOUISE WHITNEY, Mollie Taylor and Ava Rawleigh met by good hap in February—at a hop at Ann Arbor—and enjoyed a little chat together about old times and new times, so Louise says.

AND NOW comes the announcement that Jessie Ball is engaged to Mr. A. D. Rathbone, Jr., a young gentleman of fine social and business qualities. That of Marietta Rose, of '84-'86, to Mr. J. H. Green, of Newton Highlands, is also announced. The wedding is to be in the Fall.

EUGENIE HART, here in '86, from N. S., with her mother and Mrs. Scott, mother of our Elise Scott, made us a very pleasant call on May 2d. Our former pupil is looking well, has been travelling much since here. Had just come from Washington. Wanted to see Nan Peabody and asked many questions about old girls, and was delighted with the pictures and many improvements. Lila Coleman married her brother in June '92, and is in Halifax, N. S.

AT THE Cecilia concert we had pleasant speech with Daisy Curtis, of Medfield, who was at Evanston, Ill., two years ago and liked that charming home of our youth; and with Alice Mayo Hicks and Mr. Hicks, who looked blithe and hearty enough to please even our critical eye.

It is ONCE more announced that those very mature lovers, Miss Elizabeth Gardner, (class of '56,) and W. A. Bonguereau, will be married early in June. For the last decade their marriage has been postponed from year to year in deference to the wish of the master's mother, who is ninety-four years of age. It seems that the famous painter of nudes, who is passed seventy, and his American pupil and fiancée, who is over fifty, have at last decided to defy parental opposition.

ANNA BUSHNELL writes about a very happy home in Galt, Florida, where she has lived now for four years. She speaks of having been north last summer, but says that she found it impossible to call to see us, which we regret. She and Ellie are vying with others in trying to spoil Ida's sweet little Margaret, whom they now have with them, together with Ida herself. Her cordial invitation to come to see them tempts us to plan a southern trip some time or other.

FROM Grace Robb we hear a word about her own pleasant life, and somewhat concerning some of the other girls:

Mollie Taylor has been busy with King's Daughters' work recently; Harriett Scott is still with her sister in Omaha. Grace thinks that she would probably be with us in June, were it not that the journey from Toledo is long and tedious when taken alone. [Better come. We shall be glad to see you, Grace.]

OUR THANKS are due to Mand Shurtleff, who sent us, some days ago, a box of delicious maple sugar—the genuine article.

ALICE STEVENS—now Mrs. Benjamin Brown Osborn—called at Lasell a few weeks back, for the first time in several years. She lives now in Philadelphia, and is not quite so near us as when she lived in Portland, Me., in the old days. We wish we might see her more frequently; but the girls do get themselves scattered so all over the country, and we can't expect to see very often those who do not live near by.

MARY MARSHALL CALL and Louise Le Huray each write interesting notes about the last New York Lasell Club's meeting and luncheon, at Sherry's, April 27, but do not say much about themselves. The club seems to be flourishing, and its members enthusiastic.

A CLIPPING from a California paper, kindly sent us recently, gives a detailed account of the wedding of Miss Florence Dobbins and Mr. Thaddens S. C. Lowe, Jr., both of Pasadena. Mr. Lowe is the brother of our girls, Zoe (also recently married), Edna (bridesmaid at the above wedding), Blanche, Gussie and Ava.

CARRIE JOHNSON's wedding is glowingly described in another clipping just received. The

beautifully decorated rooms, the lovely costumes, the handsome presents have each their tribute; and there were many loving friends whose presence gave an added delight to the joyful event.

LASELL CLUB OF NEW YORK.

The pleasant "pink room" at Sherry's, where the Lasell Club of New York usually meets, was the scene of another delightful gathering on Saturday, April 27th, when the second annual luncheon of the club was given. Out of doors the sky was severely and unrelentingly gloomy, and the rain fell, too, with a truly disencouraging pertinacity that would have daunted anyone less loyal and whole-hearted than Lasell's "old girls;" but they were not easily to be dismayed. Enveloped in their mackintoshes, and with dripping umbrellas, but with smiling faces, they came by twos and by threes, until the bright and cheerful reception-room was well filled. Then the *portieres* were thrown back, revealing the daintily appointed table in all its glory, and soon all were seated, discussing at the same time the delicate viands provided and Lasell days and people—now lost to sight, but still to memory dear. There was but one regret, but that was shared by all—that Mr. Bragdon and Miss Carpenter could not be with us. Their presence would have added the crowning grace to our feast.

With the tiny cups of *café noir* came the toasts—none the less palatable because "dry"—proposed by the president of the club, Mrs. Call, and appropriately and pleasingly responded to as follows: "The Lasell of Auld Lang Syne," Miss LeHurray; "The Lasell of To-Day," Miss Fischer; "Lasell's Grandchildren," Mrs. Milbank; and "The Lasell Club of New York," Miss Healey.

After leaving the tables, bearing away pretty little souvenirs of the occasion, and another hour of pleasant social chat, the umbrellas and water-proofs re-appeared—all too soon—and the storm was braved again. It did all it could up to the very last moment to throw cold water on the whole affair; but in spite of its efforts no one was present who did not feel well repaid, and more than repaid, for coming.

A PRETTY WEDDING.

Do you remember, girls (of '94), that in our

discussions at the table last year concerning early marriages, Carrie Johnson was invariably of the opinion that a girl shouldn't marry until she had been out of school "for—oh, ages"? Yet on the seventeenth of April this same Carrie was one of the sweetest bride that ever plighted troth at the altar.

She was married at her sister's beautiful home, Milbank-on-Hudson. The ceremony was performed in the pink drawing-room, which was daintily decorated with garlands of pink roses.

The ushers came first, followed by the groom, Mr. John B. Miller, of Port Huron, Michigan, attended by his brother, Mr. Frank Miller; Louise Seybolt ('92-'93) and I, as bridesmaids, came next; then followed Miss Clara Miller, maid of honor, preceding the bride, who was led to the altar by her brother-in-law, Mr. Isaac Milbank. Her small niece and nephew were pages, and carried the ribbons.

Carrie wore white satin with duchess and point lace; her exquisite lace veil was held in place by a spray of orange blossoms.

It was just the beautiful wedding that we all knew Carrie's would be, and the sincere love and best wishes, not of her class-mates only, but of all Lasell, follow her to her Western home.

J. W. A.

ANNIE KENDIG'S TENTH.

Tenth what? You would not believe it. No more did I. But I had to. There she stood, resplendent, with the manly Silas Peirce, Jr., her chosen life-mate, in the brilliantly lighted parlors of their beautiful home, with superb flowers all about, receiving the congratulations of friends from near and far, and one had to believe that it was the same Annie who used to romp through our halls, the life of Lasell. Dr. and Mrs. Kendig received with them and Madame Carrie Kendig and Mr. Kellogg helped make guests welcome. The two children were fairies in the company, and cordial congratulations pour in on their account. The hours were from 4-6 and 8-10 P. M., and the house had all it could do to cover the nearly three hundred friends. May we be there on the silver and the golden anniversary and find Mr. and Mrs. Peirce cordial and winning as now.

C. C. B.

HONORED GUESTS.

Mrs. Bragdon entertained Dr. and Mrs. Kendig and Carrie and Annie with their husbands, and Rev. T. M. Bishop, their old and fast friend, at dinner on April 11. After the meal the most of the evening was spent in looking over the change in Lasell since Dr. and Mrs. Kendig were here, and the pictures on the first floor.

These have been favored with calls from members of their families: Misses Barker, Hutchinson, Ampt, Bucklin, Swope, Dickson, Flora Clark, Washburn, Slate, Ruth Kimball, Butterfield, Myrick. Former pupils: Lucy Curtis, Nora Westheimer, Edith Hall, Mrs. Osborn, (Alicia Stevens), Alicia Magoun, Elizabeth Eddy, Priscilla Parmenter, Grace Skinner, Mary Tupper, Julia Anderson, Anna MacKeown, Mrs. Fiske (Fannie Thomas), Mrs. Charles Billings (Mary Murdock) Mrs. Guilbert (Emma Sibley.)

NEW ARRIVALS.

Mary Paekard Cass (class of '89) and her husband, Mr. Arthur T. Cass, send us word that a little boy has come to them recently. He rejoices (or will, when he is older) in the name of Kingman Paekard.

Nannie Hogg Wynne has a baby-girl, to whom her mother thinks of giving the name Caroline Carpenter. Now, indeed, we may say of Miss Carpenter that "she bears her blushing honors thick upon her," and of Nan's choice, that it couldn't have been better.

Mamie Cole ('88), Mrs. L. D. Seaver, of Roxbury, gave birth, April 27th, to a son.

The Principal called on Alicia Tait Dolman's new baby the other day, and found a very nice specimen of humanity, digging its fist into its eyes!

Our congratulations to the parents of our new Lasell grandchildren.

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DEATHS.

Mrs. Jennie West Atwood, our beloved teacher of drawing and painting some years ago, has recently been bereaved of her husband, Daniel P. Atwood, who died April 11th, at their home in Portland, Me. They had been married about ten years. We sympathize with her in her distress.

Theodore Bogart died recently at his home in Milo, Me. He was the father of our Josephine Bogart (class of '89). Mr. Bogart was held in high esteem among his townsmen, and had filled several prominent offices in the State. To Josephine and her sister our hearts go out in sympathy.

Capt. Charles T. Haskell died at Winthrop, May 9, 1895. Auburndale has lost a good citizen, Lasell a good friend and the world a good man. Another of our sea-captains, of the old sort, has "come into port." When he finally gave up the command of his good ship Sontag—a few years ago only—he had to move down where he could smell the salt water; but until that time all returns from his long voyages were made to his beloved Auburndale. He brought Lasell many curiosities from the far East, which will ever be a memorial of his thought of her when in distant lands. We loved him.

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MARRIED.

Sophronia Thorn White ('80-'82) to John Loor Locke,
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Mr. and Mrs. Locke will live in Cambridge, Ohio.

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Mr. Shepherd, who returns soon from an eight months' trip to Europe, with a dozen or more ladies, has planned another tour for the Summer and Fall, and engagements are invited. The unusual success that has always attended Mr. Shepherd's excursions at home and abroad has been due to the very careful preparations made for the entire tour before leaving home; and the very best service and accommodations that could be obtained always supplied during the tour.

The price is fixed at a sum which secures the very best results in routes, sight-seeing and comfort. No money is spent for style, but the utmost liberality is shown to secure the objects of the excursion. The route will include England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, the Rhine, Germany, Vienna in Austria, Italy as far as Naples and Vesuvius, Switzerland, Paris and London. Mr. Shepherd will return to Europe June 22nd, from Boston.

A full itinerary will be sent on application to
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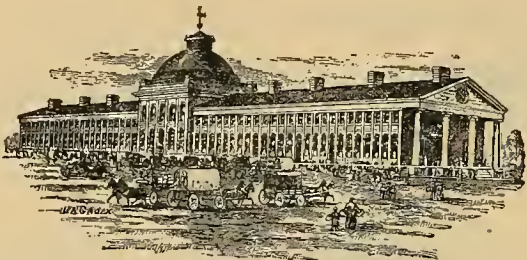
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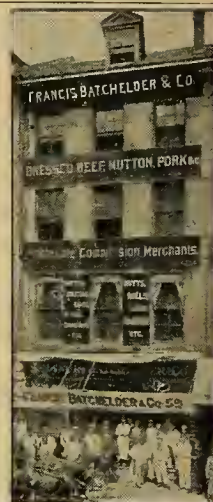
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI."

VOLUME XX.

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EDITORIAL.

"SCHOOL is over,
Work is done."

We have been anxiously searching about for some subject upon which an editorial appropriate both to the time and to the occasion might be written. One of more tact and literary force would, no doubt, speak of the many lessons to be gleaned from the experiences attendant upon Commencement week and point out in glowing terms the bright futures which are waiting for many of the girls. Again, we might sum up the occurrences of the school year which has just ended, with all its joys and petty disturbances and from that data deliver a long lecture upon the patience and forbearance which every one, and perhaps the school-girl in particular, should cultivate. But it is not our intention to write anything of this kind. The "dents" of this life which at times seem so overwhelmingly to hide the "do's" are important, but at commencement time when everything is so bright, and the prospects for the Summer so happy, one has not the heart to tire his readers with a long lecture. Rather, let us remember the kind words and beautiful thoughts which Dr. Hoss and Dr. Thirkield have given to us. Let us endeavor in all things, at all times and under all circumstances to show ourselves at least worthy of the esteem of all. We can not expect to go through life entirely without disappointment and sorrow. There is not one but has some enemies. But if we take for ours the beautiful ideal which has been presented to us this week, and steadily strive to elevate ourselves to its grand height, our futures, even though not wholly cloudless, will be greatly brightened, and the lives of those about us made more happy. With this thought in mind we can with all sincerity

repeat the closing quotation of the Commencement address, a quotation with which many are familiar, "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul."

HEARTY thanks is here given to those who have contributed to this number of the LEAVES. The last few weeks have been filled with hurry and work for all and it has been no little sacrifice for the girls to give up their moments of recreation for the writing of the articles.

A RAINY DAY.
(AN ANNEX GRUMBLE.)

You get up in the morning with a firm determination to be just as cross and disagreeable as possible, and you usually live up to your resolution. Everything goes wrong; you have left your umbrella on the bridge; there are holes in the heels of your rubbers; you can't carry your books and hold up your skirts at the same time, and so arrive at the Seminary in a most bedraggled state. If there is one day in the year on which you are to hear that your little brother has the measles, this is sure to be the day. The letter couldn't come on any other day; it would be a violation of the laws of nature.

When the recitations begin, things become even more interesting. You have studied the wrong French lesson, as a matter of course; if there is one question in the whole history lesson, the answer to which you couldn't find, that question comes to you; you spill all sorts of disagreeable things on your hands in the laboratory; and you go blundering and sneezing and frowning the whole day through till 5.30 brings the crowning delight, in the shape of your favorite abomination—a "boiled dinner."

Or, it may happen (it does occasionally) that towards the end of the afternoon it suddenly dawns upon you that everyone else looks gloomy and miserable, too; then, with natural perversity, you decide that you never felt happier in your life. You wonder how the girls can give way so to their feelings; you rejoice in the buoyancy of *your* disposition which lifts *you* above such little trials; and so finish the day in a most charming frame of mind.

"Our days our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."
Come rain,—come frowns, cross words, and all bad luck;
Come shine,—come smiles, no more we 'run a-muck.'"

M. C. R.

THE FOUNDING OF BOSTON.

Many people freely express their dislike for the narrow, winding streets of Boston, its intricate turnings and crowded business district, who never stop to think that these very discomforts are evidences of the city's greatest pride—its age. Perhaps there are some into whose hands this paper will fall who have never had brought to their attention the history and queer stories connected with the city that they have so often visited, and whose disadvantages they themselves possibly have been known to grumble about.

The founders of Boston were gentlemen—not sons of a decayed aristocracy, nor adventurers in search of gold, nor, again, wild searchers for the lost fountain of youth. They were, indeed, gentlemen of wealth, but they had sacrificed it to gain peace of soul and moral of principle. The little town of Boston, in England, whence these pioneers came, is a small place of little importance—in fact, rather more Dutch than English. The ancient name of this old town was Icanhoc, and the abbot of Icanhoe was St. Botolph, the tower of whose church for many years was used as a lighthouse, guarding the sailors on the North Sea to a safe haven. It was in this church that John Cotton preached for over twenty years; and when this independent spirit refused to conform to the ritual imposed upon the church, preferring to flee from his native land rather than to yield to what he believed to be wrong, the townspeople solemnly asserted: "The old lantern in St. Botolph's Church went out forever when Cotton left the town." By such men of true purpose and aim was Boston founded—men who had left nearly all their worldly goods for the sake of peace, and who came to kindle the lamp of religious freedom in all the Western world!

The first house that was built in Boston was situated on the west side of Beacon Hill—a lovely situation, overlooking the forests to the river Charles, the harbor and the pine-covered hills of the Mystic. Its sole inhabitant was William Blackstone, a royalist, a firm Episcopalian, who believed in the divine right of kings and disliked the Puritans. He was a graduate of Emanuel College, Cambridge—nearly all of the first settlers of Boston were college-bred men. Blackstone commenced his life as a clergyman, but came to America soon after the Pilgrims, and in

1623 built his little log hut in the wilderness, thus starting the city which was to spread over the three surrounding hills. A part of the emigrants who came over at the same time formed a settlement in Charlestown, but in the summer of 1630 a great sickness, which was attributed to the unhealthful water, broke out among the settlers in this region. When William Blackstone heard of this distress he invited several of his friends to remove to Shawmut, as Boston was then called, telling them how pure and life-giving were the springs at that place. The invitation was quickly accepted, and settlers from Charlestown and its environs came to build around the three hills. But the one who had extended this cordial invitation loved solitude too well to enjoy his neighbors: consequently he sold all his land to them, with the exception of six acres (from the top of Beacon Hill to the river, through which now Beacon and Mount Vernon Streets run), and removed again into the wilderness in Rhode Island. The Common was a part of Mr. Blackstone's farm, and Washington and Tremont Streets are said to follow "the windings of William Blackstone's cow." This could be easily believed, as the cow must have picked out easy paths without much regard to directness! It was further stated that the new dwellings were erected upon the paths made by Blackstone in his journeys about his farm.

These settlements on the Charles river were true Arcadias in comparison with many other places, for the Indians were peaceable and friendly, little sickness was known, few calamities; and thus the villages grew, stretching far along the banks of the winding river.

Gov. John Winthrop is the next important name in connection with the history of the founding of Boston. Little need be said of his life, for every one is familiar with this staunch old Puritan. From Salem he came to Charlestown, and thence to Boston, where he was twelve times re-elected Governor of the Colony, and three times chosen Deputy-Governor. His house was on Washington Street, just opposite the foot of School Street: the Old South Church stands on the ground that was part of his garden. Gov. Winthrop's settlement grew rapidly, and drew to it some of the ablest men that came to New England at the beginning of the great emigration. A church was opened, the

simple covenant of which may be seen now inscribed on one of the windows of the First Church, on Back Bay. Soon the new colonists decided that Boston would be the most appropriate place to hold public meetings and the General Court. Thus it was established in reality the centre of New England, and towards it all emigrants looked as to the centre of civilization.

An extract of the events of a single week, from the diary of John Winthrop will serve to show something of the life and interests of these first settlers:

Thursday, July 1st (1630).—The *Mayflower* and the *Whale* arrived safe in Charlton (Charlestown) harbor. Their passengers were all in health, but most of their cattle dead.

Friday, 2nd.—The *Talbot* arrived there. She had lost fourteen passengers.

My son, Henry Winthrop, was drowned at Salem.

Saturday, 3rd.—The *Hopewell* and *William and Frances* arrived.

Monday, 5th.—The *Trial* arrived at Charlton and the *Charles* at Salem.

Tuesday, 6th.—The *Success* arrived.

Wednesday, 7th.—The *Lion* went back to Salem.

Thursday, 8th.—We kept a day of thanksgiving in all plantations.

This journal shows how rapidly emigrants were arriving, and soon the surrounding towns of Medford, Watertown, Roxbury and Dorchester were added to the settlements which clustered around the centre, Boston. How plainly is shown the character and heroism of these old Puritans in the record for Friday. The noble man would have considered it selfish to dwell longer on his own griefs, but quietly suppresses them for the sake of others. Is it strange that with founders of such nobility of character, such true unselfishness and high purpose, Boston has grown to be one of the foremost cities of culture and refinement?

"Our ancestors have left no Corinthian temples on our hills, no Gothic cathedrals on our plains, no proud pyramid, no storied obelisk, in our cities. But sagacious enterprise is there; mind is there. . . . These are the monuments of our ancestors."—*President Quincy.*

"How pleasant it is to look at one's scrap book," said John L. Sullivan, as he perused his diary.—*Yale Record.*

"PAPA," said a talkative little girl, "Am I made of dust?"

"No, my child, if you were you would dry up once in awhile."—*H. S. Herald.*

DRILL DAY.

The morning of May 25th dawned bright and warm with a fresh breeze blowing—"a perfect day for drill," so everyone said.

All the morning between our recitations we spent in decorating every available place with red, blue and yellow bunting and innumerable flags, so that by two o'clock, when the guests began to assemble, the grounds presented a gala-day appearance and everyone seemed to be in a corresponding mood. We were not limited this year as to the number of our guests, for arrangements had been made to postpone the drill until Monday, if the weather should prove unfavorable on Saturday, so that when the time finally came, the side hill as well as the platform was covered with groups of interested spectators.

At about 2.15 the first bugle call was sounded and Company A assembled on the lawn and, after the formation of the Company, was drilled by Captain Lond. Company B followed, drilled by Captain Ray; then the Senior competitive squad, after this the Junior competitive squad, consisting of about thirty at first but at the third round reduced to four. Then Company C, composed of old members, went through the bayonet drill, commanded by Capt. Allen.

The exercises were brought to a close by battalion parade, at the end of which the banner and medals were awarded by Adjutant Locke, who congratulated the battalion on the good work it had done. Company A won the banner; Sergeant Pennell, Co. B, won the senior individual prize; Corporal Horton, Company A, won the junior individual prize. Honorable mention was made of Private Andreesen, of Company C, and Sergeant Goll, of Company A, in Senior squad; and of Corporal Watkins, of Company B, in Junior squad.

OUR EXCURSION TO HUNNEWELL'S GARDENS.

Monday morning, the 3rd of June, dawned bright and clear, giving us the prospect of a pleasant day for our excursion to Hunnewell's Gardens, in Wellesley; but about noon, when our party of twenty-five started off in the barges, the weather had so decidedly changed that a storm was expected. When we reached our destination it was

raining quite hard, but as we were prepared for this we were not hindered in our plans.

Hunnewell's Gardens are private grounds, which are kindly opened to the public, but no carriages are allowed entrance. Here are many lovely and rare flowers and many shady avenues. We looked more especially at the rhododendrons, azaleas and the Italian Garden. The rhododendrons, with their showy blossoms, were very beautiful. The Italian Garden is situated at the side of Lake Waban. Upon terraces rising from the shore are growing evergreen trees, cut into many unique and fantastic shapes. The numerous pyramids and cones remind one of a box of geometrical figures. From the summer-house at the top of the terraces some of the buildings of Wellesley College could be seen on the other side of the lake. The azaleas, although not at their best, and already beginning to fade, made a magnificent display. Regretting that we must leave these grounds, but rejoicing that the rain had stopped, and that the rest of the day would be more pleasant, we entered the barges and rode to Wellesley College.

Going at once to the main building, we were shown the library, in which some of the girls were studying; the large empty chapel, and reception-rooms.

Again entering the barges, we rode on to South Natick, formerly an Indian town. Here we saw the site of Parson Lothrop's church, his house, and the site of Sam Lawson's blacksmith shop—all well known to us through "Old Town Folks," written by Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose summer-home was here. We also saw the tree under which John Elliott preached to the Indians.

On our way home we passed the library given by Mr. Hunnewell to the town of Wellesley. At about 4 o'clock we reached home, very well pleased with our afternoon's excursion.

NANTASKET.

Though the afternoon of June 3 was decidedly cloudy and unpleasant, still the party who went to Nantasket proved satisfactorily for themselves that even stormy weather cannot mar the pleasure of a trip on the salt water.

On the way down the harbor, we saw the various forts which protect the entrance to the city; Fort Warren is the strongest now, Forts Winthrop and Independence having fallen into partial disuse.

A most interesting sight to us was the steamship "Venetian," wrecked a few months ago. The boat has a large crack in the centre, and now lies directly across the reef called the Hog's Back, where she was driven in a fog.

On our arrival at Nantasket, we took a carriage and drove around Jerusalem road whence we had many delightful glimpses of the ocean and also obtained a fine view of Minot's Ledge Lighthouse. After leaving the carriage, we wandered about the deserted hotels and beach until time to return to the boat.

The sail up the harbor was delightful, for there was a fresh wind blowing and the water rough enough to give a pleasant motion to the boat.

TRAIN REVERIES.

Upon the train I oft have seen a maid,
And sat behind her; yet she knows me not.
Beside her little self a cello's laid,
Of which I'm jealous, lying on the spot
Where I so fain would be; 't is not my lot.
Her hair as black as night, her dainty hat,
Her face, demure, her tender hands, have caught
Long since, my heart, when, all intent, I sat
Enraptured in the presence of a sight like that.

Beneath her chin, and nestling close to it,
Some violets breathe fragrance thro' the air.
They seem her soul's pure sweetness to emit;
And I, enchanted by this maiden fair,
Build dreamily my castles in the air.
I call her mine; I hear her sweet lips tell
In trembling tones the love beyond compare
She brings to me; the house wherein we'll dwell—
The cello, she, and I—I see. All's well. So well.

But ah! these day-dreams are of fragile kind.
The sudden stop abruptly calls me back
To earth; arrived in Boston now I find
The dream is o'er; again upon the rack
Of unrequited love myself I see.
Once more the whole world suddenly grows black,
For now my darling and her cello flee
Away, and "leave the world to darkness and to me."
—*Tuftonian.*

THE POSTSCRIPT.

He asked fair Maud to marry;
By letter she replied.
He read it—she refused him;
He shot himself and died.

He might have been alive now,
And she his happy bride,
If he had read the postscript
Upon the other side. —*Exchange.*

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

On Thursday evening, June 6th, occurred the annual Commencement at Lasell Seminary. All who have attended the concerts at Lasell know well what pleasure they give to those who attend. The gymnasium was brilliantly lighted and presented a very gay appearance, the young women wearing their pretty evening dresses.

The room was filled to its utmost capacity, many of the relatives and friends of the young ladies being present.

The programme rendered was as follows:

PART FIRST.

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| Chorus. Across the Still Lagoon,
The Mountains are Cold,
Fairy Song, | Loge
Brahms
Zimmermann |
| Orphean Club. | |
| Piano-forte Quartette Waltz,
Misses Horton, Avery, Hayden and Sawyer. | Hofmann |
| Vocal Duet. On the Moonlit Stream.
Misses Appel and Allen. | Giebel |
| Piano-forte. Scherzo in B flat minor.
Miss Hibberd. | Chopin |
| Song. Happy Days.
Miss Burroughs. (With Violin Obligato by Miss Cadmus) | Strelezki |
| Piano-forte. Capriccio, Op. 22,
Miss Cobb. (Accompaniment arranged from Orchestral score
and played by Mr. Hills. | Sterndale Bennett |
| Quartette. Consider the Lilies,
Misses Baker, Burroughs, Kessinger and Mr. Davis. | Toplif |

PART SECOND.

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| Organ Prelude in C. Minor Op. 37,
Miss Chapin. | Mendelssohn |
| Chorus. The Lotus Flower,
Cloudless Above the Heavens,
Come to the Moonlit Lake.
Orphean Club. | Rubinstein
Caracciolo
Giebel |
| Pianoforte. Valse Etude in E flat,
Miss Cushing. | Raff |
| Aria. Liete Signor,
Miss Baker. | Meyerbeer |
| Piano-forte Quartette. Tarantelle in D Flat,
Misses Bragdon, Cushing, Hibberd and Baker. | Dohler |
| Chorus. Expectation,
Orphean Club. | Hofmann |

Those who took part in the exercises of the evening were in excellent spirits, and they quite charmed their listeners, by the manner in which they rendered their selections. The careful training which the pupils of Mr. Hills, and also those of Mr. Davis receive, is very apparent.

The music of the new organ, or Vocalion, added to the enjoyment of the evening.

After one of the young women played a piece of Mendelssohn's, an organist of a city in this vicinity took his place before the instrument and rendered two selections.

Before the company dispersed, the Orphean Club sang "Auld Lang Syne" and the rest joined the chorus. Thus ended the evening.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The sermon before the Graduating Class of '95 was preached at the Congregational Church by the Rev. E. E. Hoss, of Nashville, Tenn. On the platform there were, besides Mr. Hoss, Dr. Wm. R. Clark, Rev. T. W. Bishop and Dr. Peloubet. The front seats were occupied by the members of the Graduating Class, who wore their caps and gowns, while behind them were seated the other students of the Seminary.

For his text Mr. Hoss chose John xiii. 15—
"For I have given you an example, that you should do as I have done to you."

"Even the Last Supper was marred by an unseen strife as to which should be greatest. In the modern world he is greatest who succeeds in reducing the largest number of his fellow-mortals to his own usages. In the Kingdom of God he is greatest who does the most to promote the welfare of others. When Christ washed the feet of His disciples He preached a sermon on humility; yet there are people who insist upon accepting His teachings only in accordance with their own narrow minds, as is seen in some of the customs still observed by the Greek and Latin Churches. This is nonsense, as the service performed by Christ was a real and actual one, as then recognized by Eastern practice; and although modern life has made some Biblical customs seem ridiculous and fantastic when viewed in the daylight of the nineteenth century, the spirit of true service is the same.

"It has been said that Christ's teachings place too little importance to the earthly side of religion. But remember the Good Samaritan, and that if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love his God Whom he hath not seen? The followers of Christ must realize that others have claims upon them. There is no life so empty as the one which is entirely devoted to selfish interest. We are debtors to all men, and our obligations to our fellows do not rest upon anything they have done for us, and for nothing that they can do against us can we set them aside. The expectation of reward for generous deeds shows selfishness, and those who look for a return are doomed to disappointment; for, with but comparatively few exceptions, the world has not recognized its heroes until they are dead.

"The blues are an indication of a moody selfishness or else of a selfish moodiness. The world is too busy to enter into a conspiracy against you, and what you need is to bring aid to some desperate human creature. This is what our Lord meant when He said: 'It is better to give than to receive.' It is said that those who humble themselves shall be exalted. If not below the stars, then above them, an unselfish life will bring promotion.

"Opportunities for service belong to all, and to no time more than the present. It is a mistake that chivalry is dead and that saintship is a myth of bygone days. God makes our duties for us, and adapts them to bring out the best there is in us. It is the height of folly to complain because our circumstances are not different. It is fighting against God, and by it we reduce our lives to nothing more than empty pageants.

"Woman especially is called upon to subordinate her own preferences and to give her life for others, and although there may be exceptional cases where women are fitted for professional purposes, the majority are likely to find their places in quiet homes. Mrs. Browning says that poets are the only truth-tellers, and in accepting this we must admit that the life of a true wife and mother is one ideal enough for the most ambitious."

CLASS NIGHT.

On the evening of June 10th the brilliantly illuminated grounds of the Seminary announced that Class Night had really come and that now the pleasures of the occasion to which we had all looked forward for so long a time, were to be realized.

The Juniors had worked hard all day gathering daisies and ferns for the indoor decorations and in consequence of their labors the dining-room where the exercises were held presented a very attractive appearance. The platform was prettily banked with ferns and daisies; and the banner of purple and gold, the class colors, was hung at the right of the platform and draped with smilax.

The dining-room was filled with an eager and attentive audience, among whom were the fond parents of several of the Seniors.

Promptly at eight the Seniors, wearing their caps and gowns, marched down the hall in single file, and after taking their places on the platform,

began the programme with the class song, the words of which were composed by Miss Helen B. Morris and the music by Miss Katherine Belle Bragdon: both words and music were very fitting to the occasion, and the class sang it in a very pleasing manner.

The programme was as follows:

Class Song.	Alice Andreesen
Roll Call,	Mabel Catharine Taylor
President's Address,	Frances V. Fairchild
Class History.	Caroline Ladd Steel
Guide to Life at Lasell,	Alice Andreesen
Piano-forte Solo,	Grace E. Lond
Lasell Leaves,	Richard Harding
Recitation. "The Hungry Man was fed."	Grace Louise Allen
Davis,	Sara A. Bond
Donations	
Song of our Miseries, or; we had to Complain.	Mabel M. Lutes
Mrs. Lincoln's Cook Book, revised,	Sara Hayden
Prophecy,	Mabel W. Sawyer
Good-bye,	
Out-door Exercises.	
Oration,	Katherine Belle Bragdon
Burning of Relics,	Dorothy M. Manning
Presentation,	Helen Billings Morris

The girls all did finely and everything passed off well.

In connection with the prophecies there was a new feature introduced which was that of stereopticon illustration. This made the prophecies doubly interesting and exceedingly enjoyable for all.

Miss Mabel Sawyer had the hard task of bidding teachers and mates farewell but she was equal to it, as may be seen below.

After this the Seniors marched out amid great applause, and when we next saw them each one was accompanied by a Junior as torch-bearer, and they were winding their way through the grounds to the little house on the hill which the class dedicated to the Juniors as a place of seclusion in which to hold their meetings next year.

The Burning of Relics was then witnessed, after which a rocket was suddenly sent up, causing some of the spectators to start back in fright.

Last of all came the presentation to the school of a beautiful ornamental lamp, which was placed at the entrance of the grounds, and bore in a pretty scroll at the top the figures, "95".

After this the time was spent in promenading about the grounds while the orchestra sent forth sweet music. All seemed to enjoy themselves to the fullest degree, and surely of all the happy days spent at Lasell the girls consider this the happiest. At a late hour they reluctantly bade their friends adieu, and thus ended Class-Night at Lasell.

N. M. B.

THE CLASS-NIGHT GOOD-BY.

BY MABEL W. SAWYER.

When a girl first enters upon her course at boarding-school or college, it is with a certain awe that she looks upon the Seniors—perhaps because she is impressed by their dignity, or possibly because she longs for the *superior privileges* which they enjoy. At anyrate she wonders whether she will ever attain so lofty a position.

These were our feelings when we first entered Lasell; but time sped away so rapidly that before we realized it, and long before we reached those heights of knowledge towards which we were pressing, we awoke to the fact that we were Seniors. But we found what others before us have found—that not even a Senior-year will tarry a day longer than its allotted space; and all too soon have we, the class of '95, come to our class-night, when we must say "good-by" to dear Lasell, to our teachers, and to our fellow-students.

Our troubles have been met and overcome or forgotten; difficult tasks accomplished, and to-night we stand looking into the future, knowing not what it may hold for us. If the words of our Prophet be true, each of us will have a brilliant future; but alas! prophecies sometimes fail. Our education is by no means finished—"Education is a life-work, and not a matter to be crowded into a few early years." We have greater lessons yet to learn—many lessons that must be lived in order to be understood. We have gained here what will help us in meeting life's struggles, and now that we are about to leave our Alma Mater we realize how dear to us she has become.

In saying our farewell word to you, Mr. Bragdon, we feel that we are parting not only from our principal, but our friend—one whose kindly care over us has been such as few would give; one to whom we cannot be too grateful. You have watched with unfailing interest our progress; you have been ever ready with counsel and advice, made the more helpful by your knowledge of our individual needs. Though miles may separate us, as we leave our Lasell home, be assured that you will always hold a place in the heart of each member of the class of '95.

To you, Miss Carpenter, it is hard to express our feelings as we come to say good-by. How many shortcomings you have overlooked in us!

How many times have you spoken the encouraging word that has carried us over numberless rough places! The good counsels which you have so often given we shall take with us through all our lives, and we shall be better women for having been with you.

To you, our teachers, also, we must say a parting word. Any words telling what we have been are needless: you know only too well. How many have been our misdoings! We realize now what a hopeless task was set before you in our reform; but although we have not, under your patient guidance, put aside all our faults, we hope that enough that is praiseworthy and worth remembrance may have made itself visible in our characters to allow us to trust that you will reverse in our favor the usual order of things, and let the good that we have done live after us, and kindly inter the evil—not, perhaps, with our bones, but with this our word of good-by to you.

Dear fellow-students, we can but have a feeling of sadness as we realize that our schooldays together are over. We have rejoiced with each other in joy and sympathized in sorrow, and now our best wishes go out to you. We hope to be remembered by you as kindly as you will ever be by us. Hereafter, as the memories of our Senior-year return, among our pleasantest thoughts of it will be that of the kindly feeling which has this year existed between your class, Juniors, and ours. You will step into our places—I had almost said, in the good old phrase, our mantles will fall upon your shoulders; but that would hardly apply in the present case, for our precious gowns, the right to which we have won by hard labor, are much too dear to our hearts to be left behind us as a legacy, even to the Juniors of '95. No, we shall take them with us to show to our friends, as the imperator in old Roman times showed the trophies of his campaign to the citizens on the day of his triumph. Though you may step into our places, do not take us for your example: we have made many mistakes, yet "every failure teaches a man something if he will learn." It is our wish that the same success that has characterized your efforts in the past may always attend them in the future.

Classmates, we are nearing the time when we must part—henceforth our paths diverge; but may we go forth resolved that, to whatever position in

life we may be called, we will do our work faithfully, remembering that it is only through our own efforts that the greatest heights can be attained, for "Palma non sine labore est." May our lives be as rivers of sweet and blessed influence, bringing to all they touch purity and beauty; so that when we graduate from life's great school we may hear the words of commendation: "Well done."

Dear old Lasell, must we to you, too, say good-by? We do it reluctantly; but it is not a final farewell, for—

"We leave, like those volcanic stones,
Our precious Alma Mater;
But will keep dropping in again
To see the dear old crater."

THE SENIOR RECEPTION.

The closing exercises of any school are the pleasantest part of the year, and even the most homesick girl finds herself fully repaid then for all her hard work. Especially is this so at Lasell. Among our long to be remembered festivities this year, not one was more enjoyed than the Senior reception given Tuesday evening of the Commencement week.

At a little before eight o'clock the Juniors, as usual, took their places in the hall to act as ushers, and for about an hour were kept as busy as possible showing the guests this way and that. The folding doors joining Mr. Hill's room with the small parlor, and also those between the large parlor and Mr. Davis' room were thrown open in order to accomodate the numerous guests. They were received by Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon and Miss Taylor, the president of the class.

All during the evening a band stationed at the end of the hall sent delightful strains of music to the ears of all present. But the guests were not confined to the parlors alone; the chapel, gymnasium, and front porch afforded ample room for promenades. Indeed it would have been hard to tell which did look prettier—outside or indoors, for the lawn was beautifully decorated with electric light globes, and over the entrance was an arch, from one side of which "Welcome" beamed upon all those coming, and from the other, "Good-night" shed its benignant rays upon the departing guests. Refreshments were served in the dining-room, the Juniors then acting as waitresses. Everyone had such a delightful time that it was with heavy hearts that the guests bade farewell to their charming hostesses—the class of '95.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Shortly before eleven o'clock, the long line of students formed in the reverse order of classes, escorted the Seniors of '95 to the Congregational Church where the Commencement address was given by Rev. Wilbur P. Thirkield, D. D., Dean of the Gammon Theological Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., who married some years ago, one of Lasell's daughters, Miss Mary Haven, and who, therefore, was made especially welcome on this, the twenty-first anniversary of Prof. Bragdon's administration.

The subject chosen was "Womanliness", and he began by paying woman a glowing tribute. "Woman is the crown of creation", said he. She is made of more delicate fibre and endowed with finer sensibilities and greater spiritual perception than man and is therefore especially adapted for refining and ennobling the life of the human race.

He then proceeded to develop his ideal of the perfect woman. He made her discovery and knowledge of her own personality the foundation of her future character. When she comes to the realization that she is "I", that she is endowed by God with a soul and mind peculiar to herself, that there is somewhere in the world a place for her, which she alone can fill, however imperfect the dawning conception may be, she has, nevertheless, laid the true corner-stone in the building of her womanly character.

Education is the most efficient aid in the development of this discovered personality, but it must be remembered that it is a development of latent powers and not a means of adding something to these powers from without. "Woman", says Emerson, "is an endogenous plant, and grows from within outward." Three attributes must be gained by the ideal woman. The first, self-knowledge, comes from a whisper of the divine within, which she alone recognizes in her inner consciousness; second, self-reverence, which grows from the knowledge of herself as a thing divinely appointed to a special mission; last, self-control, gained through education. Self-control does not mean, however, the smothering of all passion. "It is not suppression, but rather expression."

A life without a purpose is never a noble one. The woman of such a character ought to be classed with the invertebrata; she wobbles through life as if apologizing for her existence. He compared her

to the hand of some of Dickens' characters, a soft and flabby thing—when one has it, one does not know what to do with it.

Much has been said about woman's sphere, and the limitation of her vocations. She is surely capable of entering all departments requiring skill of intellect or of hand. Then let her sphere, so-called, extend around the globe and even to the stars, but let her not forget that in the home lies her noblest and most effective work, and that from this apparently contracted circle she molds the destinies of the world.

Hand in hand with this purpose, definite and determined, must go a courage that shall carry her past every obstacle and hindrance on life's journey.

Finally the ideal woman must look continually upward, realizing from whence cometh her help, and holding fast to faith, the faith in Jesus Christ, whom she serves.

In conclusion, addressing especially the young ladies of the graduating class, he said that he could give them no better admonition than that they should make it their chief aim to reach the ideal of true womanliness.

Prof. Bragdon, after extending a cordial welcome to all present gave a few statistics regarding the attendance and membership during the last twenty-one years.

Total number of students 1631. Number married 524. Number deceased 66.

Total number of students from each state—New England—Maine 73, New Hampshire 56, Vermont 14, Massachusetts 549, Rhode Island 12, Connecticut 75, total 779; Middle—New York 154, New Jersey 22, Delaware 2, Pennsylvania 69, total 247. Southern—Maryland 13, Virginia 8, North Carolina 3, South Carolina 2, Georgia 3, Florida 7, Louisiana 4, Texas 21, Arkansas 3, Tennessee 2, total 66. Central Western—Illinois 117, Ohio 102, Missouri 51, Indiana 41, Michigan 39, Iowa 36, Wisconsin 23, Minnesota 14, Kentucky 4, total 427. Western—Colorado 39, Kansas 15, Nebraska 15, California 8, Montana 7, Dakota 4, Utah 3, Oregon 3, Washington 2, Wyoming 1, total 97. District of Columbia 19. Number East of Mississippi 1409. Number West of Mississippi 226. Miscellaneous—Canada 6, Hawaiian Islands 3, Nova Scotia 2, Turkey 2, New Brunswick 1, India 1, West Indies 1, total 16.

After which, the class of '95, responding to the roll-call, arranged themselves in a semi-circle around the altar rail. In a few words he reminded them that they had in their keeping the honor of Lasell. Then he presented the diplomas.

After the congratulations were over, the students and friends adjourned to the grounds of the Seminary where luncheon was served on the lawn to over 500 persons. The pleasures of the day closed with a meeting of the Alumni in the chapel, and their luncheon on the lawn.

FORMER PUPILS HERE AT COMMENCEMENT.

Miss Mary P. Jones, 1856—Newton, Mass.
 Mrs. Mary Murdock Billings, 1856—Newton, Mass.
 Miss Martha E. Stone, 1856—Newton Centre, Mass.
 Miss Charlotte A. K. Bancroft, 1857—Wellesley Hills, Mass.
 Mrs. Flora Drew Sampson, 1857—Newton, Mass.
 " Isabel Jennings Parker, 1857—Auburndale, Mass.
 " Adelaide Sears Gilman, 1857—Newton, Mass.
 " Maria Warren Hayden, 1858, and two children—East Hartford Conn.
 " Caroline Hills Leeds, 1861—Newton, Mass.
 " Rosella Perkins Cook, 1866—Natick, Mass.
 " Helen Packer Evans, 1866—Worcester, Mass.
 " Alice Packer McKinstry, 1866—Winnebago, Minn.
 " Fanny Barker Coffin, 1868—Newton, Mass.
 " Lunette Holbrook Lathrop, 1871, and one child—Elizabeth City, N. C.
 " Ella Richardson Cushing, 1873—Waltham, Mass.
 " Frances Maynard Wallace, 1874—Nashua, N. H.
 Miss Marion E. Gilmore, 1876—Cambridge, Mass.
 Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg, 1879—Roxbury, Mass.
 Miss Lucy E. Curtis, 1880—Rockland, Mass.
 Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce, 1880, and two children—Roxbury, Mass.
 " Anna Lovering Barrett, 1881—Washington, D. C.
 " Gertrude Rice Thayer, 1881, and one child—Alston, Mass.
 " Annie Bragdon Winslow, 1882, and one child—Auburndale, Mass.
 Miss Jessie J. Macmillan, 1882—Hopkinton, Mass.
 M. s. Carrie Wallace Hussey, 1882—Wakefield, Mass.
 Miss Lillie M. Packard, 1883—South Boston, Mass.
 " Annie Wallace, 1883—Rochester, N. H.
 " Grace P. Durfee, 1883—Marion, O.
 " Florence S. Durfee, 1888—Marion, O.
 Mrs. Lillie Fuller Merriam, 1885, and two children—South Framingham, Mass.
 Miss Varietta Rose and —, 1886—Natick, Mass.
 " Maude Oliver, 1889—East Saugus, Mass.
 " Susan C. Richards, 1891—Weymouth, Mass.
 " Anna Staley, 1892—Kansas City, Mo.
 " Nellie Richards, 1893—Groton, Mass.
 " Carrie T. Manning, 1894—Orange, Mass.
 " Lotta J. Proctor, 1894—Waterville, Me.
 " Harriett G. Scott, 1894—Wyoming, Ill.
 " Gertrude Sherman, 1894—Wollaston Heights, Mass.
 Mrs. Caroline Coburn Briggs, 1886—Attleboro, Mass.
 " Margaret Noyes Otis, 1874, and two children—Andover, Mass.
 " Mary Haven Thirkield, 1874—Atlanta, Ga.
 Miss Myrtis Barton, 1888—Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. Minnie Ransom Wagner, 1874, and two children—Auburndale, Mass.
 " Mary Gillingham Noble, 1879—Boston, Mass.
 Miss Alice E. Burr, 1893—Hartford, Conn.
 " Mary K. Wales, 1874—Winthrop, Mass.
 Mrs. Fanny Baker Bonner, 1880, husband and one child—Montreal, Canada.
 Miss Marion Fessenden, 1892—Townsend, Mass.
 Mrs. Louise Best Cunnock, 1880, husband and two children—Chicopee, Mass.
 Miss Rosa Best, 1888—Merrick, Mass.
 " Mary B. Busell, 1890—East Boston, Mass.
 " Elizabeth McEchron, 1892—Glens Falls, N. Y.
 " Sadie Burrill, 1892—Ellsworth, Me.
 Mrs. Anna Marbold Wernsing, 1879, mother and brother—Greenview, Ill.
 " Inez Bragg Johnson, 1887, husband and one child (the youngest Lasell grandchild present)—North Cambridge, Mass.
 " Josephine Tichenor Knotts, 1886—Kansas City, Mo.
 Miss Mary Snow, 1879, Auburndale, Mass.
 " Mary F. Lathrop, 1890—Malden, Mass.
 " Elinor K. Chamberlayne, 1874—Montclair, N. J.
 Mrs. Amie Kelly Adams, 1875—Haverhill, Mass.
 " Anna Seeley Springer, 1880—Newton, Mass.
 Miss Josephine Adams, 1877—Somerville, Mass.
 " Clemantina Butler, 1880—Newton Centre, Mass.
 Miss Katie Gibbons, 1885—Paris, Tex.
 Mrs. Grace Fribble Pennell, 1879, and husband—Portland, Me.
 " Ida Simpson Bushnell, 1887—Providence, R. I.
 Miss Grace A. Johnson, 1892—Springfield, Mass.
 Mrs. Eliza Parsons Marden, 1882—Springfield, Mass.
 " Wheatie McDonald Farley, 1875, and husband—Waltham, Mass.
 " Emma Howard Hartford, 1878—Watertown, Mass.
 Miss Alma Hubbard, 1889—Wheeling, W. Va.
 " May Stafford, 1885—Decatur, Ill.
 " Lizzie Ryder, 1884—Auburndale, Mass.
 " Ellen Williams, 1876—Auburndale, Mass.
 " Clara White, 1883—Brooklyn, N. Y.
 " Minnie Nickerson, 1882—Newton Highlands, Mass.
 " Ellen Fiske, 1885—Natick, Mass.
 " Ruth Seiberling, 1892—Akron, O.
 " Emma P. Choate, 1890—Brockton, Mass.
 " May Merrill, 1881—South Framingham, Mass.
 " Blanche Merrill, 1888—Manchester, N. H.

Miss Margaret Morse, 1890—Leominster, Mass.
 " Mabel Morse, 1890—Leominster, Mass.
 " Anna MacKeown, 1893—Malden, Mass.
 " Edith Brodbeck, 1893—Charlestown, Mass.
 " Alice Houghton, 1892—North Adams, Mass.
 " Maud Shurtleff, 1893—Montpelier, Vt.
 Mrs. Nellie Packard Draper, 1884, and one child—South Boston, Mass.
 " Alice Mayo Hicks, 1876—Needham, Mass.
 Miss Edna Makepeace, 1893—Attleboro, Mass.
 " Jessie Hayden, 1882—East Hartford, Conn.
 " Grace L. Harrison, 1894—Minneapolis, Minn.
 " Florence Wyman, Bangor, Me.
 " Frances Tupper, Stillwater, N. Y.

Among these a good many came from considerable distances to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the present management. How welcome all were they could hardly guess from the scant personal attention possible on the great day—so crowded with friends and pressing duties connected with the closing of school and the too few hours of their stay. But we assure them the Principal's heart was gladdened and strengthened by every one. We only wish they could have stayed until the leisure of succeeding days gave us time to have a "good talk" with each. But now, girls all, women of power and centres of good in your homes, write, and let us keep acquainted by pen with your doings. Your joys are ours: your trials we would fain share: our love is yours for aye.

Anna Marbold and Lu Gillingham had not been back since 1880, and were filled with wonder at the changes. Anna reports three bright boys at home in Illinois. She came again after Commencement, and we drove about.

Grace and Florence Durfee stayed a few days, just as was nice to do, and rejoiced our hearts by their sweet womanhood. They went to see Inez Bragg from here, and Nina Bartholomew—having visited Jennie Johnson at Yonkers, on their way hither.

Else Doepke and sister stayed a bit after, also Sade Farnsworth and sister and mother, giving us a welcome chance to better our acquaintance.

Bess Bailey was the last to give us the comfort of her presence, awaiting her cousin's home-going from the Conservatory.

REGRETS.

In answer to the invitation sent out by Mr. Bragdon to the "old girls," to come with husbands and children, to help in celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of Lasell under his management, came from here and there notes of regret—time and distance and circumstances too often preventing the

coming of those whose presence here would have made the day even more enjoyable than it was. To have their kind wishes and hearty helpful words is much; but to have had themselves, their good husbands and frolicking children would have been more. Letters have come, thus far, from Bertha Hax Foreman, St. Joseph, Mo.; Annette M. Young, Danielsonville, Conn.; Minnie Sherwood, Painesville, O.; Miss Chamberlayne, Boston, Mass.; Miss LeHuray, Summit, N. J.; Mrs. Ida F. Burke, Middletown, Conn.; Lottie Eddy, Bay City, Mich.; Lorena Stone, W. Brattleboro', Vt.; Alice Linscott Hall, Springfield, Mo.; Carrie Brown Cassell, Denver, Colo.; Sarah Belcher, Freeport, Me.; Annie Howe Shipley, Lafayette, Ind.; Mary B. Davis, Boston, Mass.; Mabel Hutchinson, Boston, Mass.; Annie M. Gilson, Winthrop, Me.

OUR OWN GRANDCHILDREN.

Apropos to this anniversary year it is interesting to note that next year Mr. Bragdon's own Lasell pupils will begin to send their daughters. Ella Bacon Houghton, here in 1877 from Bridgeport, Conn., and Louise Hawley Sanders, here in 1875, from Aurora, Ill., are the pioneers. Mrs. Houghton lives in Red Oak, Ia.; Mrs. Sanders in Southbridge, Mass. We welcome their daughters with special cordiality.

VISITORS DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

Mrs. Isaac Stephenson,	Marinette, Wis.
" Myron Dickson and son,	Martinsville, Ind.
" Hierman,	"
" L. H. Murphy and son,	Portsmouth, O.
Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Hammond and son,	Chicago, Ill.
" W. A. Batty,	Attleboro, Mass.
Mrs. James H. Cameron,	Fall River, Mass.
Mr. S. R. Briggs,	Somerville, Mass.
Mrs. J. E. Clark,	Northampton, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Brouson,	Ottawa, Ont.
Mrs. A. S. Wetherell,	Exeter, N. H.
Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Lutes,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. H. T. Whitman,	Wollaston Heights, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Clapp,	East Weymouth, Mass.
Mrs. A. J. Richards,	Weymouth, Mass.
" L. H. Josslyn,	Manchester, N. H.
" S. Farnsworth and daughter,	Council Bluffs, Ia.
Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Clark,	Worcester, Mass.
" " " F. B. Watson,	Spencer, Mass.
Mrs. John J. Cruikshank,	Boston, Mass.
Mrs. B. C. Evans and son,	Fort Worth, Tex.
Mr. C. F. Ginn,	Belfast, Me.
Mrs. Eliza Smith,	Holyoke, Mass.
Mrs. Eva Kimball,	Clarinda, Ia.
Mr. Perley Lowe,	Chicago, Ill.
" and Mrs. Herbert Lond,	Everett, Mass.
Mrs. A. J. Ferris,	Swanton, Vt.
" J. B. Fairchild,	Marinette, Wis.
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bond,	Boston, Mass.
" David Carlisle,	Passaic, N. J.
" and Mrs. H. B. Wilson,	New York, N. Y.
" Irvin Cadmus,	Jersey City Heights, N. J.
" and Mrs. A. W. Orton,	Rome, N. Y.
" " " C. M. Howe,	Passaic, N. J.
Mr. W. H. Maunings and son,	Dayton, O.
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Allen,	Omaha, Neb.
Miss Lizzie Allen,	"
Mrs. Cleaveland,	"
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Andreessen,	"

Mrs. W. P. Hubbard and son,
Mr. Charles W. Bucklin,
" and Mrs. C. T. Taylor,
" " C. M. Sawyer,
Miss Alma Doepke,
Mrs. Bishop,

Wheeling, W. Va.
New York, N. Y.
Omaha, Neb.
Dexter, Me.
Cincinnati, O.
Omaha, Neb.

LOCALS.

MRS. NORTON gave the last of her series of lectures on Sanitation on Saturday, May 11th. It was illustrated by stereoscopic views.

MADemoiselle LeROYER and her pupils received on Thursday evening, May 9th, in the gymnasium. After some time spent in pleasant chat (en français, s'il voir plait), a program of French songs and readings was given.

INSTEAD of the regular political economy lesson one day last week, Dr. Steele delivered, before his class and a number of the art students, a lecture on "Economy in Art."

MISS VILLA WHITNEY WHITE gave a most delightful concert on the evening of May 30th in the gymnasium. She was assisted by Mr. Eric Holt, a skilled violinist, and Miss Eckman, who played the pianoforte accompaniments charmingly. Miss White is a great favorite at Lasell, and her concerts are looked forward to with much pleasure.

THE LASELLIA CLUB gave a most successful entertainment on Saturday evening, June 1st. The programme was as follows:

SELECTION BY BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUBS.

Ye Maiden of Ye Olden Time,	Miss Bucklin
Ye Maiden of Ye Modern Time,	Miss Sawin
Night and Her Child Sleep,	Miss Lewis and Miss M. Wilson
Looking Backward,	Miss Gere
Spanish Girl,	Miss Orton
Recitation,	Miss K. Chapman
Rock of Ages,	Miss Pierson
Joan D'Arc,	Miss Horton
St. Cecilia,	Miss Burroughs
Pygmalion and Galatea.	Miss Mayo and Miss Carnahan

GLEE CLUB.

Returning with her Prize,	Miss Whitman, Miss Morris and little Miss Butler.
Misaimed,	Miss Loud and Miss Blair
Sappho,	Miss Wetherell
Helen of Troy,	Miss Morris
Nydia,	Miss Pierson
'Tis I. Solo.	Miss Lewis
Trilby,	Miss Bucklin
Midnight Feast,	
Miss Horton, Miss Bucklin, Miss Kessinger, Miss Ball, Miss Loud	

MANDOLIN CLUB.

Dreams,	Miss Whitman
Good Night,	Miss Sawin

THE next year Seniors expect to bring with them pillows enough to make them happy. The Faculty suggest spurs instead.

A TREAT.

Those of us who enjoy good organ music, and who were able to attend the informal rehearsal given by Miss Plummer's pupils in the Congregational Church, June 5th, were well repaid for going. The girls did finely, and may well be proud of their advancement and of their teacher. The following program was given:

Processional March,	Miss Baker.	S. B. Whitney
Andante,	Miss Baechtel.	Rimbault
Offertoire in D Minor,	Miss Gere.	Batiste
Pastorale,	Miss Chapin.	Kullak
Adagio, Op. 256, No. 1,	Miss Baker.	Volekman
Fugue in G Minor.	Miss Chapin.	Bach

PERSONALS.

DR. HELEN F. PIERCE, of Plymouth, is meeting with success as a lecturer on health topics. Last Thursday she lectured on Personal Hygiene at Woodward Institute, Quincy. Some time ago we mentioned her course of lectures at Miss Sheldon's school, Providence. She has a clear, sympathetic way of putting things which ought to bring her much into demand in this line.

EX.-GOV. WESTON, of Manchester, N. H., who died in that city last week, was buried on Monday, May 13, the impressive funeral ceremonies being attended by many of the most eminent men of the Granite State. The ex-Governor was a man who possessed the highest esteem of his townsmen, and all strove to do honor to his memory on this sad occasion. The daughter Annie is enrolled for next year at Lasell.

NINA BARTHOLOMEW (now Mrs. Clarence Winter), who was with us in 1880, came the other day to see us, bringing her husband with her. We were heartily glad to see them, and trust they will repeat the visit.

IN a characteristic note from Lizzie Whipple we learn of her engagement to Mr. Edgar Pierce, of Boston, for some time assistant professor of psychology at Harvard. Mr. Pierce takes his degree of Ph.D. this year, and then goes abroad for further study.

OUR Alice Magoun, '78, of Bath, Me., has taken the normal course at Framingham, and graduated June 19th. A good idea pluckily carried out.

FROM Alice White we hear to the effect that she has had a very cordial invitation to remain in her present position, in which she has very evidently been winning golden opinions. She returns to her Connecticut home for the vacation months. Emma is still at home, she tells us.

A TEXAS paper lately sent us contains an account of the pleasant entertainment by the Misses Fowler, of Galveston, in honor of Miss Florence Throckmorton, their friend and guest. Miss Throckmorton's father, ex-Governor Throckmorton, is evidently held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens, who extend their favor to his fair daughter likewise.

NORA ESTELLE FOWLER, in a very pleasant letter, says that she hears frequently from Jessie Hunter, Alice Thurstin, Ruth McKeown, Anna Walston and Blanche Fowler. Della Fowler, her sister, has lately been making an especial study of the Bible and of Shakespeare; Etta is much occupied with her music and Dona with literature. Nora herself has done some literature study, but more visiting since last summer, and seems to have this summer pretty well planned with respect to the same pleasures. She is thinking something of studying law, she tells us. Success to her!

TO Laura Comstock our thanks are due for an invitation to the Commencement exercises at Mrs. Cady's school, from which we understand Laura is graduated this month. As the exercises occurred at precisely the same time as did those of Lasell, we could not, of course, attend.

ELIZABETH HANCE is among those who wished to be with us on Commencement Day, but could not. She is very busily at work preparing to teach next year. We wish her all success.

FRANCES GREGG undertakes, this coming Autumn, a school of her own, the Chelton School (formerly "Mrs. Head's School"), in Germantown, Pa. We are sure she will make it a success.

BLANCHE WILCOX has a word (only a word) about Alice Donallan's wedding. Edith Taylor and Blanche were bridesmaids, and after the wedding Blanche made Edith a little visit. The latter is engaged to Mr. Jordan. Carrie VanSickle planned to pay Blanche a visit after attending Lasell Commencement, to which for some reason she failed to come. We are sorry.

FRANCES HOLMES is engaged. [To whom?]

ANNA HOWE SHIPLEY playfully claims for herself the honor of directing to Mary Haven the attention of the gentleman whom Mary's own graces so effectually won years ago—Dr. Thirkield, who gave us that inspiring address last Wednesday (Commencement Day). Anna, it seems, roomed with the Doctor's sister at Wesleyan, and was fond of telling about the good qualities of Mary, who was her roommate at Lasell.

FANNIE LAMME is still hard at work at her kindergarten course in Denver.

NETTIE KEENER KEITH—so Carrie Cassell says—visited Denver not long ago with her two pretty and plump little ones.

WE are in possession of a very artistic little book, recently printed, on the Nahant Public Library, a new building and well worthy praise. The book is enriched by several fine photographs of the building and its interior; is printed on paper that it is a luxury to touch, and in beautifully clear type. The descriptive and historical part of the work was written by Mr. Fred Allan Wilson, brother of our Nellie Wilson, to whom we are indebted for this copy, and is very charming reading. In the back part of the book are statistical tables of value. Altogether it is a handsome little volume, which we are pleased to place in our library, thanking Mr. Wilson for the gift.

ONE of the pleasant things that come to a pedagogue's life happened on the day that brought summer in, when Mamie Marshall Call brought her three chicks to look over the place where their mamma went to school. And how interested they were in everything—they seemed to know more about the house than many an old girl would! They remembered this and that which their mother had told them, and wanted to know where it was and all about it. Dear little things, they make one want to live forever, so as to have them all in school in their turn.

BESSIE LATIMER sailed last month from Montreal for England, where she will spend the summer with friends.

HELEN MEDSKER has been visiting some of her Kansas school friends, and is still an enthusiast about Lasell.

DADIE SLAVENS writes informing us of the error as to the supposed death of her sister Mattie, mentioned recently in the LEAVES. The unfortunate girl was a cousin of our Mattie, and bore the same name. She had, after her marriage to a Mr. Harwood, removed to Baltimore. Our Mattie, Dadie says, has a fine little two-year-old boy, whose picture we want for our album. We are indeed glad 'twas all a mistake, and that she is yet with us.

MRS. LINCOLN, on one of her visits to Lasell, brought with her Miss Bedford, principal of the New York Cooking School, whom we were glad to see and to show about Lasell, explaining to her our way of "How to Do It."

FRANCES TUPPER sends us a piece of wood from the John Wesley tree at Thunderbolt, near Savannah, Ga., under which Wesley preached February 13, 1756. Our thanks to the thoughtful one!

MADELEINE MEEGAN sends us an invitation to the Commencement exercises of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., where she has been taking a post graduate course. [Thanks, Madeleine.]

LILLIE FULLER MERRIAM and a friend called on us the other day. Very glad to see them. Come again.

ENTHUSIASTIC praise comes from Carleton College, through the *Minneapolis Journal* of June 12th and 13th, of the singing of Mrs. Frank Seiberling (our Gertrude Penfield, '86), who took the people by storm with her exquisite singing. In the midst of an extended notice it says:

"This year, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Carleton College, all previous efforts have been surpassed in this branch, of which Carleton makes a specialty. This is largely owing to the presence of Mrs. Gertrude Seiberling, of Akron, O., a singer of extraordinary merits, who possesses one of those 'black velvet' contralto voices so rarely heard. In depth of richness of tone quality it would be difficult to find a singer who surpasses this gifted lady."

Again it says:

"Mrs. Gertrude Penfield Seiberling again charmed all by her magnificent voice. This lady's voice is not only naturally beautiful, but her method of using it seems perfect. Her fine voice production, united with a wonderfully distinct pronunciation, are in themselves unusual merits; but when to these are added the temperament of a true artist we have an ensemble rarely heard."

BERTHA MERRYMAN and Edith Hall have just made a half-hour call. Bertha reached New York June 15, by S.S. *Paris*, from her year's stay abroad. Reports meeting Edna Burdick and Edith Taylor in the Vatican, Flora and Jennie Gardner in Paris, Mabel Reed and sister in same place. Annie Kerr is in Julien's studio. Bertha proposes a visit to Alice Noble, who is on crutches from a broken leg (bicycle accident), and Grace Robb, who is about to visit Milwaukee and then Bertha in her home.

GYMNASIUM STATISTICS.

The following table of statistics will be interesting as showing the value of the gymnastic work done at Lasell. Seldom, indeed, does one of the girls fail to make for herself a decided gain in one or other—or in all—of the particulars herein noted:

AVERAGE.	SEPT., '93.	MAY, '94.
Age	19 years	
Weight	115½ lbs.	116¾ lbs.
Height	5 ft. 2¾ in.	5 ft. 3 in.
Lung capacity	135 eub. in.	157 eub. in.
Strength of Back	59¾ kilos	95 1-3 kilos
Strength of Chest	25½ kilos	29 kilos
Strength of Right Forearm.....	22 kilos	23 kilos
Strength of Left Forearm.....	19 kilos	21 kilos
AVERAGE.	SEPT., '94.	MAY, '95.
Age.....	18 years	
Weight	115¼ lbs.	118¾ lbs.
Height	5 ft. 3½ in.	5 ft. 3½ in.
Lung capacity.....	130 eub. in.	167 eub. in.
Strength of Back.....	78 kilos	155 kilos
Strength of Chest	28 kilos	31 kilos
Strength of Right Forearm.....	21 kilos	22 kilos
Strength of Left Forearm	18 kilos	20 kilos
Number of Pupils incapacitated for Gymnastic work, 1893-94..	" " "	11
" " " " " " " " " " " "	" " "	6
Number of Pupils in the Gymnasium, 1893-94.....	1893-94.....	127
" " " " " " " " " " " "	1894-95.....	127

STRONGEST PUPIL, MAY, 1895—C. STEEL.

Age		20 years
Weight.....		116 lbs.
Height.....		5 ft. 4½ in.
Lung capacity.....		180 cub. in.
Strength of Back.....		145 kilos
Strength of Chest.....		33 kilos
Strength of Right Forearm.....		33 kilos
Strength of Left Forearm.....		28 kilos
Tallest Pupl.....	5 ft. 8 in.	B. Kelley
Heaviest Weight.....	149 lbs.	E. Bucklin
Lightest Weight.....	73 lbs.	M. Barker
Greatest Gain in Weight.....	19 lbs.	S. Farnsworth
Greatest Gain in Strength.....	166 kilos	E. Beetle
Next Greatest Gain in Strength...	138 kilos	B. Smith
Gained in All the Strength Tests.....		35
Lost " " " "	" " " "	None

SENIOR CLASS.

AVERAGE.		AVERAGE
Age.....	19 years	GAIN.
Weight.....	116 lbs.	5½ lbs.
Height.....	5 ft. 3½ in.	½ in.
Lung capacity.....	166 cub. in.	34 cub. in.
Strength of Back.....	115 kilos	47 kilos
Strength of Chest.....	31 kilos	7 kilos
Strength of Right Forearm.....	23 kilos	3 kilos
Strength of Left Forearm.....	20 kilos	4 kilos

Births.

Carrie Brown Cassell, '89, sends word of the arrival in Denver of William Johnson Cassell, Jr.

Mrs. R. D. Muir, our Lillie Hathaway, '91, announces a daughter. (Lincoln, Neb.)

To Mr. and Mrs. Waters B. Day (Anne May Burr) came, May 10th, a little girl—Anita Day. Our congratulations.

Married.

May Elcanor Adamson, (1889) to Gilbert Joseph Paten,
on Tuesday, June 11th, at Germantown, Philadelphia.

Mary Annie Hanner (1890) to Clarence Maxwell Rodgers, on Wednesday, June 12th, at Hartford, Conn. Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers will live in Hartford.

Martha Lodema Prentice (1884) to Wilbur Fisk Smallwood, on Wednesday, June 12th, at Le Roy, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Smallwood will make their home in Forestville, N. Y.

Nettie Addie Eldredge (1893-95) to James Fullerton Shaw, on Wednesday, June 19th, at Portsmouth, N. H.

Mary Alice Platt (1891) to Henry Calvin Durand, on Thursday, June 20th, at Lake Forest, Ill.

Jessie Wilson, '88, to Ernest Morton Kimball, on Thursday, June 27th, at Chicago.

Addresses.

Mrs. Clarence Maxwell Rodgers (Mary Hanner) 282
Sigourney St., Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Wilbur Fisk Smallwood (Martha Prentice) Forestville, N. Y.

Mrs. Robert T. Cassell (Carrie Brown) 1449 Josephine St., Denver, Colorado.

Mrs. Ernest M. Kimball, 123 Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

AN OLD GAME.

Each year the interest in tennis revives with the coming of spring; and rightly so, for there are few games having so many good points. No other ball game can be played in as small space. It affords excellent exercise, as every muscle is called into play. One must be quick in mind, too, as well as in body. The game is difficult, and the effort necessary to send low hard balls in the corners of your opponents' courts and to return them well lends an additional zest not found in games more easily played. The majority of the young people of to-day play tennis, but there are few experts. Proficiency, where many others have failed, is a thing not to be despised, and the desire for it has kept many a one chasing balls a whole summer afternoon.

The name of this game is uncertain in its origin, but is supposed to be derived from the French, *tenez*, hold—the term used by the early French players in seizing the ball. Since the early part of the middle ages, when tennis was first intro-

duced into Europe, and was a pastime for the king and his nobles, it has passed through many different forms. At the present time Italy, Spain, Germany and England have each a game derived from the original, but called by a different name. The English one, lawn tennis, is a modern adaptation of perhaps the oldest ball game.

In history we find many allusions. The description of a gallant of the seventeenth century is not complete without mention of his dancing and tennis-playing. One important agreement has taken its name from the sport. When the States-General, under the name of the National Assembly, demanded a conference with the king and his ministers concerning a new French constitution, Louis XVI., in his blindness and ignorance of the temper of this body of men, refused even to admit them into the hall where such deliberations were usually conducted; but the reformers were determined, and met in the tennis-courts near by, where they made the agreement known as "The Oath of the Tennis-court."

Ever since the time of the Grecian games and the Roman gladiators people have been more or less interested in athletics. Many games have arisen which proved entertaining for the time being, but soon lived their short lives and gave place to others. Although tennis has changed greatly, and now can scarcely be said to resemble the game called by the same name a hundred years ago, it has lost none of its popularity.

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Yarns,
Jane
Turns.
Eyes
Meet;
Love—
Sweet!
Jane
Stops;
John
Pops.
Both
Wed—
'Nough
Said.
"John
Mad,
Jane
Sad.
Both
Fight;
Sad
Sight!
Whole
Week
Won't
Speak.
Re-
Course
Di-
Vorce."

—Ex.

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Clung frantic to the wreck,
Wave-swept; the color fled her cheek,
And ran adown her neck. —*Exchange.*

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"One swallow does not make a summer,"
A long-forgotten poet sings,
But I have seen a small grasshopper
Make half a dozen springs.
—*A. B. G. D., in University Courier.*

The woman whistled to stop a car,
And it stopped short as she did it.
But it wasn't the whistle, but more by far,
The face she made when she did it.
—*Exchange.*

Every one thinks some face fairer
Than all others in the land,
Thinks this one alone is perfect,
Vows to her his heart and hand.

Then he sings in loudest praises
Of her wealth of golden hair,
Of her lips like ripest cherries,
She alone divinely fair.

But there's one that quite forgotten,
One whose charms they fail to see;
Yet in my abject devotion
Fairest of the fair is she.

There's not one half so entrancing
Or so makes my poor heart thrill—
As is Martha Washington's picture
On a bright one dollar bill.

—*Yale Record.*

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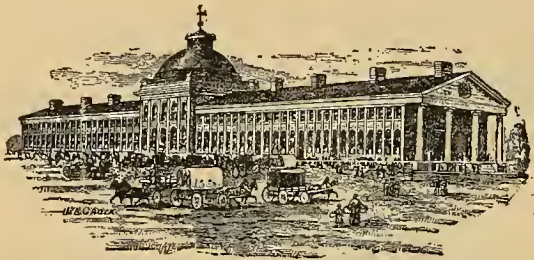
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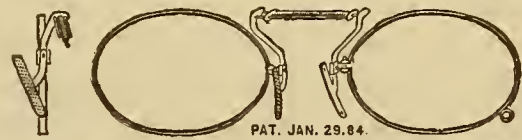
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI,"

VOLUME XXI.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1895.

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OF

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3-4 "	9.00	15.00	20.00
1 "	12.00	19.00	25.00

Press of Avery & Doten, Plymouth.

EDITORIAL.

NEVER yet did a summer vacation linger too long, and this past one of '95 has surely proved no exception, for its happy flight was over all too soon, and September 17 stared us in the face, the day which clipped the wings of idle pleasure and sent us back to duty again.

As we begin the new school year, girls, let us make our duties pleasures, which, instead of lessening with the season will increase and will enrich all our lives with added power and delightful memories. To do this we must bear in mind that it is necessary to be in the right spirit for work. We shall have this year to live through but once, and so much depends on the way in which we make the start, that we must not fail to do all we can to make it in the right way.

The Lasellians did not mar their record for promptness this year, for only three girls of the number enrolled failed to answer "Here," when the list was read in chapel, Thursday morning. Had a stranger glanced into the dining-room that evening, he would no doubt have thought it had very much the appearance which it presented at the last dinner which we took together in June, but the old girls missed many a familiar face which they would have liked to see back again. This, however, did not prevent them from giving a kindly welcome to the new girls.

Unusually bright and cheerful were these new faces, and as we mutually made friendly advances with those next us, an orchestra in the balcony, (an evidence of Mr. Bragdon's kindly thoughtfulness for us) made merry music for our dinner hour, and an atmosphere of happy content seemed to pervade everything on this first evening together.

Only two things were lacking to make our return entirely happy; the absence of Miss Blaisdell and of Miss Emma. We were told that the latter was attending the Lasell Booth at the Atlanta Exposition, but Miss Blaisdell, we were all so sorry to learn, was ill. We hear, however, that she is recovering and hope to have her with us soon.

There has been no further change in the faculty this year, except that Mrs. Weyant takes the place of Miss Everett, as teacher of elocution; Miss Evans, of Mrs. Strong, as perceptress; and Miss Packard returns to us.

The new girls, except such as had visited the school formerly, could not share in the pleased surprise of the old ones, when they greeted Lasell in its new coat of paint: we all think it a great improvement, and quite approve of the uniform color for the whole building.

Just a word now to both old and new girls, in regard to our "LEAVES," we want them to show brighter and better colors than ever this year, and we do not want them to compare unfavorably with any other college paper. Any suggestions will be gratefully received by the editors, and if every one will take an interest in our school paper, and a personal pleasure in working for it, we need have no fear but that our hopes will be realized, and we can make the LEAVES the medium of a very happy school year together.

LASELL AT ATLANTA.

Some time ago the Lasell booth, which Lasell girls who visited the World's Fair will remember, and which won so much favor on all sides by its delicate beauty, was sent to Atlanta, Ga., to take its place in another Exposition. It is in section R, of the gallery of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, and was, as at Chicago, *the only one ready on time*. Belle Bragdon was in charge of the booth for some time after the opening of the Exposition; afterward Emma Genn went down to look after it, and to make welcome such of our girls as may attend the Fair, as well as strangers who may be interested to know about Lasell. It is hoped that it will serve the pleasure and convenience of the girls as well in its new place as it did in the old.

A VISIT TO THE NAVY-YARD.

Behind us lie the rope-walk and various buildings, evidently dwellings, and before us a quiet bit of Boston harbor. The salt air is almost motionless and the blue sky bending over us promises no relief from the heat. This is our first sight of the Navy-Yard.

A quaint little boat carries us across to the great steamer, which betrays by the roof over her gun-deck, the sad story of her imprisonment. Two rough sailors, in white duck, turn the handles by which the craft is propelled, and in a moment more we are boarding the Wabash and climbing the narrow stairs to the upper deck, where a portly man, also in white linen, receives us cordially. He summons a midshipman, who, respectfully touching his cap, undertakes to show us how Uncle Sam houses his raw recruits.

Below is the berth-deck where the sailors sleep, tucked away in hammocks in a fashion suggestive of sardines. The officer's quarters are very comfortable, showing conclusively that the love of comfort exists in a "jolly tar" as well as in the college boy or girl. Aft is the hospital with its accompanying apothecary shop. Two white iron beds are for the invalids, but no one occupies them, the only person visible being a shoemaker busily plying his trade. It is half past four, and supper, the last meal of the day, is being prepared. The range, in the middle of this deck, large enough to cook for many a hungry sailor, adds to the oppressive heat.

The printer, in the little work room, mindful of memory books, presents each eager girl with a copy of the history of the ship. A glimpse of the cozy parlors, a visit to the unused engines, and an inspection of the cutlasses, swords, boarding-pikes, sword-bayonets and rifles, close our visit to the good ship Wabash. Again we go aboard the queer ferry and reaching land wend our way to the gun-boat, Passaic.

Our midshipman tells us, with a sage air of experience, that the frame-work seeming so strong, could easily be shot away, so is removed for action. The turret—cheese-box, if you please—bearing the marks of many a shot, does not revolve, but a cleverly arranged door of plate armor closes the gun-ports between shots. A dent under the bell hung against the turret excites our curiosity, and it is ex-

plained that the bell was hung long since the ball struck the iron side. Down below the light is uncertain, even with the hatchway open. We all shudder at the thought of the darkness, the frequent thud of the ball, and the wounding or death of men, incident to action. Only a moment do we linger thus, for our guide is showing the store-room for shells, the powder magazine, and the quarters of the different officers.

How refreshing the outer air seems, as we leave our guide and walk over the gate closing the dry-dock, in which a boat, for carrying torpedoes is being painted. A man in navy-blue informs us that the intention is to enlarge her propellers, thus increasing her speed from twelve to seventeen knots an hour. The cigar-shaped boat looks helpless here, wedged in so closely, and quite unlike the lively craft steaming through the waves.

It is a hot walk back, through narrow side streets, past the poor dwellings overflowing with children, but only the remembrance of a glimpse of a different life lingers permanently in our minds.

G. T.

UNDERGROWTHS.

In a small volume of poems, by George C. Bragdon, bearing the above title, and but recently published, are to be found some exquisite little lyrics, well worth the reading. The little book is attractive in appearance, both in binding and press-work, and was published at the request of the author's friends. The poems, elevated in thought and delicate in expression, cover a wide range of subjects,—nature, religion and morals; love, sentiment and humor. There are a number of fine sonnets, those entitled "Father" and "Mother" being among the best. Of the poems of childhood, "A Dear Little Girl" and "Naughty Boys" are perhaps the best. The following extract from "The Unknown Singer," will show somewhat of the quality of those of its class:—

"Waiting enthralled, yet longing to draw near,
Afraid some common voice might interpose
To break or mar the filmy notes that hung
And lightly bridged the narrowest space between
Sweet silence and sweet sound, and bridging, clung
A moment to the one, then danced like sheen
On ripples of a stream, and backward crept
Light quavering, as if to gather in
Best elfin music, but at last nuptial
To where full-swellings harmonies begin."

Could we do so, we should like to quote entire "Our Saint" and "A Half-Heard Song," but the limitations of space forbid. The little book will, we are sure, find many appreciative readers. The author is a cousin of our Principal, and editor of the Rochester (N. Y.) *Post-Express*.

THE NEW GIRLS' WELCOME.

"Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue—"

This thought was forcibly suggested on the evening of September twenty-first, at the reception given by the Senior Class to the new girls.

The cheeriness of the home-like parlors, the greetings of the hostesses, and the bright faces of the new-comers, combined to make the occasion a very pleasant one. Misses Kelley, Pennell and Sawin, the class officers, received, while the guests of the evening were presented by Misses Ray, Ampt, Wilson, Cruikshank and Shubert.

A few outside friends of the girls, and some of the day pupils were welcomed among the guests. After a pleasant half-hour of conversation in the parlor, the sound of the piano attracted the girls to the gymnasium, and during the dancing and merry chat of the hour that followed, all feeling of strangeness vanished. Later in the evening the Seniors found Mr. Butler waiting to serve them with cake and cream for their friends.

Had a photographer happened along just then, he would have found it a fine opportunity for getting a charming view of the gym,—a view to which, the girls in their pretty evening dress, seated on the floor around the room, would have made a most pleasing addition.

After another dance, the bell summoned all to their rooms, and as the girls went up stairs, their happy faces and friendly words gave promise of a year of pleasant companionship.

S. B. H.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

A homely old proverb asserts that the proof of the pudding is in the eating; it is equally true, and in a double sense, that the proof of the school is in the pupils. To have our girls of years back return to the old school bringing with them their own daughters, is gratifying proof that Lasell is something more than a place where recitations are conducted and diplomas given.

This year we have with us Luella Houghton and May Sanders, whose mothers, Ella Bacon and Louise Hawley, respectively, were friends and room-mates at Lasell in times gone by. Luella and May, as it happens, have rooms on the same corridor in which their mothers, as school-girls, had their room in 187—. Also, Mrs. Claudius B. Lasell, of Athens, Greece, who was here as Miss King in 1858-60, sends her daughter to her old school home.

A WESTERN JOURNEY.

The principal desires to acknowledge the courtesy of Lasell pupils and their friends during his summer trip to Denver and return. On every hand were grateful evidences of the hold the old school has upon the affections of its members,—members still, we feel them to be and want them to feel themselves, although the march of time has removed many of them from its halls.

The first stop at Omaha was only long enough to allow of a running call upon May Tulleys, whom Miss Ransom and I did not find at the beautiful and sightly home on the hillside in Council Bluffs, but did find doing important work in her father's office.

Then the fine electric service between the twin cities took us to Bertie Steel Hyde's cozy home in Omaha where Miss Ransom and Bertie renewed old times at Lasell, while I made the acquaintance of her two beautiful children.

At Lincoln, Neb., we vainly scanned the faces at the two stations for a sight of Bertie and Mae Burr.

We found in Denver the finest hotel we have seen anywhere—the monument of H. C. Brown, our Carrie's father. Here we found also over thirty Lasell girls; some matrons of beautiful homes of their own, and some making their parents' homes beautiful, as Lasell girls know how to do. Clara Creswell kindly gave a reception at which we delighted in the sight (and sound as of yore) of as nice a body of young women as can be gathered anywhere,—including Carrie Brown Cassell, Fannie Hanscome Herbert, Mary McManh Kellog, Idelle Phelps, Birdie Routt Bryant, Lucie Sampson, Julia Wells Brannen, Lottie and Lulu Appel, Helen Cleaveland, Alice Beesley, Gertrude and Kate Bucknum, Clara Heath, and Mattie Lorimer Russell, of Denver; Bertie Wilson, of Connecticut, Maude Haller, of Illinois, Fanny Lamme, of Montana, (though I guess she may now be rated a Denver resident,) Cara Sawin, of New York, and Marion Josselyn, of N. H., Prof. Alex. Hogg, of Texas, Dr. Steele and Mrs. & Mr. C. C. B., of Mass. Jennie Brown and Lutie Price Seeley, were out of town, Edith Partridge Thomas, in Europe, and Eliz. Creswell visting Alice Goodell, in Worcester.

We learned that Stella Hoyt Rust has moved to Boulder, Claire Chamberlain was in California, Ethel Rucker is married. Ruth Cleaveland was yet in Pa. Genie Converse Matthews has moved to Rogers Park near Chicago.

By Fred. Herbert's kindness, we drove about Denver's beautiful streets, and by Mr. Appel's, visited Mahattan Beach, a rightly famed resort by a lake three or four miles outside of the city. We found so many as we could reach in their own elegant homes and rejoiced in their comfort and prosperity; saw a good many of the grand-children of Lasell, of none of whom were we at all ashamed. We were also gratified to meet Robert and Sunie Lunt, Mrs. Howard Evans and her husband, and Mrs. Governor Evans (dear old Evanston friends) with whom we renewed our youth. The hospitality of Denver friends was delightful and quite Western in its cordiality, and a month would hardly have sufficed to accept welcome, but to our limited time, impossible invitations.

A party of Lasellians went up Clear Creek Canyon, over the famous Loop and visited a silver mine, which latter was the only unsatisfactory part of the trip.

In Colorado Springs we found Dr. Grace Preston and Mollie Coe in their own cozy home on Teton Street, (and Miss Larrison with them,) and Gertrude White Pastorious in hers on Nevada Avenue, and an old playmate, Judge Horace Lunt.

A stay at Manitou gave us some rides into famous canyons. The Garden of the Gods and the Great Caves are a fraud as now administered, but nothing else was.

Our next visit was at my brother George's elegant home where Mrs. Isabel Loudon Bragdon presides with grace, dignity, and force. Miss Ransom, Belle and Jack shared this visit with us, as the rest, and we had a royal time.

One day was spent in a visit to the Royal Gorge in a special car, with a congenial party and under unusual conditions for slowly and thoroughly seeing that pride of Colorado. For this treat we were indebted to the courtesy of J. J. Burns, Supt. of the D. & R. G. R. R., whose guests we were and whose arrangements were perfect. The courtesies of Mr. J. H. Joy and Dr. R. W. Corwin, of Pueblo, call for special, grateful mention. They added much to our pleasures in the Mesa city.

Mrs. B's illness lengthened our never-to-be-forgotten visit here and shortened it in Omaha and Council Bluffs where we had planned a longer stay.

In our one day we saw Mr. Turkey, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, Nellie Hugus Caldwell (whom three fine boys call "mamma"), Mr. and Mrs. Silloway, (Florence was in Newtonville) and the homes of Grace Allen, Mabel Taylor, and Alice Andreesen who were, as was Martha Stone and Lillie Tukey, absent from home.

We learned that our Gibson girls had moved to Omaha but we could not find their home or father, though we tried. Sorry.

In Council Bluffs, by the kindness of May and Julia Tulleys and the help of Charlie's fine team, we saw Gertrude Gleason, Anna Beebe and Ellen Siedentopf's home and Grandma (Ellen was out) and the fine Park on the top of the Bluffs, and called on Frances Bowman and Sade Farnsworth. It was all too short.

At Evanston we capped the climax of our joy in a few days with *Mother*. What name is dearer in all our tongue and what woman bears it so graciously and worthily all these years as *our own*!

I saw Lu Orrell Eddy's fine home in Buena Park, filled with Art treasures, and her manly husband and dear boy, a meeting unusually grateful, for Lu has been dear to us ever since her school days when our baby Jack used to call her "his girl."

On our way East we stopped at Fremont, Ohio, to see Mr. Stilwell who is wrestling with illness with a patience and fortitude that were a lesson in Christian faith *in practice* that we shall never forget.

Mr. Miller, father of our Julia Miller of sainted memory, entertained us fraternally and untiringly. By his kindness we had an interesting glimpse of the workings of wells of natural gas and oil with which that section abounds. A memorable trip!

One of the pleasant bits of summer outing was a day at Uxbridge where the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Hayward gave me a glimpse of the beautiful country thereabouts, including the house and grounds of Josiah Lasell at Whitinsville and the delightful country estate of Alice Clarke. Susie's

Hayward's home is in a commanding position near the center of Uxbridge and yet quite out of its bustle and is both roomy and cozy.

A fine quality of girlhood *must* come from Lasell homes.

C. C. B.

HO, FOR NEWPORT!

Our annual trip to Newport we took this year much earlier than last, and consequently were able to enjoy more fully the delightful sea air and cool breezes. The day itself was unusually warm for so late in the year, and the ride on the cars to Newport and back to Boston was a warm experience.

The party of nine, accompanied by Professor Rich, left Auburndale at 7.40 A. M., arriving in Newport about half past eleven. We were met at the station by two carriages, in which we took our seats, eagerly curious to see the sights of this famous resort for a short time. We drove through older Newport, passing the "Old Mill," which is rather a plain affair, since it was shorn of the beautiful ivy which, we were told, had formerly covered it; on down by the glorious sea, where we saw some last stayers taking a farewell dip, a pleasure which we all envied them.

Then began our "oh's" and "ah's" of admiration and surprise, for we were now driving down one of the principal avenues, along which America's millionaires have so frequently driven, and which is bordered by their magnificent summer homes.

Of course we saw the new Vanderbilt "cottage," and the famous marble palace, but we all felt rather disappointed in them. They were beautiful, imposing, magnificent, it is true, but the former was altogether too grand to be called a cottage, and we admired some of the less pretentions, but more home-like places much more. The grounds are beautifully kept, as we could see from the fleeting glimpses we obtained as we drove past, but many are surrounded by a high hedge, which considerably obstructed our view.

After this succession of beauties, we descended to prosaic life once more, and dismounting from our carriages, went to eat our lunch on some rocks bordering the sea. And then began the glorious seven mile drive along the ocean road, past more lovely homes; through Fort Adams, (which we thought very ill kept,) obtaining a good view of several steam yachts, and at last arriving at the station, where, in a few minutes, we boarded the train for home.

E. W. W.

NORUMBEGA.

Radiating from Auburndale are many pretty walks and drives. There always seems to be some charming place to visit, and as some of the pleasantest months of the year are spent at Lasell we are only too glad to take advantage of these alluring ways and enjoy Nature at her best.

Which is the prettiest walk, it is difficult to say without hesitation. Nevertheless those who have visited Norumbega Tower, will class that as, at least, one of the prettiest. It is a little over a mile distant from Lasell. To reach it one must cross the bridge beyond the Congregational church, turn to the left, cross Western Bridge, and thence take the first road at the right.

Norumbega is at the end of a little wood-road. The space in which it stands is enclosed by trees, the leaves of which gently wave a welcome to the visitors. Several secluded little paths invite you to explore them, but the tower itself, claims the most attention.

Carved on a marble tablet, which is embedded in the outside wall, are several interesting historical facts, relating to the discovery and settlement of the Norsemen.

Professor Horsford, the author of several articles on the Norse colonies, in Massachusetts, erected this picturesque tower as a memorial of these early settlers and their achievements. On a stone at the left are the words:—"This tower was erected by Eben Norton Horsford, A. D., 1889."

Entering through the arched doorway, one sees a stone seat and a flight of steps, which, except that they are much shorter, remind one of the toilsome ascent to the top of Bunker Hill monument. Ascending we see occasional glimpses of the river and trees.

This spiral staircase terminates at the circular space at the top of the tower, where, perhaps, a dozen people may stand and look out over the surrounding country, and follow the pretty windings of the Charles River, below.

When the artist-hands of Mother Nature lend Autumn coloring to the hills and trees, it is indeed a picture at which to gaze with delight.

While at the top of the tower one may well recall Bryant's beautiful lines,

"To him, who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

Nature does, indeed, seem to speak most eloquently to such hearts as throb in sympathy with the beauty of "the hills" L. M. P.

A FEW OF THE NEW BOOKS.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' new book "A Singular Life," is a story of remarkable power and interest. It deals with the experiences of a young clergyman who, having been regarded by the church council as unfit for his position, takes up his humble life of service in a remote seaport town. Here he struggles alone against the intemperance of the people among whom he lives. While leading here his beautiful life of devotion and self-forgetfulness he falls in love with the daughter of an old professor. His hard struggles and stormy experiences as told by Mrs. Phelps make "A Singular Life," a story of thrilling interest as well as of deep significance.

"Clarence," by Bret Harte, is a story of war-time which introduces President Lincoln among its characters.

"The Americans in Paris" is a story of the Franco-German war, and is written by Dr. Eugene C. Saridge.

"The Court of Louise Philippe," by M. St. Amand, is of course, chiefly historical. It covers an important and interesting period of French history, touching on the chief events of the reign and bringing in the great writers of the times,—Hugo, Dumas and others. The description of court scenes are the most interesting feature of this delightful novel.

Other new books of interest are: "Turning on the Lights," by Horatio King; "The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain," by Charles Egbert Craddock; "An Errant Wooing," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "About Paris," by Richard Harding Davis; and "Napoleon's Last Voyages," taken from the diaries of Sir Thomas Ussler and John R. Glover.

PROFESSOR.—What terrible affliction did Homer have?

Pupil.—He was a poet.—*Ex.*

LASELL ITEMS.

—A memorial service for Mrs. Steele was held at the Methodist Church, Sunday evening, Sept. 22nd. An account of her life, of her missionary and her temperance work, was given. The last two by ladies long associated with her in the work.

—On Monday, Sept. 23rd, were three excursions: Bunker Hill and Navy Yard, Nantasket, and Newport.

—Gen. Howard, the Shakesperian impersonator gave an enjoyable recital of Hamlet, Thursday, Oct. 3rd.

—On Monday morning, Oct. 6th, a jolly party of seventy girls started on an excursion to Concord.

—Dr. Pratt's lectures on Physiological Psychology, which are very interesting to both pupils and teachers, take the place of the History of Art class for a few weeks.

—On our return to school we were happy to find several of last year's Senior class here to welcome us.

—The old girls gave a reception to the new ones, on the evening of September 12th.

PERSONALS.

WE WERE glad to see, one day last summer, Anna Curry's daughter, who, with the rector of the church she attends, came to call on us and take a look about the place. Anna is now living in Seattle, Washington, we learn.

MR. HORACE MANN, Florence's father, was here in September. Florence is a member of this year's senior class at Cincinnati University.

MRS. A. P. MARBLE, one of our old girls, and now the wife of the gentleman with whose name the newspapers have been so busy, in connection with the A. P. A. controversy in Omaha, called recently.

WHAT has become of Lyda Hukill? We have not heard from her for a long time.

ALICE GOODELL and Elizabeth Creswell gave us a pleasant call one day in August. 'Tis good to see the old faces again.

MRS. LUTES and Mabel were with us for a week in September.

AMONG other old friends who have called here since we last went to press, were Jessie Law (class of '88) and her father; Mrs. Collins, who was Ada Langworthy (class of '61); and Annie Gage's father (Annie, by the way, some one who has seen her says, is married and has a little boy?).

CARRIE EBERSOLE's mother, brother and niece, —Mrs. J. Ebersole, Mr. Wm. V. Ebersole and Miss Helen Ebersole—called in July. We also had calls from Nellie Chase, Elizabeth Fleming, Stella and Grace Englehart and their father, Nellie Alling Thayer and her husband, Anna Parsons (now Mrs. J. F. Fraser), and Cornelia Williams, who now calls herself Mrs. W. Hutchinson.

IN THE *Tiffin Daily Advertiser* for June 22, a copy of which was kindly sent us, we find reported the able and interesting address delivered in Columbus, Ohio, at the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Ohio State University, by the Hon. Warren P. Noble, father of Alice and Harriet, who are old Lasell girls and graduates of the classes of '93 and '94 respectively. Mr. Noble was one of the pioneer trustees of the University.

GEORGIA HATCH JONES, who now lives in Chicago, near the Fair grounds, writes pleasantly of herself and her family. Was in Grand Rapids visiting this summer. Genie Converse Mathews, she says, "has a good husband, a beautiful little girl, and a charming home" at Rogers Park. Georgia sees her quite often. Georgia says of Prof. Hills, that he is an excellent instructor, and that she learned more from him during her two years here than from all her other teachers together. "Lasell," says she, "shows her good judgment in retaining her old teachers."

FROM Ruth Seiberling we hear that Elizabeth Warnock visited her during the summer, also Elizabeth Stephenson. She saw Edith Brodbeck and her sister, too, while they were visiting relatives in Akron, also Clifford Warnock.

BLANCHE BEST tells us that, owing to the kindness of the president of Allegheny College, where she has been teaching since the fall of '88, she is to have her vacation extended through the fall and winter terms, devoting her time to "whatsoever she may like." Blanche expects to devote it to study. She speaks of having enjoyed a pleasant lunch with Helen Davenport, one day in August.

MRS. JENNIE WEST ATWOOD, whom her old art pupils remember pleasantly, writes that she expects to spend the winter in Brooklyn, with Jennie Raymond Geyer, and promises us a visit before long. It will be a pleasure to see her with us once more.

WORD comes from across the sea that Mrs. Curtis, who took Miss Packard's place last year, has a baby daughter, Mary Steele Curtis, born August 30, in "Auld Reekie," as Sir Walter called Edinburgh.

A NEWSPAPER clipping, lately received, contains a brief sketch of Mr. R. G. Shumway, of Pole, Ill., Lucia's father. Besides being prominent in several ordinary lines of business activity, Mr. Shumway is vice president of the Camp Meeting Association, and an active man in the church.

PROF. LUQUIENS, of Yale, one of our Directors, with his wife, spent a night here as they were returning from their summer home in Waterville, N. H., a retreat which they praise highly.

MISS BARROWS and her colleagues have, we see, decided to change the name of their attractive and valuable magazine, from "The New England Kitchen" to "The American Kitchen Magazine." Being so ably conducted, it cannot, we feel sure, fail to maintain its high standard of excellence, and to command an increasingly large circulation.

NELLIE PACKARD DRAPER makes her second contribution to our album of Lasell grandchildren, in the shape of a photograph of her 6 months old baby John, which we were glad to receive. She writes of having visited Polly Stebbins Ingham, at Irvington-on-Hudson, in June. Polly and her husband are charming people, she says, and have a delightful home. They were six weeks in Europe last summer. Agnes Fanning Lancaster has another boy. Nellie tells us that her nurse says of Lasell girls (of whom she has known several), "They make such intelligent, sensible mothers, that I shall always have a good word to say for Lasell." Nan Peabody Hall and Cora Dawes Denison have each a baby boy, we hear.

MARY PACKARD CASS also sends the picture of her wide-awake boy, Kingman Packard Cass, aged now 6 months. Thanks. Bring him to see us some time, Mary.

ELIZABETH EWING writes that she had intended being with us last Commencement, but changed her mind, to her subsequent regret. Come next June then; you will still be welcome, you know.

MELDON SMITH very kindly sent us an invitation to the Commencement exercises of the Central High School, Kansas City, from which she was graduated in May. She sent also her picture, which we place with pleasure in the Lasell album.

MILDRED WARREN sent an attractive program of a piano recital given July 17, at New Boston, by her music pupils, assisted by Misses Atwood and Marden, and Miss L. Corinne Gazaille, reader.

THROUGH a letter from Hattie Seiberling Miles we learn of Ruth's marriage, which is noticed elsewhere. Martha Prentice Smallwood and her husband made a summer visit to Hattie, who writes of the long Lasell talks she and Martha then enjoyed. Grace spent a month with Mollie Coe and Dr. Preston at Colorado Springs. She enjoyed the visit, but thought the climate not beneficial to her.

CLARA CRESWELL writes that the Denver girls have organized a Lasell Club, adopting in the main the New York Club's constitution; the yearly dues are, however, only \$2.00 each, and the meetings are to occur in March and August, the latter month having been chosen in order to make it possible for the girls who attended Lasell during the previous winter to be present. Lu Wells Brannen is president; Clara Heath, vice president; Mannie McMann Kellogg, secretary, and Ruth Cleaveland, treasurer.

THE girls seem to have had "a gay good time" last summer making visits here and there to relatives and friends. Lestra Hibberd enjoyed a visit from Ella Wilson, after which both visited Edith Blair in Cincinnati. "I called on Mrs. John Dougan the other day," says Lestra, "and she told me all about Lasell as it used to be." Mrs. Dougan was Helen Scott, and was here in '74-'75. Lydia Starr is to be married, they say, in September.

FROM Nellie Chase we learn of the birth, last March, of June Hoyt Waite's baby boy; that Louise Bull is to visit Nellie and Blanche Howard shortly; and that Elizabeth Fleming visited Nellie during the summer. She has a brother at Harvard.

TO MAGGIE SANDERS LINCOLN, of Hartford, came, in June, a baby girl, notice of whose birth did not reach us till too late for our June number. Our congratulations.

MARTHA STONE has a word of compliment for the last year's girls; speaking of the group picture, which she and Clara Eads saw while making a call on May and Julia Tulleys; she says "We thought it was an exceedingly fine group of girls." Mr. Bragdon, by the way, one of the old girls mistook at first for some strange young professor, a new-comer. Clara, she says, expected to visit Kansas City in the summer, and was looking forward to seeing Helen Medsker while there. The Omaha Lasell girls were expecting, when Martha wrote, to have a Lasell luncheon on the following day. May and Julia Tulleys, Gertrude Gleason and Lillie Tukey were to be present, and Mabel Taylor, it was hoped, would also be there. (The letter, perhaps it should be said, was a joint one, signed by both Clara and Martha.)

AT ANNA CROCKER'S recent marriage to Mr. Brigham, of Chicago, her Lasell friends had posts of honor, her two bridesmaids being Helen Medsker and Mae Burr, and the maid of honor, Mary Seaman. Bertha DeBruler and Margaret Laughlin were also present. The wedding was a quiet one.

KATE NORMAN, Alice Flint and Ada Marsh called to see us in August, and were, as always, heartily welcome.

THOSE who contributed to the fund for the erection of the American church in Berlin, which Mrs. Stuckenberg and her helpers are desirous of building, will be glad to know what disposition has been made of the money. Mrs. Stuckenberg writes that, in accordance with the advice of the church council, it has been invested for a time, until the price of real estate in Berlin, now held at abnormally high figures, shall fall within more reasonable limits, when the land will be purchased and the church built.

JULIA INGLEE says: "I shall always look with great pleasure upon my Lasell year. I know that I was benefited by being there." She was at home most of the summer, thoroughly enjoying it after her "whole year in Massachusetts."

STELLA ENGLEHART is spending some weeks with Mabel Jaques and her sister here. Sorry not to see Mabel also.

ERNESTINE ORTON went home with Elizabeth Shaw. Stayed for the Eldredge wedding, and then Elizabeth spent a week with her.

MARTHA LIST and Harrie Dalzell attended the concert of the Blind Institution in Baltimore on their way home, and say they "never did see folks play so."

EMMA HACKETT after graduating in June in the Training School for Nurses, is going again this fall for advanced work and experience. That family never does things by halves!

LOUISE BULL writes for herself, giving us various items of information regarding old friends. She has seen, frequently during the summer, Mary Ranney, and June Hoyt Waite, whose little boy she calls "a perfect jewel," and whose new home, in Adams, will soon be completed. Blanche Pruyne also she saw recently.

SOME ONE of our Sacramento friends courteously sent us a copy of *The Bee*, containing a glowing description of the beautiful pageantry of the Electric Carnival held there, September 9. It must indeed have been like a scene from an Eastern tale. One cannot help wondering what marvelous discoveries and inventions the coming century will bring.

MRS. STRONG is now at Grinnell, Iowa, and says that she has a very pleasant position indeed. There are twenty-eight young women in the cottage over which she has supervision. She thinks Helen Morris may possibly join her there after Christmas, and remain with her until the close of the school.

FRANCES BOWMAN'S sister, who has for a year or more been in Europe, spent a week here on her way home.

WILLIE STOWE, after a three year's absence, has paid us a pleasant visit this fall. Willie is somewhat taller and stouter than when she left, but she, nevertheless, looks very much the same. Virginia could not leave home and husband to accompany her, although she, too, would have been warmly welcomed.

CAROLYN CLARKSON EDDY's enjoyable letter gives us a number of interesting items about our old girls. Carolyn writes enthusiastically of her home and her husband, and is evidently very happy. She plans a visit with him to Lasell sometime, and says, "I have the dearest memories of my year at Lasell; and whenever I see any of the old girls, we have such good talks about old times." Lucie Sampson and she spent last summer at the same resort in the Rockies. Grace Shellabarger visited Carolyn last year, Anna Staley was present at her wedding, and Marie Shellabarger Crowder was expected, but was prevented from attending, by her husband's illness, Carolyn, however, sees Marie quite often as she goes from her California home to see her parents in Decatur; has recently seen Nella Smith also, who is visiting in Topeka. She speaks of Myrtle and Iva Davis' invalid mother, and of the devoted affection of the girls for her.

MILDRED WARREN sends her hearty greeting to us at the opening of a new school year, and even now "finds it a little strange when September comes around, not to think of returning to Lasell," for which she sometimes feels a little homesick. She has her hands very full, she tells us, with her school (which the board would not allow her to resign, although she wished to do so), her music class, and two pupils in French. She is also doing some private tutoring, is church organist, and has an engagement as pianist for a course of December entertainments. That *does* seem as if she would have very little spare time, doesn't it? Her July recital, notice of which is elsewhere in the "Personals," passed off very nicely, she says, and was gratifyingly complimented by those who attended.

MR. PIERCE, to whom Lizzie May Whipple is engaged, has accepted a professorship at Ann Harbor, and they will probably be married earlier than they expected, and go there to live. At a picnic at Lyndboro this summer, Mildred saw Mr. Davis and three of his children, who were spending a part of the summer at Amherst, N. H. They had a pleasant little chat together.

JOSIE WEST writes of a charming six weeks spent in North Conway last summer,—of mountain climbing, of long invigorating walks, drives, bicycle and horseback rides, and other delights.

She was at Bethlehem, also, for a little time; and rode in the coaching-parade at North Conway, finding it "no end of fun," as the girls say. She speaks with especial pleasure of noticing that Miss Packard returns to her old place this year. Josie does also what a great many more of the girls should do, sends her subscription to the LEAVES, so that she may keep up with things as they occur here, and not lose sight of old friends.

MABEL CROCKER sends us further word about Anna's pretty wedding. Says they "had quite a Lasell reunion at the time." Julia Anderson has been visiting Carrie Johnson Miller at Port Huron, and plans a visit to Mae Burr soon. Blanche Fowler is studying in Paris. Edith Partridge Thomas and her husband are travelling in Scotland, and expect to spend the winter in Italy and France. May Healey is engaged to be married, she tells us. Blanche met May and Clara Simpson recently in New York. Both were well. Bertha Wilson is still in Denver. Her mother is with her, and the time of their return is uncertain. Mabel had a letter (and a picture) from Grace Holmes the other day. Alice has spent most of her summer in Ohio visiting old girls there. Mabel speaks, too, of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, who had been on a trip to northern Dakota. She says "We had a pleasant and yet sorrowful visit,—without Mabelle." Kindergarten duty claims Mabel this year—"twenty-four babies between four and five to take care of a few hours every day." She, too, like Gussie Pfau, finds her time pass more happily with regular work to do than without it. That seems always to be true with such as put their hearts into their work, as we are sure these girls do. Mabel sends subscription to the LEAVES.

ANNA ESPY speaks, in a recent letter, about her new work of teaching. She has a pleasant position, says that the superintendent is an old friend and very kind, and that she hopes to come back again to us sometime, not, we hope, very far distant.

MRS. MARY GRIFFIN CARPENTER and her daughter called here early in the month. Mrs. Carpenter was here so far back as 1853. We were very glad to have them come to see the old school again.

HOW MANY of our girls are helping to do "the world's work"! Here comes a letter from Lotta Proctor, informing us that she is now enrolled among "the noble company of martyrs"—teachers, we mean,—and enjoys her work hugely, with a capital H. It is no little thing to be able to do good, helpful work in this, or any other, direction; and our hearty good wishes go with all our girls in their efforts to be of real service in the world.

BERTHA LILLIBRIDGE and her mother spent the summer at Ocean Grove, deriving much pleasure and benefit therefrom. Annie Hackett was at Bradly Beach with friends for awhile. One of her good friends saw her there and told us about it.

POLLY SHERMAN, we hear, is teaching in Greenville, N. H.

IN AN interesting letter from Fannie Baker Bonner, now living in Montreal, Quebec, she tells the good news of returning health—she has long been ailing. She remembers still, with a sense of gratitude and pleasure, the prayer-meetings of Lasell, and how they helped her. Reviewing her work here, she says she still keeps up to some extent her vocal music. Her cooking lessons with Miss Parloa also still stand her in stead. She speaks of Ella Halden, whom she sees frequently, being a member of the same church as the latter, who is a faithful and conscientious church worker, and with whom she sometimes talks over old Lasell days.

IN A COPY of the Rochester (N. Y.) *Post Express* of a recent date, which has reached us by the courtesy of friends, we find a short article on the literary prominence of that city, among whose citizens are a number of writers of ability and note,—poets, essayists and historians, whose productions make Rochester the rival of Hartford in literary honors. Among these we note the following names: Dr. Kendrick, Dr. Hill, Dr. Strong, J. Breck Perkins, W. C. Morey, H. Pomeroy Brewster, George C. Bragdon, Edward S. Martin and others. Mr. George C. Bragdon, a little review of whose recent book of poems, "Undergrowth," is given elsewhere, is a cousin of Professor Bragdon's.

MABEL CASE visited Mollie Taylor during the summer, and Ada Barker spent some time with Jess Hunter.

FANNIE FAIRCHILD has not yet forgotten us. Like the good charitable girl she is, she says (of her old schoolmates and the present year girls), "I would like to have them try cooking for a week or two with the thermometer ninety in the shade." She reports a pleasant summer, during which Caroline Patton made her a visit. Ellen Sanborn has now to keep up the reputation of last year's "Marinette Trio", so Fanny says. (Their reputation is in good hands, we think.) "Marinette has been quite a Lasell town this summer. At one time I counted seven Lasell girls in church—Grace Robb, Alice Noble, Bertha Merryman, Elizabeth Stephenson, Agnes Low, Caroline Patton, and myself. Had you [Mr. Bragdon] been here, we'd have had a grand reunion."

HARRIET JOY MARTIN writes of a happy home and a dear little boy, Joy. She sends us her LEAVES subscription and this bit of news: Sie Stearns is to marry an English gentleman, a Mr. Esden, of Los Angeles.

GRACE ROBB has been enjoying her time in making visits here and there,—Milwaukee, Green Bay, Iron Mountain (Mich.), and Marinette (Wis.) where she met Bertha Merryman.

GRACE LOUD is studying art at the Boston Art Museum this year.

MRS. LOWE sends hearty greetings from the Paradise of the Pacific to her old friends at Lasell. She thinks there should be a second Lasell in California, in Pasadena, perhaps,—her own lovely city, in whose praise she grows eloquent, as indeed, does everyone else who has been there. Those of the girls who are living in Pennsylvania keep rather closely at home, she says.

MRS. JOHN HAUG has two of her boys at Mr. Allen's school. It is matter of regret to Mrs. Lowe that they did not move to Pasadena long before they did, as in that case she thinks she would have had all her girls within reach, and not be separated from them by the width of the continent.

ALICE WHITE is North this year, her health having been poor in her whilom Southern home. Emma has a good position and is happy in her work.

THREE families have come to live in Auburn-dale for the purpose of sending their daughters to Lasell: Mr. and Mrs. William R. Abrams, of Los Angeles, Cal., renting Mr. Winslow's house; Mrs. R. A. Feagles, of Toledo, Ohio; and Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Crane, of Scranton, Pa., boarding with Mrs. Fisher.

MAUDIE LORENA STONE also sends subscrip- to the LEAVES, and tells of her pleasant work at Chicago University this year, where she is studying German and elocution. She asks about whether there is a Chicago Laselle Club, and desires "to be numbered with the elect" of such a body. She speaks appreciatively of the welcome accorded to all "old girls" at Lasell. They are indeed ever welcome visitors to their old school.

GRACE PERKINS PATILLO spent her summer with Ida in Brooklyn, and had "such a nice home." Alice Dummore and she correspond still. Alice lives at Youngstown, Ohio. Sade writes sometimes. Kittie Ellis is still in Framingham. Grace has three children, two boys and a girl,— six, five, and one year old respectively. She remembers her Lasell days with pleasure.

MARTHINA GRUBBS RIKER sends a word of greeting. She has a good husband and a dear little four year old daughter. Her leisure time is given to club work and bicycle riding. Florence, her sister, thinks of coming next year.

CARRIE KENDIG KELLOGG and her husband, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendig, spent nearly all the summer in Lexington, and found in the old town, with the many pleasant drives to places of note near by, very pleasant occupation for the summer hours.

ANNIE KENDIG PIERCE and her family were in Egypt, Mass., during the summer.

ALICE MAGOUN is teaching in the Amherst High School this year.

LIZZIE FROST has been chosen president of the Galesbury Ladies' Literary Society, "The Hawthorne Club."

IRENE SANFORD and her mother have been to California recently.

AMONG recent callers were Mrs. Palmer and friends, who are friends of Miss Phillips, of Brooklyn.

BEULAH HOUGH sends her subscription to the LEAVES, and speaks of having seen, or visited with, Jamie Watson, Minnie Keesel, Annie Hanna, and, of course, Annie Webb. She met Mame Seaman on a Chicago boat during the summer. She also met Jennie Arnold's brother.

ELSA DOEPKE and her two sisters have been trying their hands at housekeeping, during the absence of their mother and brothers on a trip among the Virginia mountains. She says that she and her sister enjoyed their stay at Lasell during a part of the early summer. They had, too, a good time in New York, "doing" the city in true tourist fashion,— a trip up the Hudson and all. Elsa's plans for the winter she had not settled when she wrote. Perhaps she will write us about them later. Her two years here, she says, were happy ones, and she feels glad she came. So are we.

MAY GOWING RICHARDSON, with her little seven year old son, Cleves, a handsome intelligent boy, called to see us in September, and before leaving gave us a photograph of the little fellow. Mrs. Richardson is to live in New York hereafter, (see addresses).

GUSSIE PFAU writes cheerily of her pleasant work as a teacher. Helena is also teaching, and both girls like it very much, feeling more satisfied and happy than when they had nothing to do. Gussie has a good word to say for Lasell, her memories of which are pleasant ones.

MARY SUTTON sends subscription to the LEAVES. She and Emma Kennedy are respectively the soprano and alto singers of the quartette choir of First Presbyterian church in Rome, N. Y., and enjoy the work very much.

JOSEPHINE BOGART, who lost her father last spring, is now in Toronto, with her sister.

HELEN WESTHEIMER COHN writes a pleasant chatty letter about old memories of Lasell, a recent visit home, and "a Western branch of Lasell reunions" for Kansas City and vicinity, a scheme which she and others hope to work out to a satisfactory conclusion, and in which we wish them all success. Regarding her visit home, she says that Yetta seems to grow dearer and better with every day. Nora is a busy little housekeeper again this year, while the father and mother are away, and says she enjoyed exceedingly her short visit last year to Lasell. (We, too, enjoyed having her here.) Helen has a good memory for past experiences it would seem, for she prefaces her interesting letter with a very realistic bit of description of the process by which a Lasell girl manages to gain Mr. Bragdon's "private ear" in his little office with the stained glass window.

LIST OF THE NEW GIRLS.

Ampt, Anna R., Wyoming, Ohio.
 Aull, Emma, Kansas City, Mo.
 Abrams, Alice, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Blair, Mary, Roxbury, Mass.
 Barber, Mabel, Omaha, Neb.
 Brightman, Ella, New Bedford, Mass.
 Briggs, Nellie, Terre Haute, Ind.
 Carter, Lucie A., Highlandville, Mass.
 Case, Maud, Highland Park, Conn.
 Cogswell, Bernice, Killingly, Conn.
 Cole, Eva, Bloomington, Ill.
 Crane, Harriet, Scranton, Penn.
 Carmen, Sarah, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Cooper, Eda, Chicago, Ill.
 DeRidder, Mary, Saratoga, N. Y.
 Davis, Myra, Weston, Mass.
 Davis, Myrtle, Topeka, Kansas.
 Davis, Iva, Topeka, Kansas.
 DeForest, Beulah, Schenectady, N. Y.
 DeLong Helen, Glens Falls, N. Y.
 Emery, May, Waltham, Mass.
 Edson, Elizabeth, Washington, D. C.
 Faxon, Mildred, Kansas City, Mo.
 Feagles, Nellie, Toledo, Ohio.
 Fisher, Bertha, Mattapan, Mass.
 Frank, Nellie, Canton, Ohio.
 Friedman, Edna, Roxbury, Mass.
 Fuller, Alice M., Albany, N. Y.
 Ferris, Eva S., Norwalk, Conn.
 Goodwin, Rena, Biddeford, Maine.
 Grant, Edith, Summit, N. J.
 Hancock, Edna, Philadelphia, Penn.
 Houghton, Lucella, Red Oak, Iowa.
 Holcomb, Maria, New Bedford, Mass.
 Hockman, Lillie, Hagerstown, Md.
 Josselyn, Lena, Manchester, N. H.
 Kendall, Carrie, Leominster, Mass.
 Krome, Clara, Edwardsville, Ill.
 Lawrence, Harriet, Ypsilanti, Mich.
 Lasell, Ethel, New York, N. Y.
 Lovell, Cecile, Boston, Mass.
 Lovell, Musette, Boston, Mass.
 Martin, Alice, Kansas City, Mo.
 Mason, Katherine, Boone, Iowa.
 McLellan, Grace, Newton Center, Mass.
 McDowell, Katherine, Medina, Ohio.
 Millikin, Josephine, Saco, Maine.
 Moulton, Edith, Salem, Mass.
 Ollinger, Harriet, Milton, Fla.
 Ostrander, Nettie, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
 Perry, Edith M., Leominster, Mass.
 Peters, May, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Pillsbury, Ethel, Tilton, N. H.
 Pollard, Ella, Ashland, N. H.
 Peck, Georgia, Minneapolis, Minn.
 Pierce, Katharine, Milford, Maine.
 Pierson, Mary, Terre Haute, Ind.
 Richards, Louise, Weymouth, Mass.
 Sanders, Mary, Southbridge, Mass.
 Stephens, Christine, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Shumway, Lucia, Polo, Ill.
 Stanley, May, Pawtucket, R. I.
 Stone, Ellen, 24 Cary Av., Chelsea, Mass.
 Stuart, Annie, Newark, N. Y.
 Taggart, Gertrude, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Taggart, Lillian, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Trowbridge, Ida, S. Framingham, Mass.
 Warfield, Edna, Woonsocket, R. I.

Wellington, Violet, North Oxford, Mass.
 Wilder, Florence, New York, N. Y.
 Weston, Annie, Manchester, N. H.
 Young, Annie, St. Louis, Mo.

It is interesting to know that with the old and new girls, the different states are represented as follows:

Ohio 9, Missouri 8, New York 19, Massachusetts 39, Nebraska 1, Indiana 6, New Hampshire 6, Illinois 8, Iowa 7, Canada 2, Colorado 1, Connecticut 4, New Jersey 5, Michigan 2, Maine 6, Kansas 3, Wisconsin 2, W. Virginia 1, Maryland 1, California 1, Florida 1, Texas 1, Washington, D. C. 2, Minnesota 1, Rhode Island 2, Pennsylvania 2, West Indies 1.

SOME GOOD DONT'S FOR THE YEAR.

"Don't dawdle,"
 "Don't borrow,"
 "Don't be Atlas."
 "Don't ornament your room with 'cats'."
 "Don't lose any teeth when you close the folding bed."
 "Don't say 'you are agreeable;' let some one else do that."
 "Don't finish your lunch in less than twenty minutes."
 "Don't forget to learn one new word a week."
 "Don't try to pin up your electric light."
 "Don't *you* be the one to make the gap in the procession."
 "Don't believe *too* implicitly *all* that our principal tells you."
 "Don't forget to subscribe for the LEAVES."

ADDRESSES.

Mrs. James P. Cooke (Maud Baldwin), 1227 Linden Street, Oakland, Cal.
 Mrs. Charles F. Brigham (Anna Crocker), The Avalon, 40th Street and Lake Avenue, Chicago.
 Mrs. Henry Hall Davis (Edna Plummer), 171 High Street, Portland Me.
 Mrs. G. L. Jones (Georgia Hatch), 6122 Oglesby Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
 Mrs. M. G. Richardson (May Gowing), 139 W 80th Street, New York City.
 Mrs. F. B. Bonner (Fannie Baker), 22 Mathew Street, Montreal, Canada.
 Mrs. H. J. Martin (Harriet Joy) 4450 Berkeley Avenue, Chicago.
 Mrs. O. L. Ingalls (Mercy Sinsabaugh), 1747 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Mrs. G. P. Patillo (Grace Perkins), 79 Prospect Street, Gloucester, Mass.
 Miss M. L. Stone, Kelly Hall, Chicago University, Chicago Ill.
 Mary L. Sutton, 218 East Park, Rome, N. Y.
 Mrs. Alfred D. Rathbone, Jr., (Jessie Ball), 27 Park Place—West, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Mrs. William Woodbury (Laura Whitney), 46 Cedar Street, Worcester, Mass.

ANTIDOTES FOR THE HOMESICE.

HE.—French enables one to express such delicate shades of meaning, you know.

Yes, I know; And such indelicate ones, too.—*Ex.*

AN ANCIENT PROVERB.

HE who knows and knows that he knows, is master.
He who knows, and does not know that he knows, needs a teacher.

He who does not know, and knows that he does not know, needs love.

He who does not know, and does not know, that he does not know, is lost.

REUNITED.

“Darling!”

“My life!”

After four years of estrangement they were clasped again in each other's arms. There remained no obstacle.

The big sleeve was a thing of the past.

ALTHOUGH a woman's age is undeniably her own, she doesn't own it.—*Ex.*

Mary had a little lamb,
It followed her each day;
Till Mary put the bloomers on,
And then it ran away.

ONE day a College professor, going to his class, came across one of his students who had just fallen down. Asking him how he fell the student replied “Notwithstanding.”

Telling the anecdote a short time later the professor said: I met Mr. Junior the other day and he made a very bright remark. He had just fallen down, you know, and when I asked him how it happened he said “Nevertheless.”

THE Chicago University is the only large educational institution in the United States that has no college colors.

PROFESSOR.—Why is Pallas Athene considered the goddess of wisdom?

She was the only goddess who did not marry.—*Ex.*

MISS PRION (quoting)—Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them.

Miss Smart (musingly) Yes, I wonder what wise man made the one you just repeated.

MERRITT.—She has such a pretty foot. I don't know where you find anything smaller, do you?

Cora.—There is the shoe she wears.

HE was about eight years old, and was looking over the book-shelves for something to read. A volume bound in red attracted him. It was Pope's “Essay on Man.” He read it for a few minutes, and then threw it down. “It may be easy on man,” he said, “but it's hard on a boy.”

A TREAT FOR LASELL GIRLS.

When it was announced that Mr. John Howard was to give us a Shakesperian recital, the Lasell girls were all astir; some anxious about the coming recitations, others full of an eager interest in subject and speaker. The lovers of Shakespeare, and particularly those who were fond of Hamlet, were aware of the probable pleasure in store for them; while others were “sure they never could live through the evening”—in which they were most pleasantly disappointed.

Mr. Howard arrived duly, and after a few words concerning the play and its characters, he proceeded to the conversation between the guards on the watch. Step after step he led us through the immortal tragedy, until Mr. Howard—our surroundings—everything, was forgotten; and we saw—not the Hamlet of the stage, but an actual Hamlet, living, present. We ourselves feigned madness with the unhappy prince, sorrowed with Ophelia, and practised the craftiness of Polonius.

The scene at Ophelia's grave was put vividly before our eyes and the tragedy of Hamlet's end—his revenge accomplished, was a real tragedy for us; his spirit and his feelings were ours.

As one that can portray with the closest fidelity and most remarkable power, one of the grandest plays that Shakespeare ever wrote, taking his hearers to the very scenes of action, and making them completely oblivious of his own personality, Mr. Howard has our sincerest admiration. The appreciative thanks of the girls of Lasell are his, for one of the most agreeable and instructive evenings ever spent with Shakespeare.

F. E. W.

MARRIED.

Elizabeth Eddy (Class of '88) to Rev. Charles W. Holden, on Tuesday, June 25th, 1895, at New Bedford, Mass.

Maud Baldwin ('88-'91) to Joseph Platt Cooke, on Thursday, July 18th, 1895, at Haiku Maui, H. I. Mr. and Mrs. Cooke will live in Oakland, Cal.

Anna Crocker ('91-'93) to Charles Frank Brigham, on Saturday, Sept. 14th, 1895, at Sheboygan, Mich. They will make their home in Chicago.

Florence Irene Freeman ('87-'88) to Frank Land, on Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1895, at Syracuse, N. Y.

Edna Mabel Plummer ('91-'92) to Henry Hall Davis, on Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1895, at Portland, Me. They will make their home in Portland.

Ruth Seiberling (92-'94) to Ernest Andrew Pflueger, on Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1895, at Akron, Ohio.

Grace Reynolds Coon to Mr. Warren Prescott Palmer, on Tuesday, October 1st, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Lydia Starr to Mr. Francis M. Taber, on Thursday, Sept. 26th, at Richmond, Indiana.

Mercy Stevens Sinsabaugh ('85-'87) to Mr. Owen Lovejoy Ingalls, on Wednesday, Oct. 22nd, at Washington, D. C. They will live in Washington.

Jessie Mary Ball ('89-'90) to Mr. Alfred Day Rathbone, Jr., on Tuesday, Oct. 8th, at Grand Rapids, Mich. They will continue to live in Grand Rapids.

Laura Grace Whitney ('88-'91) to Mr. William Woodbury Carter, on Thursday, Oct. 24th, at Millbury, Mass. They will live in Worcester, Mass.

THE HORSE'S PRAYER.

"Up hill spare me,
Down hill bear me;
On a level let me trot,
Little descending bear me not;
Let me drink at every spot,
Never feed me when I'm hot."

FROM FAR AWAY.

In a letter from Athens, Greece, Elizabeth King Lasell our pupil Ethel's mother who was here at the graduation of Lasell's first class, tells some interesting facts concerning her own history.

Her grandparents were Damascus Greeks, who settled in Smyrna, where Elizabeth's mother was born. Her parents destined her for the wife of a certain man whom they had selected for that honor; but the young woman, unfortunately for this plan, fell in love with the Rev. Jonas King, then living in Smyrna, and to him her parents presently consented that she be married. When the Greek rising against the Turks occurred, Rev. Mr. King was sent to Athens to the aid of the Greeks, and took with him his young wife. Here their first lodging place was a roofless structure, three of whose walls were of stone, while the fourth was nothing more than a blanket, which the inquisitive Turks, as they passed by, sometimes lifted to look in.

"Often," says Mrs. Lasell, "I have listened to women telling their experiences during the war,—wading through blood up to their knees, and looking upon scenes too horrible to tell about."

The flowers in Greece, Mrs. Lasell says, are so numerous that the fields look as if overspread with a beautiful carpet, and she thinks she may be able to press some poppies and send them to us. They will form a good companion piece for the anemones she sent some time ago, and which are now mounted and hung in the reading-room under Mr. Tennyson's writing.

PASSED AWAY.

Sad news of the bereavement and sorrow which have visited a number of our band since our last issue, has come at intervals through the summer and the fall thus far. We deeply sympathize with those who have been those sorely tried, and trust they may have the comfort of a steadfast faith.

Osgood H. Waters (Carrie's father) died in August, at his home in Millbury, Mass., after an illness of some months. Mr. Waters was a prominent business man in his town, and an active and influential man in the church.

Mdlle. Le Royer mourns the death of a dearly beloved sister, who had long been an invalid.

Lila Coleman Hart died suddenly (heart disease) at her home in Halifax, N. S., just as she was on the point of starting to New York, with her husband, for the purpose of consulting a specialist on her case. A letter from her sister Jean Hart acquaints us with the sad details.

Mrs. Louisa Chase Horton (Louese's grandmother) died at her home in Cleveland, O., in August, from the results of an attack of La Grippe some years ago.

In September, Clara Bowen Lewis' baby boy, Frederick, slipped away from the tender mother-love that would fain have kept him, to the better land above. Of such are the kingdom of Heaven.

Frances Holmes has sustained a severe loss in the death of her father, in August.

Callers during the summer in addition to those mentioned elsewhere:

Emily & Sue Rowe,	Evanston, Ill.
Grace Allen,	Omaha, Neb.
Mr. & Mrs. H. C. Houghton, (Ella Bacon),	Red Oak, Iowa.
Bertha Morrisson,	Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. C. H. Wheeler, (Martha Paige),	Auburndale.
Mrs. B. F. Merriam, (Lillie Fuller),	S. Framingham.
Frances Gregg,	Pittsfield, N. H.
Mrs. G. H. Rankin, (Jennie Smith),	Milwaukee, Wis.
Jennie Arnold,	Peabody.
Nellie Richards,	Groton.
Winifred Conlin,	New York.
Julia Ryan,	Davenport.
Clara Lewis,	Boston.
Ettiemy Pierson,	Anburndale.
Grace Snyder,	Washington.
Mable Case,	So. Manchester, Ct.
Mrs. Ranlett, (Annie Kidder),	Here in '59, Peoria, Ill.
Mrs. Chas. Reed, (Rebecca Page) Class of '59,	Milwaukee, Wis.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR MISS BARROWS.

The husband of an Alumni of Lasell, doing business in N. C. happened to see one of our Dinner Bills of Fare. Whereupon his soul was stirred in him to give us in turn one of his as follows:

Three times a day, 365 days in the year. *Take your choice!* For a change *Cabbage* is sometimes served.

Fillet of Herring (croatan).

Raw Cabbage.

Sweet Potatoes,	Boiled in Lard.
Duck Eggs,	Fried in Fat.
Fried Cabbage,	Fried in Fat.

Boiled Fat Pork.

Leg North Carolina Hog,	Ham Sauce.
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Cabbage on Pork.

Smoked Herrings.

Sweet Potato,	Biscuit.
Mashed Cabbage,	Mashed in Fat.

Hog and Hominy with Cabbage.

Crackling Pudding, N. C. Style.

Hoe Cake and Cabbage with Ashes.

Sweet Potato Pie.

Boiled Cabbage,	Boiled in Fat.
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Cabbage.

It does seem as if a cooking school or two might help things in his section. He adds, to show how used people get even to bad things:

Last Summer when in New York I met one of our townsmen, his first trip in New York. I asked him to go and take dinner with me, and went into a first class restaurant. I handed him the bill of fare, told him to look it over, and select a good dinner, but what was my surprise when he ordered pork and greens. I wilted. As they had no pork and greens I patched him up with beef steak, lobster salad, English plum pudding, etc., etc. He afterwards told me that he did not enjoy his dinner at all. That if he could not have his pork and greens he did not want anything.

THE SHADOW OF DOOM.

The house is very still, only an occasional laugh from a happy girl, to break the silence, and I—sit here waiting for my doom. It is very close now and my moments of life are numbered. It is cruel to have to die so young, life never seemed so sweet to me, never half so crowded with gracious opportunities and now—it is too late. My fate is drawing nearer and nearer until it seems to take visible form and stands before me, mocking at my agony. My offence is unpardonable but I would have done it, if I could. The chief asked me to write for the LEAVES and I have not done it. The chief knows it for she told me to-night in the library she was coming to my room. And now I sit—waiting.

A NOVEL POEM.

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"
 "Van Bibber and Others" laid
 In wait to catch "Marcella"
 And her friend, "A Bachelor Maid."
 But the "Prisoner of Zenda"
 Saw "The Shadow of a Crime,"
 And with "The Little Huguenot"
 They both arrived "On Time."
 "The Foes in Ambush" walked away,
 Nor thought of "Little Sins",
 But left their "Pony Tracks" behind
 To aid the "Heavenly Twins."
 The "Secret of the Court" was out,
 And "Harvard Stories," too;
 And "A Traveller from Altruria"
 Had found out "Something New."
 The "Princess Aline" heard the talk
 And wished she'd ne'er been born
 As "Chimmie Fadden" read aloud
 "The Adventures of Captain Horn."
 "My Lady Nobody" looked aghast,
 The "Idiot" got a jag
 On hearing "Trilby" now had lost
 "The Honor of the Flag."
 "Diplomatic Disenchantments"
 Were broken at "Fort Frayne,"
 And "An Oriental Outing"
 Was given up again.
 So they walked "With the Procession,"
 Determined not to toil
 And "Cliffon" made his "Marriage"
 With a "Daughter of the Soil."
 The "Starlight Ranch" of Captain King
 Was very quickly sought,
 Which proved to "Margaret Salisbury"
 "The Ladies Juggernaut."
 Soon "Dr. Hathern's Daughters" called
 (A "Study in Prejudice" quite)—
 And "The Little Minister" read to them
 "Tales of a Stormy Night."
 Then "Tess" came in with milk pail full,
 The "Manxman" struck a light,
 And "Billy Bellow" he told the groom
 He was a "Parasite."

—Cincinnati Times-Star.

RECOGNIZED.

HENRY IRVING, the famous actor, whose face has, through advertisement and illustration, become familiar, to many people, was one day at a seaside resort, when he noticed a little girl looking at him fixedly.

"Well, my dear," said he, "do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," was the shy answer.

"Well, who am I, then?"

"You are one of Beecham's pills."

And, indeed, his face had figured in an advertisement of the widely advertised pills.—*Ex.*

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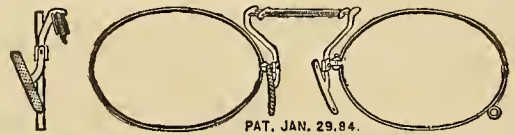
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LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI,"

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

EVERY Wednesday morning almost the first words exchanged across the breakfast table are enumerations of the remaining weeks till Christmas. It is surprising how rapidly they have lessened; this number of the LEAVES find our fall term more than half ended.

Work and pleasure have heartily clasped hands these past weeks: the effervescent spirit which always prevails during the first of each term, especially after the long vacation, has not yet subsided, and studies still have that newness about them, that for a time always attracts even the least studious. Let us endeavor to make this feeling permanent throughout the entire year, for it is just as essential the last term as it is the first, if not more so.

One failing common to students, and especially to boarding-school girls, is the tendency to worry over lessons, or to let outside things creep in to trouble and to distract attention from school work. We do not hesitate to admit that all this is foolish and doesn't pay, but still we are weak enough to be conquered by numerous petty trials, most of which are, no doubt, more fancied than real.

Here is a helpful little verse worthy to be memorized and held ready for use when we feel inclined to indulge in one of those self-inflicted fits of melancholis, and to imagine that it is discouraging to try to exist in such an unsatisfactory world; that we never have time for anything, therefore it is no wonder we do not ac-

compleish much, and that we are just going to give up trying:—

"The world is wide
In time and tide,
And—God is guide;
Then *do not hurry*."

That man is blest
Who does his best
And—leaves the rest,
Then *do not worry*."

* * *

Would it not be a good plan to introduce into our reading class something like Yale's new course of study of modern novels? It is very popular at the college, and is valuable for keeping one "up to date" in such literature. It provides, too, topics for conversation other than the weather.

The books first chosen at Yale for such critical study were "Marcella," "A Modern Instance," "Esther Waters," illustrative of three phases of realism. If done, it might be wise for the teacher to keep possession of the books between lessons; the drill in the study need be no less perfect, the interest in it would certainly be greater, and if the books were carefully selected, we should be able to acquire a better knowledge of the ideas of some of our best modern writers, concerning the principal topics of the day.

* * *

It is earnestly hoped that Mr. Bragdon's suggestion that we challenge Wellesley to a tennis contest, will be acted upon. Although the game seems to have lost some of its old popularity, we certainly have some players among our number who are able to enter into the competition, and why should not Lasell as well as other schools prove its ability in this direction? We often notice, and are always interested in accounts of such contests between other schools and colleges, and we surely do not want our Lasell to be less prominent than the best of these.

THE ALBUM.

SEVERAL valued additions have this month been made to our album. So many winsome wee faces peep out at us from its pages that it begins to look like a vertiable souvenir from the land of the fays and elves. Older faces, too, but not less dear, are there, recalling

the days of auld lang syne, as we look into their mature countenances for some sign of the fun-loving girls we remember so well. Cora Shaekford Tilton sends her own picture with that of her husband and two bright boys, a group; Emma Hackett's familiar face is here, surmounted by the trim nurse's cap she now wears; Amy Hall Smith's small Jeanette looks seriously at us; Martha Paige Wheeler's chubby cherub, Richard Howard, grasps firmly with his dimpled fingers the friendly chair-back and smiles half-dreamily at his numerous Lasell admirers; Grace Ackerly Kerr's two brave boys, Duncan Macmillan and Nathaniel Norris, came to say "Howd'y" to their small cousins; and Carrie Fisher Mellen's little Albert and Dorothy, of whom Albert sits gravely by his baby sister, who throws up both her sweet little hands in delighted surprise at— who shall say what? Perhaps Dorothy's mamma, or the picture-man could tell.

"Old wine to drink, old books to read, old friends to converse with" says someone; for us, however, very close to the pleasure afforded by old friends is that given us by these precious little new friends, whose baby faces lend their sunshine to our album.

The latest arrival of all is the picture of Martha Grubbs Rieker's sweet-faced little maid, Maria Louise, four and a half years old.

ONE KIND OF INITIATION INTO WESTERN LIFE.

WE should have arrived in Denver at seven o'clock on Sunday morning, but nine o'clock found us only in the southern portion of Colorado at a forlorn town called A., situated in the midst of one of the most barren of sandy plains.

The reason for our being there was a "washout."

Of course we were all hungry. We wanted breakfast and hoped to have a good one, for had we not telegraphed ahead, in order that sufficient preparations would be made for our party of five hundred?

When our train steamed into this small, forsaken town, we stepped out, "to see what we could see." The first sight which was presented to our eyes, was that of a small company of about five hundred people walking towards us. Some were happy

while others looked sad. Many wore hats and a good many didn't. It was a motely crowd indeed. We then gazed up the track and at a short distance we beheld a long line of cars.

"And so these people had arrived before us, and they had eaten the breakfast which we had telegraphed for! Interesting to say the least," so thought we all, without exception.

And then with that haste characteristic of those anxious to learn the worst, we hurried on to the "Eating-house" and finding tables devoid of that for which we were starving, we sat ourselves down and waited.

Soon from a dark corner, with black pompadour, plaid trousers, and a merry whistle, alternating with a remarkable smile, and with hands thrust into his pockets, there suddenly swooped down upon us, a man, who resembled as much as anything, a mammoth spider.

In stenatorian tones he enquired our wants and flew to do our bidding. But e'er he returned, there appeared a maiden petite, gowned all in brilliant pink, her pretty head being entirely enveloped in a huge sun-bonnet, the color matching her dress, and this wonderful head gear reached far beyond her face so that it would be hard to tell just what she looked like.

But whether she had the face of a Venus de Milo, or whether she resembled Medusa, she certainly had the art of correct aiming; for she stood at one end of the table, and with a platter in one hand, and with a fork in the other, and with the most graceful little curtsy, she began to toss the meat into the plates which festooned the edge of the table. Never once did she change her position, but with perfect accuracy, landed that fried bear's meat in the centre of each respective plate.

The spoons were thrown at us in the same elegant fashion and so were the biscuits and doughnuts.

Altogether, our experience was novel and interesting, though perhaps, not very elevating. We have had better service, *in other places* since then, strange to say, but our initiation into the life of some of those *genuine* "wooly westerners" was perfect. Our Sunday morning breakfast was not taken in the usual peace and quiet, which is supposed to accompany such an operation, but under the circumstances we did not mind it, as that sort of an

experience does not generally come twice in a life time.

After breakfast we boarded our train and started once more, leaving the "mammoth spider," "pink sunbonnet" and A. far behind.

Finally we reached the beautiful "Queen City" and saw rising, as it were, directly from the plains, the glorious snow-capped Rockies, illumined by the golden sun and seeming ever to be the symbol of all strength and greatness eternal.

C. A. S.

OUR HONEYMOON TRIP FOR 1895,

MRS. B. and I take a "honeymoon trip" every year. We commend the habit to all young married couples like us.

This time it was to Philadelphia. On our way we determined to see Sarah Harvey, her three new (to us) babies and her home. So, tho' the day was rainy, we railroaded to S. Orange, N. J., took cars part way and walked part to her nice home a mile and a half from the station. Fortunately for us, but unfortunately for her, we found her at home nursing two ailing children. Yet we saw them and made a slight acquaintance, inspected the elegant house and walked back in the rain (whoever had overshoes where she needed them?) and took train back to Orange where we found Anna Beach's home, but not Anna, who had gone to New York to meet Florence Shiff, expected by *City of Paris* from a vacation in Europe visiting Tessie who has become quite a French woman. In Philadelphia we housed and fed ourselves comfortably in the Colonnade (which we commend to our friends) and then found Sue Brown in the mansion of which she is mistress and she took me to the Armory where a great revival meeting is going on nightly under the auspices of the Methodists of Philadelphia. Sunday, we enjoyed two services at St. Stephens P. E. Church where is a good quartette, a practical preacher, and a mosaic picture of the Last Supper well worth visiting; and a service at Spring Garden St. Church, hearing and enjoying Rev. Mr. Elliot. On Monday we visited the several Laurel Hill cemeteries, rode and walked through Wissiwickon, Roxboro', Barren Hill, Chestnut Hill, and Germantown, where we found the old home of the Adamsons but none of the people. Hattie is Mrs. Thompson and was visiting in Massachusetts, and

Mae has lately married Dr. Gilbert Palen with whom she has gone to Europe, he to study medicine and Mae to give him courage.

Called at the Hancock's and found what a nice home and Grandma our Edna has. A most cordial reception. Mrs. H. made us friends at once. Mr. H. is much occupied with church enterprises in which he does much good, wide-awake, effective work. Has about made one church there, we were told by Mr. Brown, with whom and Sue we dined. Sue made the soup and the croquettes herself and could have cooked the whole dinner well. She thanks Lasell for this and for dress-cutting as well. *She makes her own gowns.* An Organ Recital in the Odd Fellows Temple gave a delightful end to a full day. Mame Marshall Call and husband called late that evening. They like their new city and home and work. Mr. Call has charge of the Advertising department of The Press.

Next morning we found Alice Stevens Osborne in a handsomely furnished flat and was glad to learn of her lawful and just pride in her twelve-year-old boy who is proving quite a student.

Annie Harbaugh Strobel has just gone to Pittsburgh while Mr. Strobel is getting made over a new home (1537 Pine St.) for them. The Colburn's had not come to town yet and we had no more time to find other of our Philadelphia representatives. Mrs. Call is bound to have a Lasell Club *there* too. She is a worker and a friend worth having. Philadelphia impresses me as a city in which one would like to live.

We met Sade Ransom Hazlet and her two winsome girlies, Martha and Elizabeth, and brought them to Auburndale for a visit.

Lasell girls seem to marry well.

C. C. B.

AN OLD SUBJECT IN A NEW LIGHT.

IN an interesting pamphlet bearing the above title, sent us by Cora Shackford Tilton and written by her husband, the subject of amusements, with reference to the Christian life, is discussed in a keen, incisive, and eminently candid way. The book is well worthy a reading, and its convincing arguments will go far towards setting right those whose ideas on this subject are but nebulous.

SNAP SHOTS.

IT was a Monday afternoon in November; the air was heavy with the smoke of unseen bonfires. A home-sick girl sat in her room looking out of the window at the last dead leaves on the oak tree. Her room-mate scratched away busily on her French exercise. A big tear splashed on the window-sill. It was after four o'clock and Charlie had not come.

* * *

THE line stretched from the post-office window to the chapel door. She stood at the end of the line. But she did not care, she knew she had a letter from *him*. She waited patiently, smiling to herself. Little by little she drew nearer; at last she reached the box. There it was; she saw the corner of the envelope. Eagerly she unlocked the door and with trembling fingers drew out a paper which said: (*See me in my room to-night at half past seven about your English.*)

* * *

SHE sat there in the back row of seats in the cooking class. She had been sitting there for an hour. She was hungry and the odor of the dishes made her ravenous. Finally the teacher put the cake on the plate for the girls to taste; she watched it as it passed from row to row with longing eyes. The girl who sat beside her took the last piece.

LASELL AT ATLANTA.

FROM Emma Genn's letters (Emma has charge you remember, of the Lasell Booth at the Exposition) we learn that our friends of the South pay high tribute to Lasell's taste in the matter of booths. It is the prettiest thing of the sort in the room, and attracts a great deal of attention. This has not been, however, a good wind that blew nobody any ill, for it has caused some trouble to the women's clubs and to those in charge of various school-exhibits; since the superintendent and directors told them that nothing was to be put up in that room which was out of keeping with that booth. So it goes: one's blessing is another's bane. A good many have called at the booth. Emma gives the fol-

lowing list of Lasell girls and friends of Lasell, who had called up to the time at which she wrote: Helen Thresher Hartzell, Kate Hamilton, Annie Bushnell and her mother, Lawyer Greene. Of these some learned that Lasell was represented at the Fair, through the Exposition catalogue, and others through sundry newspaper notices of the booth. The work of getting everything settled in the room has been going on rather slowly; and Emma was half inclined to fold her booth, like the Arab, and silently walk away; but on being advised contrariwise by some well-wishers, concluded not to do so, and hence, still dispenses Lasellian hospitality in her lovely little "reception room."

As at Chicago, Lasell's exhibit was first — and almost the only one to be ready *on time*.

A COLLEGE BOY'S ROMANCE.

THE campus of Harle College was very quiet one bright afternoon in September; and through the open windows of the large dormitories clustered about, one could catch glimpses of many a student, busy over Greek, Latin or some other of the "grinds" so much disliked by the modern college youth.

One of the rooms on the lower floor of the most inviting of the buildings, was occupied by two of the most popular men in the college, Robert Coverly and Reginald Willis, or "Rex" as the boys all called him. These two boys had been close friends ever since they had walked side by side to the primary school, occupied with childish joys and sorrows; and, though now for a-b-e, they had substituted Horace and Homer, the old friendship still remained.

On this particular afternoon, Robert sat in an easy chair by the window, half concealed by the pile of sofa pillows which his obliging room-mate had crowded around him, that he might be very comfortable while struggling with a difficult French essay. Rex, on a couch on the further side of the room, lay with his heels higher than his head, and feeling not a bit rebuked by his companion's industry, he eagerly read the latest novel, expressing his appreciation thereof by an occasional laugh or groan.

Deep silence had reigned for some minutes, when Robert suddenly flung himself from his seat, sending cushions and papers in every direction. "Done," he exclaimed, "Professor can't blame me to-morrow! Now, after that hard tussle, I'm going to have some fun!" His room-mate expressed his approval by an unintelligible sentence, as he turned the page of his book and dipped still deeper into the absorbing story. Stopping only to gather up his scattered papers, and to throw a book at his unresponsive elum, Robert took his hat and departed.

For an hour the silence of number thirty was unbroken, save by the rustle of the quickly turned leaves as Rex eagerly read on.

Presently the door was all at once opened wide, and Robert re-entered accompanied by three or four other boys, who immediately proceeded to make themselves comfortable, one taking possession of the book, with the remark, "Now, Rex, stop reading and hear what we have to say."

"Well, what is going on now?" asked Rex lazily watching his book disappear beneath the couch.

Thereupon a confused jumble arose; all spoke at once, and Rex could understand but little. "Going at eight o'clock" — "no end of fun" — "that impertinent Freshman on the third floor" — "he'll stand a deal of hazing" — "a regular lark" — "others will join us" — "serve that fellow right" — George Maynard ended by saying, "Then come to my room and I'll treat the crowd, I just had a box from my sister."

"But, gentlemen all, exclaimed Rex, sitting bolt upright, "this is the night the London Opera Company is in town!"

"I don't care! If our Freshman is like me, all will be well," replied Robert, hurling a pillow at Ned Furlong, who had just succeeded in balancing himself on the back of a chair. "You'll join us, of course"? he added.

"Sorry, but I can't. I promised to go to the opera, and I can't get out of it."

"Wouldn't if you could, I'll warrant. I'll tell you boys, he cares more for — h'm! you know whom — than he does for all of us!"

"Professor Chamber's daughter is a very sweet girl, Reginald, and I'll dance at your wedding — if you invite me," said George Maynard, in his paternal tone, which especially exasperated the boys.

"You go on with your lark," exclaimed Rex testily, "and I'll go on with my original plan! I've got to study now, so good bye," he added, walking from the room, regardless of the remarks which the laughing students shouted after him.

That evening, while crossing the campus, George Maynard and Ned Furlong met Rex, in most correct evening dress, bound for the house where Professor Chambers lived. When the friends had passed with their customary greeting, Ned observed, "I wonder if the affair between him and Miss Chambers is really serious."

"Shouldn't be surprised," was the matter of fact reply, "for they are old friends, you know. Their fathers were chums while here at college."

That was what caused Maynard to turn about, and call after his retreating friend "good luck!"

Rex started. Could those fellows suspect what he proposed to do that night? No! they had no reason to think that — that — The sentence ended with all a lover's uncertainty.

That evening, Rex knew very little of what was passing on the stage. He only knew that his sweet companion wore a pale blue gown and a most becoming hat, and that she looked — oh, so adorable! Somehow, he very much preferred watching her expressive face to listening to the love-songs of the prima donna and the thrilling declarations of the hero. When at last they left the theatre, they found themselves in an unexpected crowd, which pushed and jostled on every side. "What is the matter?" asked Miss Chambers, looking anxiously into her escort's face.

"I don't know," he replied, "probably the other theaters happen to be out just now, too. Wait a minute and I will call a carriage."

Ah! that was much more easily said than done, and finally Rex turned back in despair, for every driver shook his head and pointed vaguely in front of him.

"I can't find one in this rush!" he exclaimed, wondering if there ever were a prettier hand than the one that clasped those blush roses — his gift.

"Never mind," the girl replied, "It is a short distance home, and we can easily walk there."

That was the chance Rex wanted. His heart beat violently and he feared that his companion would notice his unsteady voice, as he led her

through the crowd, and into the quieter streets on the way to the college, trying to chat naturally about the usual nothings.

Miss Chambers suspected that something was amiss with him, and, after he had remarked for the sixth time on the beauty of the moon, which was just appearing above the tree tops, she turned and looked curiously at him.

"Yes, Mr. Willis, the moon is certainly beautiful; — as I have said before."

Rex despaired, but he suddenly added, "not more beautiful than you are this evening. — Oh, May!"

Miss Chambers was taken by surprise, both at words and manner. But Rex continued most earnestly, "Miss Chambers, — May — do not think me strange, but hear what I have to say. For a long time I have meant to tell you that — that I love you. Oh, did I —" He went no further, for a sudden clatter was heard around the corner and a confusion of voices.

"Don't stop, Ned! Keep it up! It will serve him right," cried several voices as a buggy dashed in sight. The horse, a poor bony creature, driven by a black robed figure, was going at a spasmodic trot, much to the delight of a crowd of students who were following with jeers. Behind the buggy, and tied fast to it, was he who, that afternoon, had been called "the impertinent Freshman." He had passed through varied experiences that evening, and now things were reaching a climax.

Rex suspecting who were the authors of the disturbance, shrank back into the shadow, and turned to his companion with a word of explanation. "They are only in fun! They will not —"

But May interrupted, "Oh, stop them! What are they doing? They must not hurt my cousin?"

Her cousin! Rex dashed into the crowd of students, who had halted and were planning some new trick, exclaiming, "Boys! What are you thinking of? You must stop this!"

"Hello, Rex! What's the matter? Come to join us," asked Ned, springing from his seat. "No!" said the new-comer, "But — but this has gone far enough. You ought to let him alone!"

"We are going to send him home, after he has climbed this tree," said George Maynard approaching.

"Come, fellows, it's twelve o'clock," persisted

Rex, not daring to give the true reason for his interference, yet wishing to make some explanation

"Never mind! So much the better!"

Things were becoming serious, when Miss Chambers herself came forward. The conspirators started in shame-faced surprise when they saw her.

"Mr. Willis interfered at my request," she said quietly. "When I saw you persecuting *my cousin*, I asked him to stop you."

The effect of this speech was instantaneous. Every student there was thankful for his black mask, and tried to back away, while making the most profuse apologies.

Rex stood with a very red face, while the hazing party made ready to depart, with their victim on the seat beside the driver.

"I thank you very much for your assistance, Mr. Willis," said Miss Chambers, when the last one had disappeared.

"Oh, 'twas nothing! It is a great pleasure to me to be of service to you."

"Is it?" was the laughing reply, "Was it so to-night? I did not think how embarrassing it would be for you, or I should not have asked it." "Now, good-night!" she added as they reached the Professor's house. "Good-night!" responded Rex, raising his hat as he turned away.

N. S. W.

THESE have been favored with calls from members of their families:

Misses Ruth Kimball, Stone, Wellington, Myra Davis, Perry, Goodwin, McLellan, Brightman, Case, Carter, Josselyn, Stanley, Sanders, Friedman, Holcomb, Myrick, Trowbridge.

Former Pupils: Mrs. Hall (Nan Peabody), Maud Oliver, Mrs. Hazelet (Sarah Ransom), Beulah Shannon, Harriet Scott, Mrs. Sanders, (Louise Hawley), Mrs. Ira Cook (Ida Carpon,) Clara Cameron, Bessie Roper, Alice Beesley, Nellie Chase, Louise Ball, Mrs. Hicks (Alice Mayo), Eva Couch, Minnie Warner, Mrs. Bailey (Emma Civill), Blanche Howard, Mrs. Lane (Esther Bridgman), Mrs. Holway (Ella Ellis), and her splendid boy,— what a treasure! Etta Schlim, Mary Merrill, Exeter, N. H., Nan Brown, Mary Merrill, S. Framingham, Mrs. Whitney (Minnie Stickland), Rosa Best, Lucy Curtis, Lizzie Whipple, Wellesley, Carrie Manning, Mrs. A. Manton Patillo, (Grace Perkins.)

THE SUMMER BOY.

You've often heard of summer girls,
With laughing eyes and tossing curls,
With parasols of misty laces,
And lovely manners, lovelier faces.
But oh! for me this greater joy,
The handsome, dashing summer boy
The jaunty suits, so *négligé*;
The silken tie, a bit astray;
The bonny eyes, the wind-tossed hair;
A smile for me, a careless air;
The hammock, walks, a dance or two;
The horse, the carriage,—room for two;
The river—drives—'tis quite a treat—
Such charming luck that boy to meet.

Perhaps at this you'll nod and sigh,
"She's found some one who takes her eye."
Well, if I have, I shall not say;
It may be yours, 'tis not my way.
And when the summer's come and gone,
And some one sings an old love song,
As I am by the fireside sitting,
Perhaps my thoughts will then be fitting,
To the happy summer hours,
To the birds and trees and flowers,
To the dearest of those joys—
The nicest one of all the boys.

A. S. Y.

THE SELF-GOVERNMENT PLAN.

THE rules and regulations of boarding-school seem to one coming from the freedom of home life very monotonous and hard to bear; and although the new girl finds that time and patience conquer almost all other difficulties, this sense of being bound follows her through her whole course. Just here lies her danger. At home she is trusted to exercise her own sense of right and wrong; at school this privilege is taken away from her. She finds other people ready to act as her conscience. We are all of us very willing to give to some one else the responsibility of our actions, and soon it will matter little to the girl whether the thing seems right or wrong to *her* so long as "nothing has ever been said about it."

Great advancement has been made already in methods of study. The old text books, by which only the memory of the pupil was exercised, have been discarded, and those requiring original thought on the part of the scholar have taken their place. If this revolution is possible in mental discipline, is it not also possible in

moral? Can not the ideal home-school without rule or restriction, governed only by the honor of the girls be realized?

Lasell has proved once that it can. If the school cannot do it now, it can only be said that the girls of to-day have either less moral courage or less honor than those of that time.

The old plan of government was this: there were two lists, one the "Self-governed," for those names whose owners gained a rank between 95 and 100; the other the "Roll of Honor," for those whose rank ranged between 90 and 95. These lists were made out three times a year by a committee, half of whose members were appointed from among the pupils by the vote of the whole school, half were members of the Faculty. Complaints were made and decisions referred to this committee.

Those whose conduct gave them a place among the "self-governed" were as free as the teachers, obliged only to go to meals at a regular time and to attend their classes. They could go away for Sunday whenever they wished, the only requirement being, that they should state their intention to some one in authority. Those on the "Roll of Honor" had fewer privileges. There was, however, one requirement, such as we do not hesitate to fulfill in joining any society; each member of the school must sign this pledge: "I will try so to act, that, if all others followed my example our school would need no rule whatever. In all my intercourse with my teachers and school-mates, I will throw my whole influence in favor of what I believe to be right and for the good of the school."

We said, when the chance was given us to govern ourselves, that we would find in the end that we would have less freedom than before. But, is this so at home? Are we not bound by the same pledge, although unwritten, to keep peace and happiness among the members of our family? We have come here to prepare ourselves to be useful in society — society in the broad sense of the word. In entering any sort of social relations we are bound, by those laws, and only those laws, which this "Self-government" system would impose on us here. Should we not prepare for this by learning at school to judge between the right and the wrong? Social

government at the present day needs broadening as much as political government did in the days of the Revolution. Where would be the freedom of America had not the principles of democracy given to each citizen the right of governing himself?

Social advancement in this direction must come to a great extent through the schools of our country and it belongs to women, especially, to set the standard of honor. Can we not do our small part in bringing it about that Lasell shall be an institution whose girls value their own honor too highly to sacrifice it to any restrictions but those imposed by themselves.

Although the question seems to be one for us personally to decide, we would be very glad to learn what other schools think of it, and it is hoped that some one here will take interest enough to try to prove to those who favor this system of government, what are its disadvantages.

We have noticed many interesting writers in our exchanges, and hope they will not be irresponsive to this important question. The editors of the LEAVES would be pleased to hear from some of them next month.

A SENIOR'S PURGATORIO.

ONE evening as I was sitting in the library reading Dante's *Divina Commedia*, I fell asleep and dreamed.

I saw a little old man whose sharp features, round shoulders and abstracted manner bespoke a man fond of searching out knowledge. He looked at me in an enquiring manner, as if to say "what are you doing in this place?" And when I told him that I had come to see what my school-mates were doing he took my hand and led me away.

We went through an awful gate that had above it this inscription:—

Through me you pass into the grieving realm;
Through me you pass into the eternal grief;
Through me you pass among the kin that's lost,
Justice impelled my maker the All High;
The Puissance Divine created me,
The Supreme Wisdom and the Primal Love;
Before myself, created things were not,
Unless eternal: — I eternal last.
Leave off all hope, all ye that enter in!

Passing beyond the gate, we found ourselves in

a dreary waste, the abode of innumerable spirits whose duty it was to encourage unambitious students by giving them long lessons, and by telling them, when the weary ones rebelled, that only a few hours spent in reading up was all that was required of them.

Having journeyed safely through this barren space we found ourselves on the bank of a river. There we saw a ferry man sitting in his little boat waiting for passengers. We embarked. After we had started, the ferry man began to give his opinions on education and to exhort us to 'pursue' knowledge, emphasizing his opinions by violent gesticulations. This became very tiresome, and I was glad when the boat touched shore and we were allowed to jump out.

Descending a few steps we found ourselves in a small room on one side of which hung a map of France. From the ceiling hung skulls and pictures of noted French writers and other celebrated men and women. One would hardly think that those grinning skulls had once belonged to such illustrious people as Voltaire, Robespierre, and Marmontel. In one corner sat Napoleon surrounded by a group of girls to whom he was giving a short account of his campaign, while they were endeavoring to tell him in French the reasons for his divorce and second marriage. The sight of a group of girls struggling over a French grammar in another corner of the room brought back recollections so sad that I hurried my guide away.

In the next room sat an old man holding on his lap a skeleton, by means of which he was showing his followers that the soul, or mind, is separate from the body. The subject was not very interesting, and we hastened on soon finding ourselves in a large hall.

Here everything was confusion. Meteors and comets were shooting around the hall at random, while observers were trying to determine their zeniths, horizons, and nadirs. Three girls were endeavoring to ascertain the duration of twilight at Stockholm on June twenty-first, and a fourth was groaning and wondering how anyone could sit in Cassiopeia when it was turned upside down. Each girl had a complete set of astronomical tools — equator, hour-circles, meridian, vertical circles, horizon, zenith and nadir, with the aid of which she found out the declination, polar distance, hour-angle and right ascension of the stars that were

assigned to her. I enjoyed this very much, but as my guide was weary we did not linger long.

In the next room we found a motely crowd. Old Grecian, Egyptian and Italian painters were giving instruction in their art. One fearless maiden was chiding an Egyptian for lack of perspective in his work: while over in one corner, Chancer and Spenser were penning lines for the amusement and edification of their readers. When I saw Chancer I felt a great desire to ask him why he did not write a brief account of himself and thus save us the trouble of proving 1340 his birth year, but my friend devined my purpose and hurried me away.

In another room everything was different. The walls were lined with books of poetry. Epics were there in great number. All the inmates of this room had a worn, haggard look, while the floor was strewed with the bones of those who had perished in the pursuit of English. The sight of so many girls coming to such an untimely end was, indeed, horrible, and just as I resolved shudderingly, never to allow any of my friends to continue that study, I awoke and found it had been only a dream.

E. F. A. '96.

A TRIPOD FOR THE SIBYL OF LASELL.

That Fortune is a woman one may guess
From her most cruel torture, which is this,
That she doth sweetly grant her hand to press,
And doth deny her kiss.

* * *

He formally decided on a day,
That he would be a devil, for a change,
If he sought only for a country strange,
The road to saintship led as far away!

* * *

I asked her once, a-wondering,
Why silent thue she stood.
Her words they said "she could not sing,"
Her voice it said "she could."

[Contributed by a Friend.]

Addresses.

Mrs. J. Hubert Green (Mary Etta Rose) Lincoln Street
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Mrs. Jno. Grote (Martha Solari), 2015 St. Charles Avenue,
New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Edwin Willis Shields (Martha Deardorff, 2812 Forest
Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Frederick R. Dorr (Ethel Rucker), 90 Chamber of
Commerce, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Edward Payson Call, 4510 Chester Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

LOCALS.

ON THE evening of Wednesday, October 16th, a number of the girls enjoyed the privilege of seeing Irving, in the "Merchant of Venice." The following evening another party attended "Faust." This rare treat was fully appreciated and enjoyed by all.

A JOINT meeting of the Lasell Missionary Society and the Christian Endeavor Society, was held Sunday, October 20th. Mrs. F. E. Clark gave a very interesting talk on Missionary Life in Japan and Turkey.

SATURDAY, October 26th, Miss Green gave the first of her series of lectures on "Business Law for Women."

SATURDAY EVENING, Nov. 2nd., notwithstanding the stormy night, the parlors were well filled with callers, who were welcomed, not only by the girls, but also Miss Evans who presided over a dainty tea-table.

MISS CULVER gave an interesting lecture on "Carmen Sylva, the poet Queen of Roumania," Thursday evening, October 31st. Since it was Hallowe'en, the girls adjourned after the lecture, to the gymnasium for a frolic.

THE WORK of the Lasell Missionary Society for the year 1894-95:

RECEIPTS.	
Membership fees,	\$77 00
Missionary social,	21 50
Sale of Dr. Steele's photographs,	21 50
Contributions for books,	13 75
Gifts,	7 50
Mite boxes,	20 00
	<hr/>
	\$161 25
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Caroline Lasell,	\$25 00
Lasell scholarship in India,	20 00
Miss Paine,	32 00
Tokio school,	30 00
Japanese Bible woman,	20 00
Turkey,	10 00
Chili,	10 00
Books to Lucknow,	9 25
Miss Cushman,	5 00
	<hr/>
	\$161 25

We plan to study in detail this year the countries to which we have sent money, and we very much desire new members so that we may raise the membership from forty-five to one hundred.

BEYOND THE VEIL.

MENTION should have been made in the preceding number of the LEAVES of the death in early September, of Mrs. Susan Steele, wife of our dear friend and teacher, Dr. G. M. Steele. Of Mrs. Steele's strong, sweet, helpful nature those who knew her need not to be reminded. Active, earnest and sympathetic, with a clear head and warm heart, she filled her place in society, in the church, in the home circle, with an efficiency that left little, if anything to be desired, and with a winning charm of manner that won her many hearts.

Shortly after her death a memorial service for her was held in the Methodist Episcopal church, of Anburudale. (She was a life-long member of the Methodist church.) At this service which was one of peculiar interest, several ladies who had been associates with Mrs. Steele in mission, temperance, and other work, paid high tribute to her character as a woman and as a worker in these directions. Our earnest sympathies are with the Doctor and his household.

Anna, Louise, and Sue Richards mourn the loss of a dear brother, lately called away.

We deplore their loss.

Word comes, as we go to press, of the death of Hattie Fitch, and of Mrs. Olin Curtis, the former at her home in Mooers, N. Y., the latter, in Edinborough, where she spent the summer, and the fall up to the time of her death.

Mrs. Curtis, wife of Prof. Olin Curtis, of Boston University, was with us only last year as teacher of mathematics during Miss Packard's year of rest. She was a woman of fine mind, and gentle, winning manner, making friends of all with whom she was in any way associated. Dr. Curtis and she had planned to spend some time abroad, chiefly in Germany; but went first to Edinborough, where in August their little daughter was born. Mrs. Curtis's mother was with them; also Grace, their elder daughter. It is a sad blow to the family.

Hattie Fitch was with us nearly three years. She was obliged to leave school last year on account of ill-health, not finishing the year. She was a quiet, lovable girl, and had many friends among her teachers and her mates. We are deeply grieved at the loss of these two dear friends and sympathize with the bereaved ones.



GRACE HUNTINGTON saw Lizzie Freeman during the summer and had a pleasant chat with her. The two of them were on the same boat going down the St. Lawrence.

CARRIE STEEL has a very interesting thing to tell of her school, for she, too, has enlisted in the army of pedagogues. One of her pupils, the other day, prefaced a question with "Say, Miss Steel, when you were a girl —" Carrie was first amazed, then amused, at the view thus suggested of the long years that had elapsed since her girlhood. Jo, she says, is in California, and hopes to be benefited by her trip, not having felt entirely well for some months. Carrie sends, like the loyal girl she is, her subscription to the *THE LEAVES*.

MR. BRAGDON recently met Anna Brown, of Stoneham, here in '84, '86, in the street-car. She has grown tall and stately.

MAY MERRILL, of So. Framingham, is learning art embroidery and massage treatment.

ANNA WHITMAN's bread won a compliment from Mr. Bragdon, who was favored with a bit of it, and thought her training in cooking had borne good fruit early in the year.

PAULINE COLLINS sends greetings, and encloses *LEAVES* subscription.

JANE DUBOIS HASBROUCK visited Elizabeth Burnham Low last summer, at Conomo. "Everything in and around Boston seemed familiar," she enjoyed her visit exceedingly. She planned to give us a call while she was so near, but was prevented from doing so for which we felt sorry. Her work this year is in Kingston Academy, (Kingston, N. Y.), and she finds it quite to her taste. Maud Haller, she says, has this fall lost her father — a sad blow.

EMILY WARNER enjoyed a visit from Nellie Briggs during the summer. Emily is now in school and is very busy indeed. She sends affectionate greetings to old friends.

ALICE STEVENS OSBORNE sends *LEAVES* subscription.

JESSIE GASKILL's poor health necessitated her spending a few months in the Adirondacks, where she now is, Saranac Lake. She is improving, and likes the place, which she characterizes as "progressive." Air is the medicine prescribed there, and she is outdoors the greater part of the time, "rain or shine." A Miss Walcott from Utica, sits beside her table, and is, so Jessie discovers, a cousin of Sue and Anna Richards. Of Jessie's two brothers, one is at Phillip's Academy, Andover, senior; the other a senior at Wilbraham. She expects both to spend Thanksgiving with her. In her letter she encloses subscription to *THE LEAVES*.

CORA COGSWELL and Virginia met Bertha Morrison last summer, at Spring Lake, N. J. Bertha's mother and brother were with her. "We had a royal good time together," writes Cora, "and were sorry to say good-bye, when, at the end of two weeks we were obliged to return to Yonkers." Virginia sends *LEAVES* subscription. Mabel and Bernice are enjoying, Cora says, their stay with us this year.

A NOTE from Clara Caswell tells us that Carrie Brown Caswell's baby has been ill, also Bessie Lathrop's sister's brother. Clara herself is well, we infer, since nothing is said to the contrary.

IN THE *BUFFALO COURIER*, of Friday, June 14, we note an interesting account of Martha Prentice's charming wedding. The lovely decorations and beautiful toilets must have made it a fairy scene indeed. Our thanks for the paper.

ALICE LINSKOTT HALL writes of the recent coming of a small daughter, Elizabeth, to her happy home. The Freshman class, (Drury College) "have adopted her as the class-baby, and started her a collection of spoons when she was two days old."

CORA SHACKFORD TILTON tells us much about Helen Hoke Sangree, from whom she had recently heard at the time she wrote. Helen has five children; one, little Margaret, died at the age of five. They are living now at Steelton, Pa., and Mr. Sangree's work lies among the steel workers there. He is pastor of the Reformed Church, but a broad-minded and liberal spirited man, who, as he himself says, "belongs to the Lord, and not to churches." His congregations include Americans,

Canadians, Germans, Hungarians, Poles, English, Bohemians, Jews and Russians. He, certainly, obeys the command to "preach the gospel to all nations." Cora had in the spring a pleasant call from Carolyn Waters, who informed her that Eliza Parsons Mardmen was living in Springfield, where Cora is herself living. This led to the opening of communication between the two old friends. Eliza is a devotee of the wheel; Cora, thus far, is not. Cora's husband and boys are well, the latter are bright little fellows, one a keen student and great reader. She tells of enjoyable visits to Vermont, to the White Mountains, and to Mt. Holyoke, of which last trip she gives a most entertaining description. She sends greetings to old friends, — and subscription to *THE LEAVES*. A fine photo of herself and family was gladly received; and shall have its place in the Lasell album. A pamphlet, by her husband, on the subject of theatre-going is elsewhere noticed. Thanks.

JENNIE RICH is doing nicely with her school — teaches in the grammar grade this year, and has pleasanter little people to deal with than she had last year. Miss Jennings, a fellow-teacher, is from Gertrude Sherman's home, and is one of Gertrude's especial friends. Jennie sends subscription to *THE LEAVES*.

CLARA SOUTHER writes enthusiastically of her delightful summer at Chautauqua. "I don't know," she says, "whether it is due to the lectures, the music, the beauty of the country, or the intelligent people that one finds there; but there is certainly a charm about Chautauqua which is wholly irresistible." She speaks of having recently moved into a new home, and of her appreciation of the change from boarding to housekeeping. Annie Kerr, now back from Paris, spent some time in Chautauqua, while Clara was there. Florence Pitcher, too, was at the same place, and she and Clara became acquainted. Florence taught in a kindergarten last year, in Jamestown, N. Y., but is this year in New York City, whether teaching or not Clara does not say. Clara's sister Sadie still continues her cooking lessons; Clara herself is most interested in her violin, and speaks of belonging to a literary club, started by a few girls a year ago. She promises *THE LEAVES* an account of this club. To all her old friends she sends greeting.

GRACE ROBB was not with us last Commencement, because her mother was too ill to be left. In her letter she speaks about a delightful summer, during which she saw Mame Seaman long enough to have a little chat with her. Grace's visit to her Marinette friends seems to be an especially pleasant memory to her. While there she met Caroline Patton and Agnes Lowe. In Iron Mountain she met a friend of Beulah Hough and Annie Webb. Minnie Kiesel stopped her on the street a short time ago. Minnie had been abroad all summer. Grace on returning home just missed Mabel Case, who had been visiting Mollie Taylor. Mrs. Noble and Alice, she says, were in Toledo shortly before she wrote, and Alice has recovered from her serious fall. A visit to Port Huron is among Grace's plans for the future. She will then see Carrie Johnson Miller probably. Grace's father still claims her as his book-keeper, a work in which she is much interested. The younger sister is West at school, so that Grace is "the daughter of the house." Among other pleasures she is anticipating a visit from Clara Eads, who will also visit Harriet and Alice Noble while there.

BELLE LOUDON BRAGDON and little Dorothy have been visiting in Denver lately.

MR. BRAGDON saw Gertrude Rice and husband on the cars recently.

Do *THE* the girls remember old Dick, whose sober paces assorted so ill with their eager desire to get over the ground more rapidly? Poor old fellow. He died in October (24th), of this year.

THE ATLANTA JOURNAL had a pleasant little notice of Belle Bragdon and her "pretty reception room," — the Lasell Booth, — during her stay in that city. Lasell, it notices, "is in flourishing condition, and gives a broad curriculum for the education of women." (See elsewhere what Emma Genn says of the fair. She is there now.)

THERE CAME the other day a welcome word from Amy Hall Smith, telling us of her year-old baby, Jeanette, whose photograph she sends for the album. It seems a long time, Amy says, since she was with us, a school-girl. She promises us a call, however, some time not, we hope, very far off.

TO KITTIE LOTMAN BROWNELL and her husband, was born, July 1st, a little daughter, Kathryn; to Maud Snyder Davis and her husband,

October 7th, a son, William Allen Davis, Jr.; and to Ruby Blaisdell Carter and her husband, a daughter, October 11th.

Our congratulations to the proud parents.

IN A pamphlet recently issued and entitled "The Story of the Albany Orphan Asylum," there is given a full account of the good work done in time past, and continued in the present, by this well-known institution. It is of especial interest to us from the fact that both the father and the grandfather of our Alice Fuller were closely connected with the asylum each having been for a number of years superintendent here. To the efforts of her grand-father, Rev. Timothy Fuller, to further the work of the institution were added those of his wife and daughter, both of whom were zealous workers among the poor unfortunates sheltered therein. Alice's father became superintendent in 1879, holding the position, with honor to himself, till his death in June of the present year. We sympathize with the family in his loss. His work and mantle have fallen to his wife, Alice's mother, who as superintendent continues the noble work so long in the hands of this family.

MARTINA GRUBBS RICKER sends word that she hears from Jessie Reed now and then, and that they exchange visits. She tried to see Lydia Starr when she was in Richmond last summer, but Lydia was out of town. Martha's parents expect to winter in Mexico. She speaks of her sister Florence, now with her and attending college in Harrodsbury. The little girl, her only child, whose picture she sends, has a bright and pleasing face, and is a great comfort to her mamma.

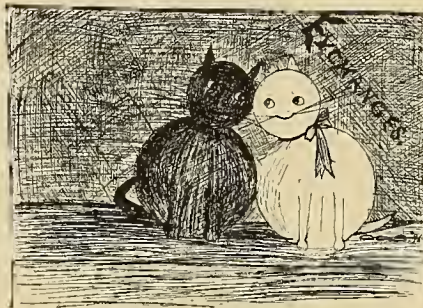
VIRGINIA MILBANK sends us an invitation to a Glass and China sale to be held at her home on Tuesday, November 12, for the benefit of the Homeopathic Home and Maternity. Thanks.

ELIZABETH MERRIAM, of So. Framingham, gave recently a delightful entertainment at Grace church in that city. Subject: The British Isles by Coach and Rail. It was finely illustrated, and gave much pleasure. At the close there was a sale and social for the benefit of the So. Framingham training-school for nurses.

AND HERE comes a long letter, full of interesting things, from Lyda Hunkill, so long silent. She

had a pleasant southern trip last year, and returned much benefited, liking the South very much as a place to visit, but preferring the North for her home. Her music is now engaging her attention, and she is working for a diploma in that line. Lyda speaks of a younger sister, who may eventually come to Lasell.

ONE DAY last week we had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. William F. Clarke, of Cambridge, one of the board of trustees, and a long-time friend of Lasell and its Principal. Dr. Clarke was here for dinner and spoke to the girls in chapel that evening.



A THEORY.

Once Cupid in his rogueish way, into a room went peeping;
And there upon the sofa lay a maiden calmly sleeping;
Then Cupid straightway aimed a dart, with a triumphant grin;

The shot was careless, missed her heart, and struck her in the chin.

He drew the shaft and kissed the place; 'twas healed by means so simple;

The wound, however, left a trace — a charming little dimple.

—University Courier.

TEACHER in History class: Johnny, who were the Blackfriars?

Johnny Smart: Colored cooks, I suppose, mum.

OLD LADY in bookstore. "Last days of Pompeii." So he's dead, poor fellow. I wonder what killed him.

"He died of an eruption, madam," said the grave faced clerk.

TEACHER. For what were the ancient Romans remarkable?

Latin Student.—They undersood Latin.—*The Messenger*.

CERTAINLY. What more should woman want? he asked. Is not the world at her feet now? Of course it is, replied the sharp-nosed girl. You do not expect her to walk on her hands, do you?

A SHREWD little fellow, who had just begun the study of Latin, astonished his teacher by the following translation: "*Vir*, a man; *gin*, a trap: *virgin*, a man-trap."

THE TEACHER. Now, who can tell me which travels the faster—heat or cold?

John Bright (promptly): Heat, of course. Anybody can catch cold."

ENGLAND has ninety-four universities and America three hundred, yet there are 2728 more professors in the former than in the latter.

FIRST STUDENT (beginning French). Do tell me what *Je ne sais pas* means.

Second student. I don't know.

First student. But you ought to know, you've studied French long enough.

TEACHER. Tommy, can you give me a sentence in which "but" is a conjunction?

Tommy. See the goat butt the boy. "Butt" is a conjunction, and connects the boy with the goat.

DARTMOUTH has graduated forty college presidents, sixty members of Congress, twenty-four governors of states, and two hundred college professors.

TEACHER (to new pupil) Have you been through Algebra?

New Pupil. Yes, but it was in the night, and I didn't see much of the place.

A CLERGYMAN was very anxious to introduce some hymn books into the church, and arranged with his clerk that the latter was to give out the notice immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notice of his own to give out with reference to the baptism of infants; accordingly, at the close of the sermon he arose and announced that "All those who have children whom they wish to have baptised please send in their names at once to the clerk." The clergyman who was stone deaf, assumed that the clerk was giving out the hymn book notice, and immediately arose and said: "And I should say, for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained, at the vestry any day from three to four o'clock; the ordinary little ones at one shilling each, and special ones with red backs at one shilling and fourpence."

WHAT?

She gave me a glance—

What *will* rhyme with amiss?

There is little romance

I must own, in a glance;

Yet it was an advance,

And I gave her for this—

When she gave me a glance,

What *will* rhyme with amiss?

—*Princeton Tiger.*

ABOUT WOMEN.

THERE ARE now twenty-five women in Chicago who are practicing lawyers, and fifteen more will soon be admitted to the bar.

MISS ALICE STONE BLACKWELL has recently been presented by the Armenians of Boston with a valuable clock, bearing the shield of Armenia, in appreciation of her efforts for the race.

THE SUCCESS of Miss Mary E. Wilkins in obtaining a prize of \$2,000 in competition with many other writers, for the best detective story, is a remarkable literary incident. The story was entitled, "The Long Arm."

TWO CHINESE girls from Kiukiang, China, stood the highest in the recent junior examinations of the medical department of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor. They are probably the only two co-eds of their race in America, and are noted in Ann Arbor for their ability and brightness. They came to America three years ago at the solicitation of Miss Howe, a missionary from Ann Arbor, and hardly knew a word of English. Each is twenty-one years old, and they graduate next year as M. D.'s. Their plan is to return to China and spread the Christian Gospel among their countrywomen as medical missionaries.

Married.

Mary Etta Rose (84-86) to J. Hubert Green, on Tuesday, Oct. 29th, at Natick, Mass. They will live at Newton Highlands.

Martha Marie Solari (93-94) to John Grote, on Thursday, Oct. 17th, at New Orleans, La. They will make New Orleans their home.

Martha Deardorff (91-92) to Edward Willis Shields, on Wednesday, Nov. 6th, at Kansas City, Mo. They will live in Kansas City.

Ethel Rucker (89) to Frederick R. Dorr, July 16, 1895. Now living in Boston, Mass.

Frederica May Adams (90-91) to James Ramsay, on Wednesday, Nov. 20th, at Ellensburg, Washington.

✓ PORTRAITS OF ARTISTS.

LASELL has recently made several interesting additions to her collections of pictures, in the photographs of a number of artists whose paintings are among the most admired of the collection. These photographs are those of Julius Rose, painter of "Stone Lake;" E. Berninger, of "The Coast of Amalfi;" E. C. Leavitt, of "From Garden and Sea;" G. Igler, of "Feeding the Doll;" and E. Schmitz, of "Young Gardeners." They are neatly framed, and hang near these pictures, respectively, to the study of which they add no little interest.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

The first Yale Commencement took place at Saybrook, Conn., in 1702, the graduating class numbering one man. His name was Nathaniel Chauncey and his corps of instructors consisted of a rector and a tutor.

A new humorous paper, the *Ben Franklin*, has been started at the University of Pennsylvania.

At Brown each class is compelled to take four hours a week of gymnasium work, and they are marked in this as in their studies.

At Princeton the interest of \$16,000 is available to secure the services of eminent lecturers to deliver lectures on subjects of special interest before the college.

There are from 1,500 to 2,000 American students in France.

A fine observatory is being constructed for the University of Pennsylvania.

Through the recent efforts of a former North western University professor, graduates from colleges of good standing in America are now to be admitted to French institutions simply upon presentation of diplomas or credentials.

More than \$250,000 are spent each year by the members of fraternities for badges and jewels.—*Union Printer and American Craftsman.*

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HE PUZZLED THE MASTER.

An English schoolmaster once said to his boys that he would give a crown to any one of them who would propound a riddle he could not answer.

"Well," said one of them, "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?"

The master puzzled his brains for some minutes for an answer, but could not guess the correct one. At last he exclaimed, "I'm sure I don't know."

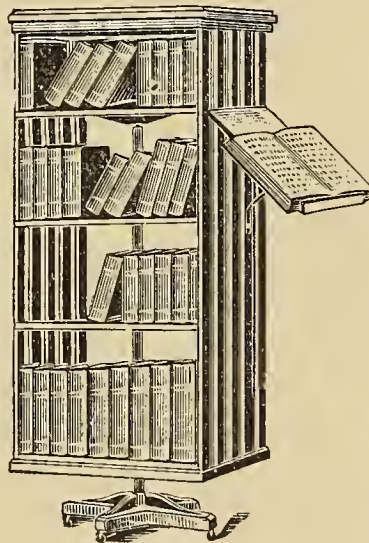
"Why," replied the boy, "because I'm waiting for the crown."

BOSTON, A. D. 1900.

The clock in the steeple is striking
The midnight hour at the "Hub,"
And papa is rocking the cradle,
While mama is down at the club.

—In recognition of her distinguished services in the cause of the higher education of women, Union College has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Alice Freeman Palmer, formerly President of Wellesley College, and more recently Dean in the University of Chicago.

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This is the latest style, finest quality, genuine Revolving Bookcase; never buy a cheap substitute or imitation.

It stands 52 inches in height from the floor; the shelves are 19½ inches long and 13 inches wide; they are in height 12, 10, 10 and 7½ inches respectively. The top shelf can be used for medium-sized books, but it is so constructed as to hold atlases or large volumes, when preferred. The total capacity is 160 volumes.

The adjustable leaf is a new and useful feature; it can be used either for a dictionary or as a reading desk.

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A CHANGE OF MIND.

He offered me his heart and hand,
Whereat I laughed and said him nay.
But soon I found that when he went
He took my happiness away.

And so I wrote a little note—

"Dear Jack," it ran, in sweet design,
"In love is 't fair to change one's mind?"
"T is," he replied, "and I've changed mine."

—*Tuftonian.*

CURIOS SLIPS.

Painters and writers have to be very careful to avoid what are known as anachronisms. An anachronism consists in placing a thing or event out of its proper time. In Shakespeare's play of Coriolanus, for instance, reference is made to Alexander and Cato, both of whom lived many years afterward; while there is a record of a German painter who was laughed out of his profession because, in making a picture of the Garden of Eden, he had Adam and Eve, as usual, in the foreground, with a German student in full hunting costume shooting ducks with a modern rifle in the background.—*Round Table.*

"SHE NEVER told her love, but let concealment,
like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek."
Even Shakspeare knew that there were bacilli in kisses.

JACK—You ought not to smoke if you are going in to dance with Miss Rosebud.

TOM—Oh, her nose is too high to notice anything like that.

"Decline 'a man,' " the teacher said
Replied the maid demure;
"I can't and won't. Should he propose
Why, I'll accept him, sure."

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No. 23—Leaves Boston at 3 P. M., except Sunday. Wagner Buffet Vestibuled Sleeping Cars, Boston to Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

No. 37—Leaves Boston at 7.15 P. M. daily. Wagner Vestibuled Sleeping Car, Boston to Cleveland and Chicago, via L. S. & M. S. R. R.; also Wagner Vestibuled Sleeping Car, Boston to Detroit and Chicago, via M. C. R. R.

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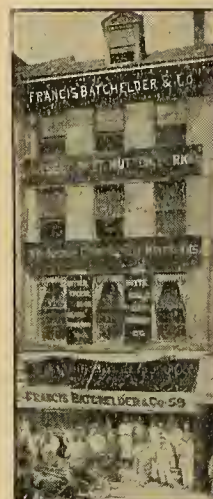
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LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI,"

VOLUME XXI. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., DECEMBER, 1895. NUMBER 3

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, and a happy vacation, is the greeting of the LEAVES for this month.

We approach the holidays *par excellence*, for at no time of the school year do we have such thoroughly delightful anticipations of the respite from work. To those who are looking forward to the home-going, the three weeks seem crowded with almost as many pleasures as come at intervals during the entire summer, and there is none of the sadness we always feel in June at parting from schoolmates, for we know it will only be a short time before we will all be together again; and then—how we will entertain each other with glowing accounts of the good times we have had!

Those who will spend the three weeks with relatives or friends have, no doubt, fully as enjoy-

able a prospect before them; while the girls who will have an opportunity to test Lasell's hospitality, may rely on the assurance of those who have formerly done so, of the many pleasures before them, and they may be sure of being too well entertained to wish to be elsewhere.

The preparations for this vacation are numerous and varied, and to one not interested in them as we are, no doubt they would be highly amusing.

First comes the vote taken in chapel for its length, whether we shall have two weeks, or forfeit all other holidays and have three. Our quiet sanctuary then becomes a Babel of confusion, "yes" and "no" mingling together until we wonder which will prevail; but the first usually has a strong majority, and after Mr. Bragdon has inflicted suspense enough to give us a good lesson in self-

control, we are told that if we solemnly promise a prompt return; the three weeks are ours. Of course we promise, and Lasell girls know how to keep their word.

The next in order is the securing of railroad tickets, which mostly concerns the Western girls.

Then comes the tearing up of carpets, and bringing down of trunks. If our friend on the floor below finds her trunk at our door, she must not get excited; for she probably has ours, and a fair exchange is no robbery.

If we get everything packed only to have the lock snap — why, that is nothing. Mr. Batstone is very good-natured, if *we* are not, and will soon mend it for us. If a bottle of shoe polish is broken, changing the color of our best evening waist, all we have to do is to keep calm and profit by the warning enough to push in the stopper of our toilet water flask, which was just ready to empty its contents on our mother's Christmas present.

So, like Robinson Crusoe, when he became discouraged on the island, and found the list of his blessings greater after all than his misfortunes, we can always find a bright side to the worst mishap, and although the train will seem never before to have been so aggravatingly slow, we shall, nevertheless, get there at last, and all our previous trials be lost in our welcome.

* * *

WHILE our Christmas is filled with loving cheer, we must not forget to give at least a thought for the many to whom the day will bring nothing but sorrowful remembrances. In the foreign world, probably the sad affliction of the Armenians is more familiar to us than any other political difficulty, and the papers state that "Suspense is still the keynote of the Turkish situation."

The world of letters has lately lost two of its most prominent writers. One of these was Eugene Field, our American journalist and poet, who died last month.

The other was Alexandre Dumas, *fits*, who died at his Paris home November 27th, at the age of seventy years. Although possibly we are not as familiar with his works as we are with those of his father (the author of *The Count of Monte Christo*), yet his fame is perhaps as great. Among other works he has written a number of dramas, of which *Camille* is the most widely known.

CHRISTMAS GEMS.

"Loud over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the claspings of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels where Jesus was born!
With glad jubilations,
Bring hope to the nations;
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun,
Rise hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one."

—Whittier

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"
—Longfellow.

"No trumpet-blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;
But, o'er the peaceful plain,
The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain."

—Bryant.

"Heap on more wood;—the wind is shrill
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas still."

—Sir Walter Scott.

"What means that star," the Shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

—Lowell.

"Oh time by holy prophets long foretold,
Time waited for by saints in days of old,
O cruel, auspicious morn
When Christ, the Lord, was born!"

—Phoebe Cary.

A STORY WITH A POINT.

"LITTLE did I think when I began my bright and happy existence that I should have so wretched a fate, and end my hopeful career in such agony, as is sure to befall me soon." Thus soliloquized a pin which had just been dropped in the middle of one of the busiest streets of New York, in danger of being crushed out of existence at any moment by the heavy wagons and carriages passing in ceaseless streams on all sides of the unhappy pin, which fully realized its own peril.

As persons who are in great danger and think they have only a few moments to live, review their whole life time in only a few seconds, so in a confused whirl passed through the mind of this poor pin all her past experiences. "Just one year ago today, Christmas Eve, I was put on one of the shelves of a large store, from which place I was almost immediately jerked down by a shop girl

and given, with thousands of other pins, to a stylish lady, who immediately took me home with her. That night I was used to fasten a scarf on a brilliant Christmas tree. My great happiness at finding so comfortable a place was short lived, for the next morning I was mercilessly pulled out of the gift and thrown carelessly down upon the floor. Now a more sensitive pin than I would have felt hurt at such treatment, but I, resolved to make the best of circumstances, made myself comfortable in the soft folds of the carpet. A short time after this I was picked up by the butler who was gathering up the many strings and papers under the now empty tree. Other less sensible pins would probably have scorned to serve a butler, but not I; I was as proud as any queen to be stuck in the coat lapel of a butler who wore brass buttons."

"Alas! why was my life so happy, only to make the end more terrible! Ah! even now I seem to hear my mistress' voice saying one day, "James have you a pin?" Yes he had me. I was then unspeakably proud to think of going calling in company with one of the richest ladies of New York. That same afternoon—how vividly every little incident is brought before my sharpened senses—a beautiful young lady, who was at one of the teas we attended, came up to my owner and said that she had torn a piece of her ruffle, and wanted to know if she could spare a pin. Thinking only of others, as my mistress always did, she cheerfully parted with me, though she must have felt the separation almost as keenly as I did, for was I not of great use holding on her rosebud? As I now draw near the end of the rehearsal of my short life story, I can almost feel those thundering wheels crushing my little body into atoms."

"In the folds of that ruffle I lay until this morning, when in the midst of a lively dance I dropped down upon the floor, taking with me a little torn bit of the pretty lace. A young man, standing near the piano, saw me fall, and, unperceived by any one, stooped and picked me up, putting me quickly into his pocket. Later in the evening he stood in a shaded corner of the conservatory, and drawing us from his pocket he whispered all sorts of loving speeches to me, from which I gathered that he was in love with the lace-flounce lady. Presently, taking me out he stuck me in the lapel of his coat, and put the tiny bit of lace in a little

pocket of his purse, then taking his hat he started home. On his way, however, in stepping from a car, his foot slipped, giving such a jar that I was unable to hold on, and so was plunged in this helpless position from which I see my second and last Christmas Eve."

LASELL CLUB OF NEW YORK.

You are invited to attend the Second Annual Autumn Renssion to be held at Surrey's, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh street, on Saturday, November twenty-third, at half past two.

There will be a brief business meeting, followed by a social hour and a friendly cup of tea.

It is earnestly hoped that every member will be present, as several important matters are to be brought before the meeting, including the election of officers for the coming year.

LOUISE LE HURAY, Secretary.

In response to the above invitation, a happy band of Lasell's "old girls" gathered in the pleasant parlors where the club's meetings are usually held, and after duly attending to the business that brought them together, enjoyed the "cup of tea" and appetizing accessories provided, and a delightful chat besides. There was but one drawback to the pleasures of the afternoon, the absence of the founder of the club and its first president, Mrs Edward Payson Call, who resigned last summer, on her removal to Philadelphia. She will be greatly missed and the only thing that can possibly reconcile the New York Club to her loss, is a rumor that is heard, that she may, perhaps, try what she can do in bringing a Philadelphia Club into existence. Nothing could be pleasanter, and we hope soon to hear something more definite about it.

We are glad to welcome two new members, Mrs. Lee Phillips, daughter of Principal Cushing, who preceded Mr. Bragdon, and Miss Winifred Conlin, fresh from Lasell, with the latest news from the grand old alma mater.

The business meeting was presided over by Miss Ida Phillips, president of the club, since the resignation of Mrs. Call, and one or two changes were made in the by-laws. The principal one was the reduction of the annual dues from three dollars to two, and it is hoped that with an increase of membership a still further

reduction may be made. An idea has in some way succeeded in getting itself believed among Lasell girls that the New York Club is a very expensive affair; but these figures will show that it is far from being so.

The following are the officers for the coming year:

President, Miss Louise Le Huray; first vice-president, Mrs. Isaac Milbank; second vice-president, Mrs. Lee Phillips; secretary, Miss Cora Cogswell; treasurer, Miss Annie Grinnell; members of the executive committee; Miss Le Huray, Miss Cogswell, Miss Grinnell, Mrs. William Etturington, Miss Florence Hunsberger.

THE DEMON AND THE GHOST.

HORROR of horrors! What can it be? I was awakened from my sleep by hearing, outside my door, a soft muffled tread and a low moan. Through the transom danced a light, a phantom light, upon the ceiling, suggesting the presence of a mocking fiend; and, though the moaning sound ceased, the light remained, wavered, moved to and fro, and finally stood still. How like an eye it seemed, gazing straight down at me in my terror!

What should I do? Was I dreaming? No; I was woefully awake, shivering with cold and fear. But to lie quaking in bed, nursing frightful fancies, would not solve the problem of how best to banish this horrid eye, growing every moment sharper and more searching. Tremblingly, then, I put on my hand, and taking my bath-robe from a chair, and a pair of soft slippers from the floor, I hastily slipped them on and began to investigate. With my eyes fixed on that gleaming, glancing impish light, and inwardly execrating it for forcing me, at four o'clock on a bitter winter morning, to leave my warm blankets and my safe retreat, which, mayhap, I should never see again, I crept stealthily toward the door. My hand shook so that the knob rattled as I touched it. The light moved! Heavens! The muffled tread commenced once more. With a superhuman effort I clutched the knob as in a death grasp, and threw wide the portal.

What—what saw I before me? Surely I never expected to behold a ghost. But there it was, yet in some inexplicable way my terror forsook me, for the apparition was a familiar one,—“black but comely”—his white teeth gleaming in vivid contrast to the midnight of his skin. How they shone in the light of that terror breeding eye! And the light?—‘Twas only his lantern.

“Who art thou,” I cried, “thou disturber of my peace.”

With a deep voice, resembling the moan which had scared away my dreams, he answered: “I AM LEWIS.”

Then he vanished, and I, with inexpressible relief, went wearily back to my downy couch and wooing dreams. But either the effect of Lewis and his lantern or my hard (?) study of the previous day had unpleasantly affected my mind, for soon my dreams brought me fantastic exaggerations of the night's troubles. The “black ghost” haunted me. It seemed as if I struggled for hours to escape his grasp; his gleaming eye was ever upon me. And those white teeth grew positively diabolical in their hateful grin.

Suddenly a confused sound rumbled through the air. It seemed far away, but its muffled clangor suggested not “I am *Lewis*,” but “I am *Legion*.”

Yea, verily! As the noise grew louder, the words became more distinct. “I-am-Legion! “*I-am-Legion!! Le-gion, Le-e-e-GION, LEGION!!!*”

Pale with dread I sprang to my feet. So truly it was Legion. The Great Demon, the Rising Gong was sounding. The Ghost and Sleep were things of the past,—but the Demon was a living reality.

C. A. S. '96.

A LASSELL GIRL IN AFRICA.

FLORA CRONISE, writes to a friend about her mission work in Western Africa, (Rotufunk), and the friend kindly us allows to make from the letter such abstracts as will be of special interest to Lasell readers. Wish we could print the letter entire, for it is of passing interest. She gives an account of a visit to the hut of an old African woman, left by her relatives to die there alone, because she is too old to be any longer of any help. A keeper formerly occupied the hut with her, but he is now dead, having first been converted by the efforts of the missionaries. The hut is interestingly described; one room, ceiled with bamboo poles, which supported quantities of unthreshed rice; two openings left in the side of the hut, but neither door nor windows to be seen; no chimney, and for hearth only the earth floor of the hut, where, in a corner, two crossed sticks support an iron kettle filled either with rice, or fish stew seasoned

with palm oil and pepper (the two, rice and fish are usually eaten together.) Dogs, chickens, and human occupants, eat, sit, and sleep on the mud floor. All sorts of things are hung up about the walls, tied up, may be, in dried leaves or dirty rags. The old woman, blind, feeble, naked save, for a loin cloth, prays for a long life, and seems sometimes wholly incapable of being touched by any other thought. Flora wrote that the rainy season was approaching, which would put stop to her visits for some particular time, and that when she should again be able to go, she might find the poor creature dead. What a picture! What a life!

She speaks of the general apathy manifested by the natives regarding the great message of good tidings brought by the missionaries, and thinks that many have very mistaken views of the readiness of these people to accept christianity. The chief hope lies in the children. These they can reach and win.

In order to "solve the problem of fresh meat" a number of goats and several sheep were purchased by the mission folks. The former are inveterate climbers, and seemed possessed of a desire to explore the piazza of the house. One had to keep continual watch; and to hurl missiles at them is only to give them an invitation to return.

In this trying climate frequent doses of quinine are necessary to procure health. In the wet season the old cook says: "Dis de hour when fevers walker all 'bout." Mail comes every two or three weeks, occasionally oftener.

The work here Flora finds not so widely different from home-work as she had expected. "I am just teaching school in Africa, instead of at home," she writes, "and the woolly heads are not much harder to manage than curly, or straight-haired ones would be. We can't really make any sacrifice for God; when he give to Him a little, he gives much in return." To one of the little "woolly-heads," little Ruth, some friend of Flora's, had sent an Easter card. She values it so highly that she begs the privilege of keeping it in Flora's room, so that "de pickins" might not carry it off. A sample sentence of her English is given: "Please ma make yo take yo umbrella, but make yo lef it" means that she

thinks Flora needs to take her umbrella, but that Ruth wishes to carry it. A little boy, when told that God knew the names of all who ever had lived, said, "Dat pass sense"; but when the idea was suggested to him that a God who had only man's sense wouldn't be a God able to help and to save, the child seemed to begin to understand, in a dim way, something of God's almightiness.

It would be interesting to see Flora's doorway with its tropical growths. She speaks of the beautiful and fragrant blossoms of her coffee plants, lasting only a day, and of the beauty of the sweet orange blossoms. For potatoes they use white yams.

The laws of the Old Testament, regarding purification, she says, are better understood and appreciated by those who do such work as that in which she is engaged; for after visiting the dirty huts, and touching the poor people, diseased, dirty, often loathsome, frequent ablutions are a real necessity and safeguard. The work is progressing slowly but surely, and she feels glad that she undertook to do her share in so noble a cause.

WRITTEN UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THIS is how she wrote to her father the day before the Christmas vacation began, asking him to meet her at the train. Stopping suddenly in the midst of aimless perambulations around a cyclonic-looking room, she exclaimed:

"Sue Minors, what *do* you think? I have forgotten to write to father, telling him what train I am coming on. What shall I do? I would write now but I'm afraid he won't get it in time. Oh I'll write anyway! Where is my portfolio? Packed of course. Oh, dear! Did you say you had thrown out the ink and washed the bottle? Sue Minors, you are too hateful for anything! You know you did it on purpose. Oh my pencil has not any point. Will you lend me yours? Thank you." (Begins to write furiously)

Young Ladies' Seminary.

("What is the date? *Why* don't you know? Hand me the calendar, please. There it is under the table. Thanks.")

Dec. 18, 1895.

My Dear Father:—

("Oh, Sue, do you suppose he will get it? What if he shouldn't and I had to cross the city alone!")

I forgot to tell you that I expect to leave Boston on the—

("Oh what time does that train leave? I forget. Where is the time table? I can't find it,—I shall just have to go down to the office.")

—twelve o'clock train on the—

("Sue, do you remember whether I said I was going on the B. & A., or on the N. Y., N. H. & H.? I can't think, and Bess promised to meet me in Boston and go with me. Wouldn't it be awful if I should miss her? I think I'll risk it and say Boston & Albany.")

—Boston & Albany road. It reaches New York at—

("When does the twelve o'clock train reach New York? I don't know. Do you suppose it will make any difference to him if I don't tell him the time? Oh, dear, I suppose I had better. That means another trip to the office.")

—half past five. Can you meet me?

("If he doesn't, I will never speak to him again.")

In haste,

MARY.

("Sue, where are the envelopes? Packed? Fish round and get me one, there's a dear. Now look at that trunk, I'll have to pack it all over again. I have not a single stamp. Have you? Oh, what shall I do? It must go out on this mail. Lend me two cents and I'll see if I can get one from the girls across the hall. Oh, thank you! You are an angel!" Exit, with letter. A wave of peace sweeps across Sue's face as the door closes behind her room-mate.)

Under an ancient elm she stood,
A fairy form in grey—
Her eyes were bright as the stars at night
And she merrily trilled a lay.
I stood in the shadow and watched her face,
It was eerie and passing fair,
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang
On the waves of the evening air.
I was stirred to the depths of my very soul—
Ne'er heard I a voice like that,
And I threw all I owned at her very feet
For she was my neighbor's cat.

—*Ursinus College Bulletin.*

N. B. REMARKABLE OFFER.

The LEAVES will award a prize of \$15 for the best original story between 1,500 and 2,000 words in length, to be contributed before April 10th, 1896, by the students who are resident members of any school or college.

Prizes are also offered of \$10 for the second best, and \$5 for the third in quality.

The merit of these stories will be judged by Louise Chandler Moulton, whose decision cannot fail to prove an incentive to the efforts of any ambitious writer.

We trust some of the contributors to our exchanges will try for these prizes.

Please address all communications to the EDITOR of the LEAVES.

VALUE OF SCHOOL REGULATIONS.

THE tendency of the time is to do away with the old methods, to place "old fogysm" as far as possible from us. Does not this inclination threaten to deprive us of much that is good in the old? What girl in our school can give verbatim any considerable number of passages of Scripture, or is even accurately familiar with the chief characters of Bible history? Our fathers and mothers, however, educated according to that old, but now despised system, which at least trained the memory, have all this, as well as much thorough knowledge of geography, spelling, mental arithmetic, conjugations and declensions—a knowledge which renders them good service even at this end of the century.

Perhaps though, after all, some very good training may be found in the routine of boarding-school. It is hard for a girl to feel that she has no choice but to accept the decision of others, and to know that she is deprived of privileges which she feels she would not abuse; she may, however, grow steadily stronger and stronger under just such restrictions. It is often harder to avoid the common vice of petty deceit under such circumstances, than to live uprightly when upon one's honor. The girl who passes unscathed through such temptation has much for which to be thankful. Especially should she form the habit of being

honest with herself; and this a girl can do, but of course more easily under wise guidance and good example.

It is rare that the hard worker does not surpass the brilliant man in the contests of life, and yet in the course of a school career every one meets with fellow-pupils, careless in habits and unmindful of rebuke, who seem to surpass even the hardest students in excellence of result. Are such to be trusted with the honor of a school? No, better be deemed too fond of the "good old times," than to take for guides such distorted products of the new. You may say that these students, under restriction, will be as hurtful to school reputation as if put upon their honor. That is, in a sense, true; but under restriction they have less power to lead others astray, and it is the good of the whole for which we strive.

Another advantage of school discipline is the fixed and regular habits which it gives young people. The thought that something is required of us every moment of the day is irksome at the time, but we presently learn the value of that system and order which aids us to accomplish so much.

If the young people of America are ever to be truly free, they must first learn how to live under rules and yet live honorably.

LASELL AT ATLANTA.

EMMA GENN writes that December 7th, was "Maryland Day" at the exposition, and the gayest day of all so far. The Marylanders, it seems, have quite outdone Chicago, and that is saying a great deal. Sara Hayden's brother called the other day. The weather is by no means what we usually understand as "southern." The thermometer sometimes has been two or three degrees below the temperature in Massachusetts. The Massachusetts State Building is, by the way, the warmest and sunniest on the grounds. It is a reproduction of Longfellow's home, and is really the finest state building there. Mr. Brown, who has charge, has twice called at the Lasell booth, and is very kind and attractive to the Massachusetts people generally. The following have called at the booth:

Mr. and Mrs. John Grote (Martha Solari), 2015 St. Charles St., New Orleans, La. Mr.

and Mrs. E. J. Bailey (Emma B. Coville), Corymans, N. Y. Helen A. Whittier ('64-'65), 50 Kirk St., Lowell, Mass. Belle A. Marrow and mother, Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga. Mrs. W. B. Gillespie (Mary Hood), mother and sister, Bristol, Va. Susanne S. Baker, Maryville, Tenn. Mary Miller Brinkerhoff, S. Brinkerhoff, Fremont, Ohio.

THE MONOGRAM FIEND.

From early morn till late at night,
You hear her pleading voice,
She tries with all her strength and might
To take her pick and choice.
She fairly tumbles down the stairs,
If "monogram" be said;
With care she hoards her precious wares,
E'en carries them to bed.
Oh, dear girls, who have letters had
From Wesleyan or Yale,
Beware of her who has the fad,—
Just hear her bitter wail:
"You promised me—you know you did—
The very next one came!"
Alas! too soon you will be rid
Of all but—*someone's* name.
The only place to study now
Is in the garret high;
Oh take me—take me from this row!
The fiend, alas! is nigh.
She grabs at me; I run in vain,
She's got me by the hair;
She carries me in triumph off,
And keeps me in her lair.
My very dreams are laden deep
With monograms and such;
I'm tempted off the earth to leap
And thus escape her clutch.
I see her glaring eyes and feel
The hotness of her breath;
In one black hand she holds a seal,
And her lips they whisper—"Death."
I wake in fear—yet dread the light,
Oh will the time e'er come
When monograms shall pass from sight;
And else shall end the hum
Of many voices calling loud
That same old fev'rish song
Of monograms?—Oh restless crowd,
I hope it won't be long!

—A. S. Y.

IN THE ASTRONOMY CLASS.

BRIGHT SENIOR—"What is the Wagoner constellation?"

Miss Packard—"It is the representation of a man with two kids in his arms."

Bright Senior—"Oh, you mean two children."
[Shocked surprise of Miss Packard and general laughter of the class.]

BOARDING SCHOOLS IN DICKENS.

FIRST and foremost comes the celebrated boy's school with the enphionous and suggestive name of "Dotheboys Hall," in which, at one time in his varied career, Nicholas Nickleby was assistant teacher. It had small, dirty rooms, with no light or ventilation to speak of; the boys all slept together in one crowded dormitory and had only the most meagre supply of the wretched food which was provided. Take this, together with the fact that the education of the enterprising owner and principal teacher, was deficient in the commonest branches, his highest ambition being to wring as much money as possible from the parents of the unfortunate inmates, and it presents a most pitiful picture. Yet it is most true to life, for at the time of the publication of this novel, there were just such schools all over England, and more than one irate school-master threatened Dickens with a suit for slander, believing himself to be the original of the abominable Squeers. It is gratifying to note that the book did much to abolish this great evil.

We turn with relief, from this dark picture to Dr. Blimber's famous school, which plays so important a part in the life of little Paul, in *Dombey and Son*. Here everything is eminently respectable and select, from the solemn stately Doctor down to the smallest footboy. But this establishment too, has its great fault. The boys who are unlucky enough to enter its august portals, are kept in a constant state of worry and depression, by the supply of learning forced upon them morning, noon and night, without the slightest discernment or regard to their mental capacity. It is in fact "a great hot-house in which there is a forcing apparatus incessantly at work." The boys who have strength enough to survive this course of treatment are unmitigated prigs, with all their boyishness and high spirits frozen up within them. We are glad enough to see little Paul leave this depressing place, although he pays the penalty of his life for even his comparatively short stay here. He is one of Dickens' most famous characters; one whose weird face and far-reaching questions make him interesting from the moment that he is old enough to sit with his stern father by the fire in the gloaming, down to the time of his beautiful and pathetic death, when the mystery of the wind and waves is solved forever.

Passing the mere allusions to Esther Summer-son's quiet school at Greenleaf in *Bleak House*; Oliver Twist's education, gained, under difficulties, at a parochial school; and Martin Chuzzlewit's experiences while studying architecture and land surveying under the immortal Pecksniff; we come to Salem House, David Copperfield's first school. This is remarkable chiefly for its stern and severe master, Creakle, familiarly called by the boy's "old Creakle," whose most striking characteristic is his colossal ignorance. But, happily for our hero, his stay here is limited, and his education is completed in a Canterbury school. This school differs widely from all the rest—it is a model institution, managed by one of the most learned and yet lovable and benign of men, Doctor Strong. Here we are content to leave him, making a place for himself, by his thorough preparation, and finally surmounting all difficulties. This is the most important use of a school; not merely to teach you the contents of books, but to show you how to act for yourself.

H. D. L.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

WE ARE specially interested in Mrs. Moulton because she has so kindly honored us by consenting to judge our Prize Stories, but, in addition to this, the high order of her abilities as a poet, story-writer and critic, makes her appreciated and admired by all of us who have become acquainted with her charming work.

Her drawing-room in Rutland Square, Boston, has innumerable attractions for people of literary tastes in general, as well as for her personal friends. It abounds in autograph pictures of eminent authors from all parts of America and England, with autograph copies of novels, stories and poems, paintings in oil and water color, and bits of manuscript with quaint characters on them. All gifts from Mrs. Moulton's friends, who are legion.

Once each week her house is thrown open to receive them, and they are delightfully entertained by this most delightful of hostesses, who, in her conversation at such times, frequently relates many interesting anecdotes of her literary experiences.

She was born at a quaint little town in Connecticut, called Pomfret. Her childhood there was encompassed by severely wholesome influences, but from nature she received many lessons that have

served her well in the lovely scenes and characters depicted in her poems and stories. The first poets she read were Young and Milton. On her eighth birthday she was given a copy of Mrs. Heman's, many of whose poems she committed to memory. At about this time she wrote her first poem and called it, "Getting the Latin Lesson." It was printed, and probably filled her small heart with as much joy as anything she has since written. At the age of twenty, she married Mr. Moulton, and from that time Boston has been her home. She belonged to the same literary club of which Emerson, Bronson, Alcott, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Colonel Higginson and several other prominent people are, or have been, members. Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes were her friends, and were proud of her promising talents.

Among her works are: "Swallow Flights," "Random Rambles," "Bedtime Stories," "Poems by L. M. C.," "Firelight Stories," "Ourselves and Our Neighbors," "Twilight Stories," "In the Garden of Dreams," "Marston's Poems" and "Miss Eyre from Boston."

Her rare personality has made Mrs. Moulton's name a fireside word in America and England, and she is beginning to be known in France, Spain and Italy, and other countries.

She is certainly one of our best writers, and her bright genius makes Boston proud to be known as her home. Every spring she leaves her home in Rutland Square, and goes to London, where, in a quiet drawing-room in Weymouth Street, she receives her London friends with that graciousness of manner which is native to her.

The enthusiasm with which her return to this country is greeted, proves her place in the hearts of her countrymen, and the success of her literary labors.

MUSICAL LASELL.

AWAY down deep in the soul of every Lasell girl, lies an ardent, passionate devotion to the greatest of the Muses. You may ask how it may be proved that this is peculiar to Lasell, or true of every Lasell girl? And in all justice, a proof should be given.

At frequent intervals may be heard far away, melodious echoes, so delicious, so inspiring, and withal so familiar, that the soul is held spellbound

by the celestial strains; now a lively, joyous note, the moonlight dance by the fairies; now the deepest melancholy, a sorrowful pathos, awakening deepest sympathy, and bringing tears to the eyes even of the least sympathetic souls. Nearer came these delightful harmonies. Musical Lasell is in a trance; slowly does that trance lead all to the windows. They have just enough strength left to raise the sash, and, leaning far out to murmur, in tones of painful hope and joy:

"Oh, if only he were nearer! Girls, *do* you think he'll *ever* come?"

But from whence comes the marvellous rhapsody, so strangely affecting this mass of humanity, forcing its way into young souls as yet untried, gaining access to these fresh and tender hearts with never a repulse,—nay, with a hearty welcome,—invited and courted, begged and besought by these lovely and spotless representatives of Lasell?

They are anxiously awaiting the coming of the unknown wizard, the master of that magical instrument. The maidens lean yet farther out, straining their eyes, their ears, their mouths, lest some note should escape them; and now,—oh, horrible fate!—the music dies away, the girls fall back with parched throats, gasping!

How quickly may the clouds turn into sunshine, sorrow into joy. That bitter disappointment brought in its hand a blessing, a joy before undreamed of, a happiness un hoped for. Close to their very ears, again sounded the magic tones; this time joyously pealing out into the frosty air. The girls were in a frenzy of delight. Coppers, nickels, silver were showered on the spot whence the strains proceeded. These free young hearts were giving vent to their joy in mild shouts and frantic exclamations of delight. Banjos, mandolins, guitars, autoharps and violins were brought to the windows; not that those below needed assistance, but merely as the natural outcome and expression of the musical taste of the listeners. Below stairs another sort of frenzy was going on. In a certain office, around a certain corner, stern, unmusical souls were toiling in the cause of literature and philosophy. Severe and hardened they must indeed have been, for the melody, the exquisite harmony, actually seemed to *jar* on their untutored ears. Groans and stamps of rage were audible above the manifestations of joy and pure delight from the crowded casements.

Alas ! at these first sounds of disapproval, hope sank in the hearts of those brave ones, already daring to hope that some night we might dance to those magic strains in our own gym.

Oh, ye hard and unappreciative ! With no heart and no soul for this most extraordinary music ; to laugh and to scoff,—even to *groan* at its grandest harmonies ; and, worst of all, to call it “*wretched*, a nuisance of a hurdy-gurdy !” Cast no more those malignant looks at the two poor toiling souls behind it—what better right have you than they to earn a Christmas dinner as you please ?

F. E. W.

LOCALS.

THE ANNUAL social of the Lasell Missionary Society was held in the gymnasium, Saturday evening, November the 30th. The chief attraction of the evening was a “Convention of Realistic Readers,” which was enjoyed by all.

MONDAY EVENING, December 9th, the Brown Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo Club gave a concert under the auspices of the S. D. Society. A reception in the parlors followed.

THE USUAL musical recital of the term was held in the gymnasium, Wednesday evening, December 11th. There were a number of solos, and several selections were rendered by the Orphean Club.

THE CHRISTMAS vacation this year begins December 19th, and ends January 9th, 1896.

AT THE regular meeting of the Lasell Missionary Society last month, Miss Margaret Leitch gave a most interesting talk on her eight year's experience among the natives of Ceylon. After the exercises, a number of the girls had the pleasure of meeting Miss Leitch in the parlors.

SUNDAY evening, December 1st, several of the girls listened to Dr. Herron's address to the Men's Working Club, in Wells' Memorial building, Boston, and found him no less interesting than in his talk to us the day before Thanksgiving.

THE AVERAGE height of Lasell girls for the past four years seem to agree with the theory that women are growing taller :

September, 1891.	5 feet 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
“ 1892.	5 “ 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ “
“ 1893.	5 “ 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ “
“ 1894.	5 “ 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ “

THESE HAVE been favored with calls from members of their families :

Misses Evans, Ferris, Cruikshank, Wellington, Wilder, Faxon, Stone, Edson, Mason, Fisher, Washburn, McDowell, Hancock, Ostrander, A. Kimball, Pollard, Trowbridge, Carleton, Weston, Cogswell.

Former Pupils. Helen Morris, Mrs. Johnson (Sarah Perkins), Sue Brown, Nellie Briggs, Mary Healey, Lottie Appel, Eleanor Clapp.

THANKSGIVING DAY never saw a prettier sight than Lasell's dining hall, November 28th, 1895.

The tables were arranged on three sides of the room ; Mr. Bragdon, his family and guests occupying the short table across the end, while the girls and their visitors sat at the long table on each side. Very beautiful indeed were the decorations of huge white and yellow chrysanthemums. A small centre table, from which coffee was served, was decorated with carnations, and smilax was drawn from the four corners and sides of the table to the chandelier above ; forming a lovely bower of green for the pretty china below.

The girls were daintily and appropriately gowned in light dresses, and over all shone brilliantly the electric lights, enhancing the beauty of the scene.

At each place a carnation and a dainty menu was found. The dinner was deftly served by maids dressed in white. During the dinner sweet strains of music, blending with the happy voices of the feasters, all came from the landing where an orchestra was stationed.

Just before dinner was over, Mr. Bragdon made a pleasant little speech, after which all adjourned to the gymnasium, where the evening was spent in playing blind man's buff, singing, and dancing Virginia reels. Truly Thanksgiving on the New Englander's day.

M. M. F.

C. E. NOTES.

A regular business meeting of the Lasell Y. P. S. C. E., was held in the chapel, Sunday evening, Dec. 8, 1895. The following officers were chosen for next term :

President, Martha Baker ; vice president, Anna Warner ; secretary, Ruth Merriam ; treasurer, Ethel Loud ; corresponding secretary, Gertrude Taggart.

Lookout Committee—Alice Clarke, Alice Martin, Ida Trobridge.

Prayer Meeting Committee—Bessie Hayward, Lillian Taggart, Luella Houghton.

Temperance Committee—Anna Ampt.

Social Committee—Emma Grant, Lillie Hockman, May Stanley.

Missionary Committee—Ruth Kimball.

Music Committee—Anna Warner.

It was voted that part of the money in the treasury be appropriated for a Christmas lunch for the men of the Rescue Mission, on Kneeland Street, Boston, and that the remaining money be sent to the Girl's Rescue Mission in Boston.

Our Society has added twenty new members this term, which number we hope will be greatly increased next term.

PASSED AWAY.

WE LEARN with sorrow of the death of Helen Winslow's father, Mr. H. C. Winslow, at Pepperell, Mass., November 12th; and of Mary Marshall Call's father, General Frank Marshall, at Denver, November 26.

Mr. Winslow was for twenty-five years superintendent of the Nashua River Paper Company; he was one of the stockholders of the Pepperell Card Shop, and president of the Company. In his death Pepperell loses one of its most prominent business men and a most estimable citizen. He leaves a wife and one daughter, Helen.

General Marshall was one of the pioneers of Colorado; was a central figure in the Kansas-Nebraska struggles; he was a brave, generous, enterprising man, active even in his old age in promoting the welfare of the state he had helped to found. Needless to say that he was appreciated by his fellow-citizens, and is truly mourned by all who knew his worth. He leaves a wife, four sons, and a daughter, Mary.

Josephine Bogart also lost her dear father last April.

With all these dear friends we sympathize deeply in their trouble.

MARRIED.

Maude Oliver ('89) to Charles Carrol Harding, on Thursday, November 14, at East Saugus, Mass. They will live in Pasadena, Cal.

Jennie Sophia Dunn to Rev. Seth Coaley Carey, on Wednesday, November 20, at Gardner, Mass.

ADDRESSES.

Mrs. Chas. C. Harding (Maude Oliver), Hotel Green, Pasadena, Cal.

Miss Adile M. Roth, 170 So. Euclid Street, Pasadena, Cal.

Mrs. Edwin Willis Shields (Martha Deardorf), 2812 Forest Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



IRENE
BATTEY visited

Julia Murphy during the fall.

Through a friend we learn of the recent engagement of Edith Emma Libby to Will Russell Cutter of Portland.

SUSIE BAKER, '91 has been at home recently, Maryville, Tenn. She expected to study the Bible at the Moody Institute, Chicago, during the winter but, just as she was packing her trunk to go, received a request from a dear friend to "come over into North Carolina to help her," whereupon she obediently went, and is now happily engaged in mission work at Albemarle, N. C. She sends LEAVES subscription. Mary Hood Gillespie's younger sister, she says, expects one day to come to Lasell. Susie is planning the same thing for her two nieces, when they shall be old enough.

A NEWSPAPER clipping acquaints us with the particulars concerning Mercy Linsabangh's recent wedding at her home in Washington, D. C. — Three of Mercy's consins were her bridesmaids. She wore the bridal laces, veil and point lace drapery, that Mrs. Linsabangh wore when she was herself a bride. The marriage ceremony was witnessed only by the immediate family and the bridal attendants; but to the reception held afterwards, came a throng of friends. The wedding-supper was served from a "typical bridal table, decorated with white blossoms and ferns." Later in the evening the couple left for a wedding trip North.

EMMA SIBLEY GUILBERT, here in '76, made us a welcome visit Dec. 3rd, and showed us some exquisite embroidery.

LOUISE HAWLEY SANDERS whose daughter is with us this year, sends a picture of a witching little maid of two years, Ruth Hawley Sanders. We are very glad to add this little face to our collection of the wee ones.

BERTHA LILLIBRIDGE writes from Brighton, England, whither she and her mother went in September. She is well now, but has had a five-week's siege of typhoid fever since her arrival; her mother, too, is well. They are boarding with Mrs. Calder, a friend of Mrs. Shepherd's. Bertha says that she had planned to attend Commencement last year, but the illness of both prevented. We are sorry, but hope that her plan to stop in Anburndale on her way home will not likewise be frustrated. She sends greeting to all her Lasell friends.

FROM HELEN WINSLOW, who has recently lost her father, comes a tender little note of resignation and hope that in God's own "someday" all will be made clear.

IN CLARA CRESWELL'S last letter she speaks of those who, being unable to attend the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon, in August last, sent their regrets. They were as follows:

Mrs. Louise Albee Griffin, Boulder; Mrs. Stella Hoyt Rnsh, Boulder; both having received their invitations too late.

Miss Bertie Berlin failed to receive invitation, because of changed address, unknown to the secretary.

Mrs. Lntie Price Seeley, previous engagement.

Miss Lottie Appel, out of town.

Mrs. Carrie Brown Cassell, illness of child.

Mrs. Bessie Lothrop Lister, sickness in family.

BELLE ANDERSON, Nathrop, Colorado, writes that she is still teaching. She was in Gunnison County, Colorado, all summer, and is to return thither in January when she will take charge of a new school at a new mining camp. In the fall she was candidate for County Superintendent of Schools, and lost by a very small majority. Had she not considered the probability of losing to be stronger than it really was, and had made a little personal effort, she would undoubtedly have won the day.

ELIZABETH MERRIAM gave some time since, to the inmates of the reformatory prison for women, her fine illustrated lecture, "The British Isles by Coach and Rail."

MISS LARRISON is teaching at Lake View High School, Chicago, Ill.

BERNICE LANGWORTHY MCFADDEN, here in '76, sends her picture for the album. Thanks. She speaks of having met a lady who travelled last year in the same party with Prof. Hills, and of the pleasure it gave her to meet some one who knew any of the Lasell people. Says she met, last summer, in Dubuque, our Fanny Dillrance, who inquired kindly after her old friends here. Emma Sibley Gilbert and she spent several of the summer weeks together, on Squirrel Island, Maine, in 1894. Bernice and her husband are to spend some months in Washington during the first of the year.

DASIE HARTSON, '94, has been ill for two months, but is regaining health rapidly. There seemed for awhile cause for alarm, but the mountain air brought her out all right again. She is studying voice in San Francisco and likes it very much. Says she has "tried a little of everything" since she went home,—piano, guitar, china-painting, German, French, literature and history;—yes, and *cooking*, too. Mistress Cook sailed off one day, leaving the family in the lurch, whereupon Dasie begged to be allowed to rule the domain of the kitchen till cook No. 2 should come. Brother threatened evils dire if permission were not withheld, but mamma graciously consented, and Dasie not without some misgivings, but *not without* "Mrs. Lincoln" either, took possession. She and Mrs. Lincoln conquered, came off with flying colors, and now her brother boasts of his sister's cooking, and her friends tell her that she's "a born cook." Think Dasie must have listened more attentively to Miss Barrows' lectures than she gives herself credit for; else why such fine results? She is just now hugging the fond delusion that she is bound to do something remarkable one day: a professor told her so. Her two years at Lasell are pleasant memories to her, she says. Expecting to go abroad in the spring, she had planned to stop and see us, then, but has had to abandon her plan. (Sorry we thus lost the pleasure of her call.)

ELLA ELLIS HOLWAY, '81, in a pleasant letter, tells us news of old friends: Gertrude Rice Thayer, '81, spends her summers down the Cape, and will next season build a cottage at West Harwich, a beautiful location by the sea; Nettie Watson (now Mrs. James P. Wood) lives with her husband and her mother, who is in feeble health, on a farm near

Franklin, Mass.; Emma Howard Hartford, of Watertown, has a summer residence in Bournedale, Mass., her former home, and here her three boys revel in country privileges from July to September; Lina Jones Bourne has been in Sandwich, with her baby, returning but recently to her home in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Nellie Ferguson Conant has a new baby, a boy, making her fifth. In Nellie's beautiful new home in Pawtucket she has a pipe organ. The class of '81 numbered four and has thirteen children, "and," says Ella, "only four girls for Lasell! Well, perhaps the boys may in time have an annex, and enjoy the privileges which now only girls may enjoy. How would that do for co-education?" Can any class beat '81 in children?

WILLIE STOWE is at home again after her six months North with her many friends. She visited in New York, New Jersey and at Lasell.

MR. HENRY DEMERITT YOUNG (Madie Dyer's husband) has taken a studio at 314 Boylston St., Boston, and has sent out cards inviting his friends and patrons to call on him there. Reception day, Friday. Madie was here in '87.

AMY HALL SMITH and Edith Hall made us a nice call the other day. Sadie Perkins Johnson also remembered her old friends, and gave us a pleasant call.

IN THE Elizabeth City, N. C., *Economist*, of November 15, we note an interesting account of the shingle-mill in that city. It is owned and managed by Mr. W. D. Lathrop, whose daughter, Rose, was with us last year. The business is a thriving one, and Mr. Lathrop is highly esteemed in the city, both as a business man and a gentleman. Our thanks for the paper and beautiful samples received. We shall get shingles of him for our new chapel.

ELIZABETH YOUNG HORD writes a kindly word about Edith Cooper, and adds on her own account that she plans to send us her own little daughter, when she shall have become old enough. Elizabeth has in her heart so warm a feeling for her old school, she says, that she always advises mothers whom she hears inquiring about a school for their girls, to send them to Lasell, "since there's no school quite so nice."

JOSEPHINE BOGART writes of the death of her father, and the breaking up of her pleasant home. That is, indeed sad, and we feel very sorry that such trouble has visited her.

GERTRUDE SHERMAN sends her subscription to the LEAVES, and chats pleasantly about her school-work, which she likes very much indeed,—"Twenty-seven babies to keep quiet; and I grow more and more in love with the children and working for them." Her Sunday visits home seem like Sundays home from Lasell, she says, and she always feels like asking some one's permission to go. So many of the '94 girls are teaching. We hope they all find in it the delight that Gertrude does.

FROM MISS ROTH, now in Pasadena, California, comes an enjoyable letter full of most interesting chat. She was ill with malaria some time since, and went with the Watsons to San Antonio Canon, to recuperate. Her winter she proposes to spend in Pasadena, which she finds charming, reminding her of Auburndale, than which no place could be better. Santa Ana, too, she liked, but found that the climate wasn't just what she needed. In Pasadena she made, the other day, a pleasant call on Mrs. Lowe. Miss Roth is teaching again,—an hour a day in Miss Orbon's school. For this lady she has only words of praise, finding in her a noble, conscientious and lovable woman. She sends catalogue of the school. Teaching she prefers to poultry-raising, although she was successful in that as far as she carried it. She thinks chickens, are broadly speaking, mentally deficient. There are many New England people in Pasadena and vicinity, people who have brought with them culture and good order. She mentions having had letters from Annie Kerr, Alma Hubbard, Maud Shurtleff, Nellie Taft, and Mabel Falley. Nellie Taft has a kindergarten mission school. Miss Roth gave some time to the study of harmony last winter, and finding a very difficult study, was led to conclude that perhaps the study of language is not so easy for some girls as for some others, a fact which she thinks teachers sometimes fail to appreciate.

A NEWSPAPER-CLIPPING kindly sent us gives an interesting account of Martha Deardorf's recent wedding. It was a church wedding, and a very pretty one. Helen Medsker and Marie McDonald were among the bridesmaids. The latter was fort-

mate enough to secure the coin in the wedding cake. Following the ceremony was a reception at the house of Martha's sister, Mrs. T. J. Broadnax. Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Shields left for a wedding trip south; they will visit Atlanta, Savannah, and St. Augustine.

FRANCES CASEBALT'S cousin, Bessie Taylor, of San Francisco, will probably be with us after the holidays. Frances is an example of the superior power of *living* advertisements.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIAL.

THERE came a day when forth from the dark recesses of the little post-office boxes came dozens of small missives announcing to each of us that on the last Saturday in November the Lasell Missionary Society would give a social.

On the afternoon of that day the various members of the Society were busily engaged in filling up the gymnasium for the evening's entertainment. Not until half past seven was the door opened, when we expectantly trooped into the "gym," first, according to request, depositing on a convenient table near the door, a number of pennies equal to the years of our respective ages. Once in, a charming sight met our eyes. At the right, we see draped in dainty muslin, the pop corn booth, where packages of pink and white pop corn are presently to be passed out to the eager crowd of girls; farther on is another pretty booth, from which the frappe will be served; and opposite it a third, draped in pink, answers the same purpose. Just in front of the organ is a flower stand, loaded with chrysanthemums and carnations, whose fragrance scents the air. At the farther end of the hall is erected a stage on which are seated, as we find by consulting our programme, Dr. Greathead, from Washington, and a delegation of realistic readers.

Soon we are called to order, and after a short speech by the President, Miss Marlborough, from London, comes forward, and in a most realistic manner recites "Maud Muller." Nothing is wanting to complete the illusion; the hay field, the rustic yet charming attire of the guileless Maud, even the unblushing rake—all are there, and we are delighted. Others scarcely less happy in the realistic charm of their presentations, follow;

Miss Highflown, from Kansas, piercingly laments the loss of her darling son Billy, whom to our great relief she presently discovers playing in the alley; Miss Barbarian, from New York, gives us a beautiful idyllic rendering of "Sweet Peggy Sitting on a Low-backed Car;" Miss Imagination, from New Jersey, brings Barbara Freitchie vividly to our minds; Miss Ranter, from the Hub, in "Curfew Shall not Ring To-night," causes us fairly to hold our breath, as she swings to and fro, hanging by the clapper of the curfew bell (?) as did Bessie in that well known tale.

There is now a slight change in the programme. A sheet is held up at the front of the stage. It has clearly marked upon it a musical staff and the notes of a song, but strange to say the dots of the notes are simply holes, and as we wonder what it all means, lo! the yawning holes are suddenly filled with the apparently trunkless heads of the celebrated delegates. Then, before our wonder has subsided, these novel notes give us "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean."

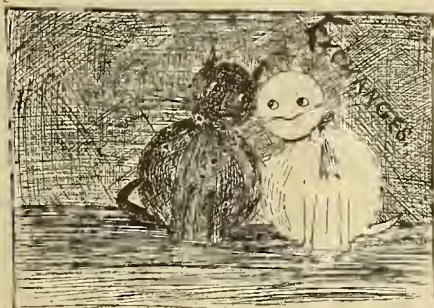
Miss Aspiration, a typical Chicago girl from head to feet, now declaims "The Psalm of Life," with variations; Miss Parson, from Maine, delivers a very literary sermon, to be interpreted in a most literal way, from the text "A-B-C-D;" Miss Nipper, from Oregon, tells us of her irrepressibly inventive husband, "Bijah;" Miss Sensation, from Texas, recites "A Rainy Day," in such a manner as to bring tears to our eyes; while last, but not least, Miss Farfetch, from the South Sea Islands, in sun bonnet and calico gown, sings "Coming Through the Rye." Those who suppose that the entertainment is now ended, find that they are mistaken, for the delegates, advancing to the front of the stage, begin speaking, and such a medley ensues as would rival that of the dining-room during luncheon. This over, all descended from the stage and mingled with their friends, laughing and talking over the frappe and pop corn, till the nine o'clock bell ended the social, which was pronounced by all a decided success.

A. S.

TRUE, BUT NOT PSYCHOLOGICAL.

DR. STEELE—"Give the reasonings for 'Caesar was a moral.'"

Senior (quickly)—"Why, because he died."



APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave,
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,
And her dimples deeper grew,
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is *two*."

—The Bowdoin Orient.

AT A Pension in Paris a very beautiful English-
woman was staying. She did not understand a word
of French, and was greatly embarrassed by the atten-
tions of a young Frenchman who did not understand
English. One day as they were sitting in the salon he
said, "Mademoiselle, je t'adore."

"Shut it yourself," coolly replied the lady.—*Newton
High School Review.*

CHEW, CHEW, CHEW!

(After Tennyson)

Chew, chew, chew!

On your gum behind a book!
And I would that a mirror could show you
How silly your faces look.

Oh, well for the lovers of gum,
That they're blessed with tireless jaws!
Oh, well for the looks of our school
If we had some restrictive laws!

So a ceaseless trade goes on
At the stores down under the hill;
But oh, for the sight of a face in repose
Or the glimpse of a jaw that is still.

Chew, chew, chew!
Till your muscles are tired and sore,
But the tender grace a rosebud mouth
Will be yours, ah, never more!

—The Record.

QUESTION IN ARITHMETIC:—If Sir Walter Scott's dog
was worth ten guineas, what was his kennelworth?—
The School Record.

ALWAYS APROPOS.

Said he, "may I speak a word with you?"

Said she, "I'm at your disposal

Whether or not 'tis apropos"

Said he, "'tis apropos-al."

—The Colby Echo.

A trembling heart,
Two blushing cheeks,
A furtive glance
Across the seats.
A note that's thrown
By loving lass.
The teacher comes—
Alas! Alas!

—The Helios.

THE—

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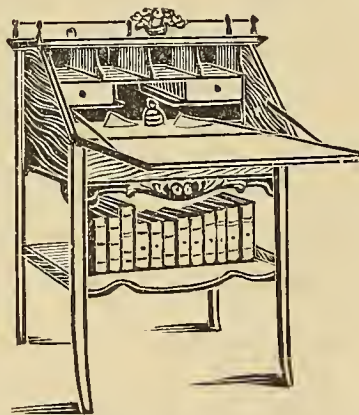
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next ten days at \$10
each. This is all we
have on hand, and the
offer must then be
withdrawn, as we can-
not complete any more
before Christmas.

In every way this is
the greatest value we
have ever offered in a Desk. The interior has the high
overhang across the entire width, giving a clear writ-
ing surface 28 inches in depth and 28 inches in width
—almost as large as a Library Table.

The lid is carved on the outside in deep relief; it is
hung on double automatic brass slides. There is a
brass gallery on three sides of the top so that this space
may be used for books. With the wide lower shelf
also used for books, there is easily space for fifty volumes.

The construction is of solid oak, splendidly finished,
with mountings and trimmings of burnished brass.

Paine Furniture Co.,
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FOUR EPITAPHS.

"Deep wisdom—swelled head—
Brain fever—he's dead—
A Senior."

"False fair one—hope fled—
Heart broken—he's dead—
A Junior."

"Went skating—'tis said—
Floor hit him—he's dead—
A Sophomore."

"Milk famine—not fed—
Starvation—he's dead—
A Freshman."

—The University Cynic.

STUDENT: (translating the Aeneid) "'And I threw
my arms about her thrice!' That's as far as I went,
Professor."

Professor: "That's far enough, sir; sit down."
—The Fence.

"Some men are born for great things,
And some are born for small,
And some it isn't recorded
Why they were born at all."

—The W P I.

PROFESSOR (to young lady student): "Your mark
is very low and you have just passed." Young lady:
"Oh, I'm so glad." Professor (surprised): "Why?"
Young lady: "I do so love a tight squeeze."—Dickin-
son Union.

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istence. It is newsy, has good editorials, and its courtesy to con-
temporaries and its liberal spirit have won it favor, not only in the
Methodist church, but wherever it has gone.—Boston Herald.

ZION'S HERALD for February 14 presents itself as a valentine to
its readers, in the modern sixteen-page form. The change has
been adopted by most of the religious papers, and it is sure to be
appreciated by the Methodists, who ought now to give their prin-
cipal denominational paper a heartier support than ever before.—
Springfield Republican.

An old friend is always welcome, and a new dress but adds to the
attractiveness. This is the case with ZION'S HERALD, which this
week comes out in a new form. It prints its sixteen pages with a
new dress of type. It is staunch, tried and readable, and its Vol.
LXXII, promises to be doubly attractive. All the profits of this
paper accrue to New England superannuates and their families.—
Boston Journal.

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Sleeping Cars, Boston to Chicago, via L. S. & M. S. R. R., and also via M. C. R. R. Dining Car
Service.

No. 19—Leaves Boston at 2.00 P. M., daily. Wagner Buffet Vestibuled Sleeping Cars, Boston to Detroit and
Chicago.

No. 23—Leaves Boston at 3.00 P. M., except Sunday. Wagner Buffet Vestibuled Sleeping Cars, Boston to
Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. On Sundays the Cincinnati and St. Louis Cars will leave Boston
at 2.00 P. M.

No. 37—Leaves Boston at 7.15 P. M. daily. Wagner Vestibuled Sleeping Car, Boston to Cleveland and Chicago,
via L. S. & M. S. R. R.; also Wagner Vestibuled Sleeping Car, Boston to Detroit and Chicago, via
M. C. R. R.

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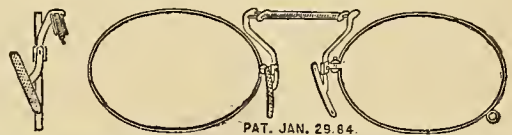
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI,"

VOLUME XXI. LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., JANUARY, 1896. NUMBER 4

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

THE GOOD wishes of Lasell followed us during our Christmas vacation in the form of "Holiday Greetings" from Mr. Bragdon, whose constant thought for us is always manifested in some such kindly fashion.

The promise of a prompt return was not so satisfactorily kept as usual, but work was commenced in the true 'New Year spirit,' a spirit nowise daunted by the thought of the coming holidays sacrificed on the altar of a three-weeks' Christmas. A chance visitor in the recitation rooms might have thought there had never been any cessation from study, but had he happened to wander through the hall after dismissal bell the vivid accounts heard there would have quickly dispelled such an illusion.

On our return we were glad to welcome several new girls, and we wish them a very happy New Year with us.

THE last numbers of several of the exchanges have come to us in magazine form, a much more attractive one than the usual school-paper style, and perhaps suggests to us the idea that the LEAVES might also be improved by some change, the most conspicuously necessary being a new cover. The present style, although displaying the Lasell blue, does not seem to compare as well with some of the other school periodicals as it might.

If all the girls will make an effort to watch the exchanges this year, compare them with the LEAVES, and note how we may best profit by their

good points, especially in regard to a new cover, they will not only help the editors in their work, but will aid in bringing the paper up to the standard of any college magazine.

A very apt criticism appeared in one of the recent exchanges, on the lack of plots and originality in many of the short stories of these days. This opinion was endorsed by a number of the other school journals; and, indeed, it seems to be a very evident truth that we spend a good deal of time reading long articles whose end makes us wonder what they have all been about. Not only is this true with amateur writers, but we are often disappointed in some of the stories written for the leading magazines.

The language and expression seem satisfactory; often there are striking similies or beautiful illustrations, and some of the scenes and incidents are very amusing and true to life, but there seems to be nothing remarkable in the construction, or anything new in the point of the story.

We always look for something original in what we read; for something that will teach us what we have never known or thought of before. Perhaps it is because it is so characteristic of human nature to be amused only by the novel things of life, that we cannot be content with a mere stream of words, but look for some depth in every current of thought. Marion Crawford has given us an apt illustration of this subject in the following passage from 'Katherine Lauderdale':

"What I want is a character. There are no new plots, nor incidents, nor things of that sort, you know. Everything that ever happened has happened so often. But there are new characters. The end of the century, the sharp end of the century is digging them up out of the sands of life."

SOME time ago a most interesting article was wafted to us from *Kent's Hill Breeze* on 'The New Woman'. This subject is one in which the members of every woman's college ought to be especially interested. No doubt many of us wish it had been agitated long before our day, so that this time might have the benefit of the result, which is a matter of such curious interest.

All current literature has been teeming with animated predictions and maledictions on this

female prodigy, who is so completely to revolutionize the long established customs of her sex.

But is she to alter the habits of her own sex alone? In nearly every situation of publicity, or domesticity, she is introduced with another being, one whom we so rarely, if ever, experience the pleasure of hearing extolled.

That this unfortunate subject demands our most pitying endurance is evinced by the various insignificant phases in which he always appears. We see him everywhere bending subserviently before the "New Woman" following her about in flights of verse, or on some elegant cartoon standing far off, gazing after her in awe-struck admiration.

This creature whom we will call the 'new man' seems to be daily growing weaker, at least according to representations, and we cannot help wondering why the progressiveness of woman has so undermined the opposite sex as to compel the men to borrow all her weaknesses, while she is so irrevocably becoming the possessor of their strongest abilities.

If we can truthfully judge by the reported accounts of the new poet laureate, Alfred Austin, he seems to have obtained his office — vacant since the death of Tennyson in 1892 — without having previously won the laurels which should constitute his title to the position. A recent journal says of his appointment, "It may be a compliment to journalism, but it is a very poor one to poetry."

Many seem to be hoping that he will decline the honor given to him, and that Victoria will confer it upon another English poet, Algenon Charles Swinburne, whose verse has made him very popular among his countrymen, and who has been pronounced by competent critics, the greatest living English poet.

WE HAVE become so familiar with the different ways of spelling 'Lasell,' that it seemed as if nothing new could be invented that would surprise us; but the following method from France quite capped the climax, Ysraëll.

"A word to the wise is sufficient,
Is a maxim we've frequently heard;
And now what we want is a maxim
To tell us just what is that word."

E. L.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES.

THIS AGE, the nineteenth century, is not inaptly called the "Age of Miracles," and although the subject has been much discussed, yet it will bear further discussion without loss of interest.

Phenomenal progress throughout the civilized world is the most marked characteristic of this period. The wonderful inventions and discoveries resulting from scientific research, evidences of the great development of man's knowledge of the earth and its resources, are amazing.

An important feature of this epoch is the enormous increase in the power of production. Improved machinery has carried almost to perfection the manufactures of the world. The decade between 1830 and 1840 has been called "the cradle of the new epoch." In this decade the greatest inventions of the age were practically perfected. Of these the most important are steam navigation, railroads and telegraphs. These have been the means of bringing together the most remote parts of the world. Thus even Japan, leagues away across the blue Pacific, has been influenced more by our civilization than was Britain by the civilization of Rome during four hundred years. Men have become more liberal and tolerant. Knowledge has broadened; power increased.

This advancement has not been confined to one nation, it has been universal; nor to one department, it has leavened the whole lump, has been in fact, a world movement. Notwithstanding, however, the wonderful advancement, national, social, and civil, made all over the world, the rise of the Republic of the United States is called the greatest miracle of this century of miracles.

The rapidity of its growth has been unprecedented. First attaining independence in the eighteenth century, it now ranks, after a history of a little more than one hundred years, among the foremost nations of the earth. If we except Asiatic Russia, our republic now embraces the largest portion of the earth's surface under one government on any grand division of the globe. The general prosperity and material well being of the mass of inhabitants in the United States is very marked in comparison with that of Europe.

Here opportunities are open to all. Here education is free. Here the will of the majority is

law. Here equality exists.

One of the best tests of a country's progress in civilization is the position of woman in that country. In the United States the equality of sexes is recognized in both the social and intellectual spheres. And many advanced thinkers of the day believe that the time is not far distant when women will be allowed to share with man political privileges.

Although the creative intellectual power of Americans has not been so strong as that of Europeans, the United States has produced many illustrious men. Among her authors Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and Holmes have permanently enriched the world by their delightful poems. Among those whose fame rests upon their works of romance, are Hawthorne, Cooper and Howells. We name Bancroft, Prescott and Motley as our historians, and Lowell and Emerson as our essayists. Last but not least is Washington Irving, "the master of literary style."

Nor does the United States lack eminent statesmen and orators in this century. In science also the Americans have made rapid progress. Their astronomers are in the front rank, while their most celebrated botanist was scarcely inferior to any of the Old World.

The success of the United States government, a pronounced democracy, has been observed by foreigners with great surprise. Nevertheless some have prophesied the downfall of the American Republic. The present indications are certainly in opposition to this opinion. The unity of forces is growing stronger, thus making downfall by secession of states impossible. Nor is there danger of the extinction of states by absorption into the central government. The fact also that the restraining and conciliating influence of religion is strong and enlightened in the United States is one upon which great hope may be based.

While the nineteenth century has been an age of wonders in material progress, there has been advancement in thought as well. The prediction is that the twentieth century will be a period of mental and spiritual progress. The coming epoch will no doubt bring to us new revelations, more amazing miracles.

J. T.

VACATION JOTTINGS.**PINS.**

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a Wagner car there passed,
A maiden fair, who wore in sight,
On pin of blue, these letters bright—

LASELL.

Her eyes were bright, her cheeks were red,
A jaunty hat adorned her head,
And as she moved along the aisle,
The old folks said with pleasant smile—

LASELL.

A young man entered at the door,
And now was light where gloom before;
His football hair adorned his head,
And on his breast in letters red—

HARVARD.

The maiden's eyes, as quick as flash,
Were veiled with many a drooping lash,
And yet she saw in letters clear,
That word to Lasell girls so dear—

HARVARD.

A glove was dropped; he grasped it now,
And handed it with courtly bow,
And soon like music of the birds,
Were heard those talismanic words—

HARVARD-LASELL.

The shades of night were speeding fast,
As through the station's gates there passed,
A youth who wore that pin of blue;
The red had found a home as new—

HARVARD-LASELL.

C, A.

"SEEN THROUGH A CAR WINDOW."

UPON VIEWING my subject the thought immediately suggests itself that one of our latter day writers of note has told what he had seen through a car window—though I have never read it—and recognizing full well how much better he "looks" than I, and likewise how much better he can describe his "looks" than I mine, I hesitate to commence these chronicles, and but for the fact that I realize that everything must have a beginning and that "nothing ventured is nothing won," I would immediately lay down this "goose" quill as too appropriate by far.

And then, too, another difficulty presents itself: I have ridden on trains—not in the West, but in the East—round about Boston, for example, whose car windows, try as I would, I could not see through, so "what could a poor man do"?

But this car window is out West, and that reminds me of a trip I had with Jay Gould through the western part of Grover Cleveland's country. It might be added by way of further explanation, that Mr. Gould and I got along "sailingly" together, he occupying one portion of the train, at one end, and I another portion of the train at another.

Within was all the elegance and comfort that 19th century wealth could buy. Laughter and jest went round, diamonds flashed, jeweled hands rested languidly against softest cushions, within was oriental luxury and repose, while that "lightning palace train" swept along on iron bands, having for its destination the grand Sierras and the land of the setting sun beyond.

Outside, standing on the side of the track, leaning against their picks and shovels, I noticed a gang of section men who waved to the train as it went swinging and rushing by, and I thought to myself, did any of those inside pay any attention to the life outside, or give one thought to the lives of those whose faithful toil made our trip possible or safe? There was honest toil making \$1.15 a cents a day. Inside was the employer, making as many dollars for every mile that was passed. Master and servant, king and subject, the one dependent on the other for employment, the latter on the former that life did not become eternity in the twinkling of an eye, and I thought to myself, "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud."

But thoughts such as these will not abide. The train stopped for water—we passed another on a siding—I caught a glance of a couple through another car window. Their train was going East, and why not I go with them. You have all seen just such couples—who seem to forget for the time being that they have suddenly left behind them the hair-cloth sofa in Dad's "parlor-room," and gotten out into the busy turmoil of this work-a-day world.

They love and coo, forgetful of the comfort of anyone else, and she, though she may perhaps be a graduate of some great Eastern seminary of learning, inspires her conversation with about as much intelligence as is possessed by the star fish she used to dissect at school.

They have forgotten the lunch prepared for

their comfort by kind and willing hands, though the work was guided by a sorrowing heart.

She has left the old home. The dear old mother and father came to the train to place their daughter on this, the first train along life's pathway together, while they go sadly back to the old home from which the sunshine has departed.

Many a time before they had waved good bye to her from that same station, but then it was only for a season, for a semester or at longest a year, when it was first decided that she go away to school, a momentous question for us all to decide, and *where*.

How long ago it seems to those parents when they look back and remember the little girl in school girl dresses, bidding them a tearful good bye, and yet what a short time as well, when they rejoiced in the fact that she was able to receive an educational training worthy of her position.

Love bore the first separation cheerfully, as it pretends to also bear the second. The train that leaves the station bears away only happiness and joy,—it leaves behind only tearful remembrances of the past.

Education, the eastern seminary,—Boston, perhaps, has done its part, the old hair cloth sofa did the rest.

The train is scheduled to stop at the next station—some one enquires for how long—"five minutes probably," to take water; the men all—(nearly) leave the train, file over to across the street as silent as ghouls, and take water? Each one comes out, resumes his seat with a self satisfied air, as much as to say "the engine can now go ahead."

Have you ever observed how a woman will sit quietly in her section the whole day through, scarcely leaving it, and get off at the end of a trip happy, while a man will oscillate between the car, the smoker, the platform, the stations, stir up a conversation with every one he can, fee the porter, flirt,—I mean try to—with all the girls, and keep getting more and more nervous the whole trip through.

But that reminds me on the other hand, of a conversation I had with the porter. I asked him who was responsible if soap, towels, brushes, &c., were stolen, *lost* I should say. He answered that he had to pay for them, it came out of his pocket.

He then went on to say that he never missed any thing out of the men's toilet room, but that try as he would, he could not keep either soap, towels or brush in the ladies' room. He said they were like the Chinese, "bound to go." I told him he ought to have "Pullman" or the name of the railroad printed on everything, he said that would not make any difference. That the Company usually put up a single towel for the ladies and locked it to the wall, but still it would go, while the dozens of towels in the men's room he never even had to count.

I told him that I thought it was the result of a super attenuation of translucent epithelium in the cerebral vortices superinducing an archaic predisposition to functionary economy in the women's minds, or else hereditary simple harmonic uniformly accelerated rectilinear affinity, commonly called kleptomania, and asked him if he did not think so. He scratched his head for a minute and then said he felt sure certain that must be it.

But I look out and see the labyrinthine maze of Boston's double twisted, stem winding streets, and with deep regret I leave my "ear window."

CONTRIBUTED.

VACATION CALENDAR.

Thursday—Shopping. Evening, "Too much Johnson."

Friday—Shopping; drive. Evening, popped corn.

Saturday—Shopping; drive.

Sunday—Morning, Ruggles Street. Afternoon, Central. Evening, Old South; supper, at Adams House.

Monday—Evening, popped corn for Xmas tree; games; war stories by Mr. B.

Tuesday—Shopping. To supper at Miss Evans' and spent evening there, made candy and popped corn.

Xmas—Music early in the morning; Xmas tree; drive; dinner; gym. Evening at Mr. B's house.

Thursday—Afternoon, drove to Wayside Inn. Evening, cut up.

Friday—To hear Nat Goodwin in "Ambition."

Saturday—To Boston. Evening, theatre, heard "Old Kentucky."

Sunday—To Ruggles Street, to Mr. B's for dinner.

Monday—To Boston. Evening, Star Course.

Tuesday—New Year's eve party.

Wednesday—Drive; pastor's reception at Congregational Church.

Thursday—Evening, theatre, Modjeska in Mary Stuart.

Friday—Luncheon at Mr. Bragdon's; drive—cold.

Saturday—Town. Evening, Leap Year dance.

Sunday—Slept. To Newton to see Cyrus Hamlin on Armenia.

Monday—Star Course.

Tuesday—The Fixtures had their tintypes taken; went skating.

Wednesday—To Boston shopping; to see pictures with Mr. B. Evening, popped corn.

H. H.

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT LASELL.

THE bountiful and well served dinner that graced Lasell's dinner-table on Christmas Day, was suggestive of that appetizing dream of Scrooge's, before he starts on that investigating tour. Here is the menu:

Oysters on Half Shell.		
Consommé a la Princess.	Crème de Asperge.	
Queen Olives.		
Boiled Chicken Halibut, Egg Sauce.		
Cucumbers.	Dehnonico Croquettes.	Radishes.
Roast Vermont Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.		
Mashed Potatoes.	Celery.	Sugar Corn.
Braised Green Goose, Apple Sauce.		
Baked Sweet Potatoes.	String Beans	
Salade de Homade.	Finger Rolls.	
Grilled Philadelphia Squab, au Cresson.		
Pommes de Francaise.	Currant Jelly.	
English Plum Pudding, Hard Sauce.		
Mince Pie.	Squash Pie.	
Frozen Pudding.	Ice Cream.	
Assorted Cakes.		
Crackers.	Fruit.	Pineapple Chace.
Café Noir.		

These have been favored with calls, this term, from members of their families:

Misses Evans, Brightman, Gunsaulus, Mason, Grant, Friedman, Cadmus, Moulton, Josselyn.

Former pupils: Mrs. Henry D. Young (Mary Dyer), Mrs. Ernest A. Pflueger (Ruth Seiberling), May Healey, Lottie Appel, Jennie Arnold, Edith Brodbeck, Eleanor Clapp, Cora Watson, Marion Josselyn, Nellie Briggs, Annie Grinnell. Also, Mrs. H. N. Noyes.

A LETTER FROM ARMENIA.

The following is a letter from Emma Barnum, one of Lasell's old girls—who has been engaged in missionary labor in Turkey for several years:

HARPOOT, TURKEY, December 7, 1895.

I presume you have already read in the papers of the fearful riots and massacres which have swept over the Turkish Empire this fall, and are wondering whether your Harpoot friend is safe. Yes, our Heavenly Father has kept us from personal harm, in the midst of great peril; and although we have met with great losses, our hearts are filled with gratitude for our many blessings. Perhaps you would like to hear of our experiences, but first, you ask me to tell you something about Harpoot, so I will answer your question as an introduction.

Harpoot is situated in the Taurus Mountains, near the Euphrates River, in the interior of Turkey. It is reached from Constantinople, by a three weeks' journey in springless carts, so that if we should wish to escape out of the country, you see it would not be very easy, especially in the winter, with deep snows on the mountains! This city is inhabited by Turks and Armenians, and in the towns and villages about us, there are Turks, Koords and Armenians. The latter are nominal Christians, and belong to the Gregorian Church. The missionary work, begun here forty years ago, is with them. The Mohammedans are so fanatical that as yet we have not been able to do direct work for them; but we are hoping that the time is near when those doors shall open to us also. Our parish covers a district as large as New England perhaps, and in sixty out-stations there have been Protestant communities, many of them having organized churches and good schools. Here in the city there are two Protestant churches, and little by little education has been advanced until now we have all departments, from a Kindergarten to a College for boys and girls, and a Theological Seminary. This fall the schools were especially full, so that we had nearly six hundred pupils under our care. The work in all directions seemed encouraging and hopeful, notwithstanding political unrest, and we were hoping for rich spiritual blessings this winter. It is well that we could not look into the future and know how all was to be changed in a few short days, for I don't think we could have borne it.

The Sassoon massacre over a year ago, made the people very apprehensive, but Europe seemed so thoroughly aroused that any recurrence of such troubles seemed impossible, and all were looking with hope for the promised reforms. This fall, however, a great fear seemed to settle upon the Armenians. The Turks talked in an insolent way to them in the market, were very unjust in their business relations with any Christian, and made occasions to pick quarrels with them. Confidence was destroyed by the reports that the Government was secretly arming the Turks, that the Koords said as an excuse for their ravages, that they had orders from high officials to plunder and kill Armenians; and the Turks plainly said: "There may be an Armenia, some day, but let us see whether there will be any Armenians left to live in it!" Then came reports of massacres in one town after another; villages about us were sacked and burned and terror reigned. We kept right along with our school work and other duties as far as possible, comforting and encouraging the poor frightened people. The Government gave us every assurance that nothing would happen here, and that at any rate we should be protected and need not have a fear. The Turks promised to join the soldiers in defending this city against the Koords, if the Christians would give up any arms which they might have, lest they should break out in a riot, while the Turks were defending the city. This was an absurd excuse, but the Christians wisely consented and all fire-arms were given up. Stories were also circulated among the Turks, that the Missionaries had distributed loads of Martini rifles among the Armenians and that their houses were full of powder, dynamite and bombs, and that they were the cause of all this unrest. My father went at once to some of the leading Turks and officials to solemnly assure them that all these charges were false, that the five revolvers which he handed them, were the only weapons we possessed, and even these we should not use in any case. He invited them, if they doubted his word, to send some trustworthy person to search our houses.

Friday afternoon, Nov. 8th, as the girls filed out to go home, and made the salutation to their teachers, I could not help wondering whether we should see them again on Monday. Saturday and Sunday we watched the fire and smoke rise from the villages on our beautiful, peaceful plains. We could

see ten such fires, all at the same time, from our windows, and they told their own story of plunder, massacre and desolation. Reports reached us that the city was to be attacked next, and many fled to us for protection. At noon on Monday, Nov. 11th, we saw them coming up the hill. Koords and Turks swarmed past the soldiers, who did not make the slightest resistance, but only pointed their cannon to one quarter of the city and fired upon us with that and their rifles. A shell burst in my father's study, and cannon balls and pieces of shell have been found in other houses as well. When we saw that no efforts were made for our protection, we all went to Mr. Allen's house, that we might be together whatever happened. The noise was fearful, what with the firing, the pounding down of doors and the shouts of the people. From the window we saw them break open our door and carry out the plunder. The houses below us were soon in flames, and when we heard the back door giving way, we knew that we must flee for our lives, but where? Dr. Wheeler and Mrs. Allen are both invalids and had to be carried, bullets whizzed past our heads, and four of those with us were wounded while in our own premises. We took refuge in the girls' play-yard which was protected by high walls. But soon we heard them in the school room, ringing the bells, knocking over chairs and evidently enjoying themselves. Smoke curling out of the windows warned us soon that we must flee again. The Boys' College building, which is of stone, was suggested, and we started for there. As we were leaving the yard a Koord appeared around the corner, and seeing us he pulled out his revolver, took deliberate aim, and fired twice; not one of us was harmed and we can explain it in no other way except that God kept us. One of our verses that very morning had been "Your God is a God of *deliverances*," and how comforting it was as we proved its truth in escaping from one danger after another. We reached the College in safety, and as the Colonel was on the hill back of us, my father went to him again for protection and a guard was given. But soon he sent word that he could protect us there no longer, but he would conduct us to a place of safety. It was very evident that they wished us to leave, so that they might burn the building, but there were over four hundred Armenians with us, and we knew that even if we should escape in safety—which was

doubtful—their lives would be sacrificed. So we decided to stay, whatever might be the consequence. The guard was called off, the enemy was about us on all sides, buildings on two sides were in flames, and there seemed to be no hope of escape. Heaven seemed very near, and death had no terror. We repeated verses and prayed, and so encouraged each other, and I doubt whether I was ever any happier in my life. I pray that I may never go through like terrors, but I thank the Lord for the blessing of peace and joy which came through those experiences. Soon another official came, and finding us unprotected, sent at once for soldiers. Under their protection the fire engine was taken out, and the College, the Preparatory Department building and President's house were saved. Our little house escaped also, although we found afterwards that fire had been kindled in three places at least. That was another of the wonderful deliverances, for kerosene, straw, papers and shavings were good fuel, but it went out, leaving us scorched places in the floor as a memento.

It was not safe for us to leave the College until Thursday. Can you imagine what it must have been, with four hundred and fifty people crowded in that building, with no food, bedding or any conveniences, the poor babies and children crying with hunger, and the people in terror and excitement! With what joy we hailed the black, half baked bread that was brought in on Tuesday afternoon, and with what a relish we ate it in spite of the hair and straw which it contained!

When we returned to our home, we understood as we never could before what *looted* means. Clothing, bedding, furniture and winter provisions were all gone. The few things which were not carried off, were smashed and injured. Some of the missionaries fortunately, took a change of clothing in hand-bags, but others saved nothing but what they had on their backs. Of the twelve buildings which belong to the American Board here, eight were burned, also our summer houses, so we are rather crowded, but I am sure we shall be comfortable this winter. We can find many things in the market, and have been very busy in sewing beds, quilts, sheets and pillow-cases and clothing. We are learning how few things are really necessary for life, and that our happiness is not dependent on material things. We should be really happy, were not our

hearts burdened and almost broken for the poor people about us, and the work which is in ruins.

Thousands have been killed, many more are homeless, cold and hungry. The Turks are forcing them to become Mohammedans, and women and girls have been carried off by Koords, or taken into Turkish harems. Every day new horrors are revealed. The heart grows sick and but for our faith in God, we should be utterly cast down. We cannot but believe that better days are coming for these suffering Armenians, but all looks very dark now. Judge Terrill is evidently exerting himself for our safety, and we have a company of a hundred soldiers quartered on our premises for the winter. After all we have passed through, we have not great confidence in the soldiers, but I think they will be afraid to do us any more harm. You will pray for us and for the sufferers, I am sure.

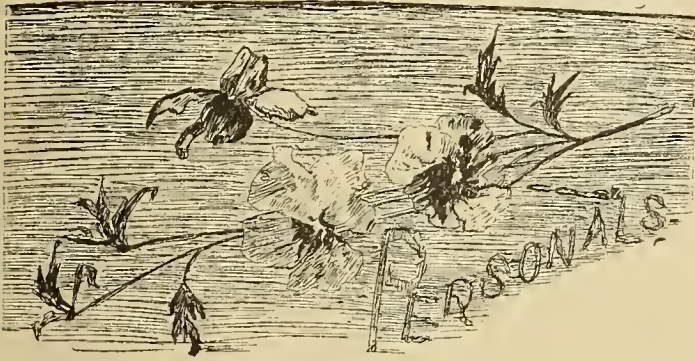
Yours affectionately,

EMMA M. BARNUM.

THE ARMENIAN SUBSCRIPTION.

SHORTLY before the Christmas holidays, Mr. Gulesion, an Armenian gentleman now resident in Boston, addressed the Lasell Missionary Society on the subject of his outraged countrymen, and to such good effect that the girls, wrought to enthusiasm by his eloquent portrayal of the sufferings of those defenceless people, immediately took up of their own accord a subscription for their relief. The sum contributed amounted to about a hundred and thirty-five or forty dollars, which was placed in the hands of Miss Barton, then about to sail for that country. Mr. Gulesion has since written to the Secretary of the Society a letter expressive of the warmest thanks for the interest manifested and the generosity shown. He says:

"I am deeply moved by the great generosity of the girls of Lasell Seminary, and I want to extend my sincere thanks to each and every one of them. Surely they have done a benevolent work, and they will be the means of saving souls, either from starvation, or from Mohammedanism, for mothers cannot help accepting Mohammedanism in preference to seeing their children and babes starve before their eyes. I shall always remember very pleasantly the cordial reception given me by the Lasell students, and only regret that I had to leave so soon, to attend to other duties."



WE HAVE to thank Mr. C. S. Cobb for the gift of some crisp, delicious celery a short time ago.

MR. and MRS. SHEPHERD, and Bessie, class of '94, who returned in the fall from their extended stay in Europe, are living in Auburndale again, in Mrs. Fisher's pleasant cottage on the Ridge. Bessie's year or two of study abroad she greatly enjoyed; it was a pleasant supplement to her four years of faithful work at Lasell. It is Lasell's pride that her daughters are not willing after leaving her halls to put the old life of books and study entirely away, but endeavor to continue growing in this, as in other directions. Mr. Shepherd is now in business in Boston.

MARIETTA ROSE GREEN writes of her pleasant new home near Eliot station. She enjoys house-keeping, and employs some of her leisure hours, during the absence of Mr. Green at his business—he is a druggist, by the way, in “reading substantial books.”

FLORENCE SLATE sends New Year greetings. She hears often from Ruth Cleaveland, and both thank Lasell for bringing them together, such fast friends are they.

ANNA HOWE SHIPLEY's young daughter Alice, was East in December, with her grandfather, visiting friends. They were near us, and made us a call one day, that Alice might see her mother's old school-home. We were very glad to give them welcome. Alice visited, while here, Florence, Anita Mirick's daughter, with whom she had a grand good time. Anna writes of having seen, last summer, Anna Claypool's grown-up daughter.

OUR FRIEND, Mr. W. D. Lathrop, who gave us some time ago the amusing bill-of-fare so frequently adhered to in his town (Elizabeth City, N. C.), sends us a photograph of “the only water-cart the town ever had.” It is primitive enough in appear-

ance; a high cart, drawn by a resigned-looking steer, and furnished with two barrels of ordinary size, which are filled by means of pails—slow, but sure. There is, of course, a sprinkler at the end of the cart, and a Jehu in attendance; but his pace must, with such a steed, be quite unlike that of the famed Biblical driver, and we fancy that the process of “laying the dust” in Elizabeth City must be a work of time.

OUR ALBUM has received lately several valued additions. Minnie Warner sends her “counterfeit presentment,” a good one; Mame E. Wood ('84-'87) of New Orleans thus allows us another sight of her face; Ruby Blaisdell Carter holds up for our admiration her wee 7-weeks old baby Ilsa; Minnie Ransom Wagner ('76) and her two little men, Charles and Sanford, come to join the album brigade; and little Joy Delas Martin, (2½ years old) comes all the way from Chicago to bring us his baby greeting.

WE NOTICE in a recently received copy of COLLEGE DAYS, the Maryville, Tenn., college paper, a well-written and very interesting article from the pen of Susanne Baker. The subject is the missionary needs of Indian Territory, and as Susanne has been there teaching, she writes from actual observation and personal knowledge, and not from reports of others. She speaks well for the Indians and contrasts them with “the shifting and shiftless white population,” much to the advantage of the former. Their great need is religious teachers, a need which, we trust, her article will help to make less strongly felt by inducing others to follow her own heroic example and give of their own time, labor, and love, to this work.

JULIA MURPHY writes of a pleasant visit to Mae Dickson, and speaks of expecting Mae and Irene Battey to visit herself soon. She has somehow heard of the golden opinions that Miss Evans is winning among the girls. Sara Hayden and Eleanor Rumsey are both at home now.

FROM DAISY FISCHER New Year greetings. The last Lasell meeting—Lasell Club, N. Y., was very enjoyable, but she regretted the loss of their president Mary Call, now living in Philadelphia.

CARRIE STEEL is more than ever in love with her work, about which she writes the cheeriest of letters. She has found what every teacher finds,

that there's no teaching equal to that the teacher herself receives, and she is evidently profiting thereby. Her holidays lasted two weeks and a half, she says. Her New Year greetings to all her Lasell friends.

ANNA ESPY speaks modestly of her happy and successful three months of teaching, and expects to make this her life-work. She may not be able to return to us again as a student, but promises to call to see us when next she comes to Boston.

HATTIE FREEBEY writes us from St. Hilda's Hall, Glendale, Cal., where she is now engaged in teaching. The school, she says, is a boarding school, about seven miles from Los Angeles; it is of about nine years standing, and is a pleasant school in which to teach. She sends regards to all her Lasell friends.

GRACE HUNTINGTON has had a visit from Ada Marsh recently. "Ada was just the same," though it had been four years since Grace had seen her. "Wish I might be back with you at Commencement sometime," she says, (so do we, and if she come, we will certainly give her a hearty welcome.)

GERTRUDE SHERMAN'S letter tells of cold weather and winter pleasures. Her experiences as a school-mistress are varied enough and amusing enough she thinks to be made the subject of a book, the title of which is already decided upon—"My Experiences as a School-Marm." As soon as the "Experiences" leave her time for such a work, she thinks she may begin it. (Send us a copy for the library, Gertrude.)

FROM EUGENIA BEETLE'S father we learn that the drift-wood (Do you remember that drift-wood fire girls?) in which he deals consists of the boards and timbers of old whaling ships, bought and broken up for this purpose. What tales might they not tell, those old brine-soaked bits of wood, had they tongues with which to speak!

A SOPHOMORE from the N. & W. W. spells the name of a neighboring state Arizona!

FANNIE LORD, here last year, sends a beautiful forget-me-not calendar, is studying hard at her home in Hancock, N. Y., and hopes to be here next year. Nothing will suit us better!

AMONG RECENT callers at the booth were Maud and Ada Barker, Bay City, Mich.; Alice Ball, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Margaret Stewart, Columbus, O.; Miss C. J. Chamberlayne, Boston; Mr. Barker; Dr. Thirkield, of Gammon Institute; and Dean Buell of Boston University.

NEW YEAR greetings have been received from Mabel Reed, Somerville, N. J.; Edith Starkey, Foxboro, Mass.; Minnie Sherwood, Painesville, O.; Louise LeHuray, Summit, N. J.; Isabel Ginn, Belfast, Me.; Gertrude Seiberling, Akron, O.; Ida Burke, Middletown, Conn.; Emily Warner, Detroit, Mich.; and Julia Murphy, who, in addition to her "Happy New Year!" tells us that Mae Dickson is travelling all through the West and South with her uncle, in his private car, and is having a fine time of it.

JULIA MET Mrs Latimer's brother at a New Year reception.

FROM Mr. and Mrs. ERNEST G. DUMAS (Saffie Mason) comes a small card bearing the name Gardner Davis Dumas, and the date Dec. 18th, 1895. We congratulate the happy parents.

MINNIE SHERWOOD has good news to tell of her father's improved health. They are reading Ruskin together, and getting much enjoyment from it.

LOUISE WHITNEY tells about the pretty Lasell dinner which she gave on New Year's Day to her old schoolmates then in Bay City. The tables, were decorated with Lasell blue, white carnations, and maiden hair ferns. Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Whitney chaperoned the party, and Ellen Eddy made a delightful toast-mistress, each guest responding with originality and grace. Those present were Laura Comstock, Lottie Eddy, Maud Barker, Clara Eddy, Ella Eddy, and May Miller. The guests were conveyed to and from the Traser, where the dinner was given, in a bus the horses of which were decorated with Lasell blue. Louise sends the most beautiful New Year card. Lasell pin painted in Lasell blue and gold—her own handiwork. Thanks.

ESTHER SCOULLER'S mother is very ill, we hear.

SADIE HOLLINGSWORTH THOMPSON still keeps up her music, singing at four or five services a

week regularly, gives a few lessons, keeps house, and is a member of one or two literary societies, besides keeping up her social duties. Sings on Saturday morning at the Jewish Temple—and “really enjoys it, too.” Her mother is much improved in health, and her husband she says, is one of the best of men, and is doing well in his business. They have a pleasant, happy home, and Sadie appreciates what a blessing this is.

THE NEW YORK Lasell Club has a new president in Louise Le Huray, chosen at the last meeting. She will be a good one, we are sure of that.

GRACE PRESTON'S many friends will regret to learn that she has not been so much benefited by the Colorado climate as she hoped, and has determined to test the mild air of California. This we hope will prove all that is desired. Our hearts go with her, tho' she journey far.

ISABEL GINN is her father's book-keeper, and tells how helpful her knowledge of typewriting is to her. She speaks appreciatively of her year with us.

GERTRUDE PENFIELD SEIBERLING is to study vocal music for a while in New York. She has been singing considerably of late, doing the alto in the Messiah recently in Worcester.

MISS WILLARD, Gertrude says, is now in Marsovan, Asiatic Turkey, right in the midst of the Armenian troubles. A mob started for the college the other day, and was with difficulty turned back by the Turkish soldiers, after which they returned to the market-place, looted the shops and killed 120 Americans. Miss Willard feels that the mission is secure, being patrolled by Turkish soldiers, and says that those who are doing this bloody ruffianly work are of the lowest dregs of Turkish society. The better classes do all possible to protect life and property.

EMMA FERRIS writes from chilly Vermont, about pleasant home and social duties, and church work. She is president of the Society of King's Daughters, and finds plenty to keep her busy. She hears from Isabel Ginn and Anna Deane.

FANNIE LORD is attending school at Scranton, Emma's home. Harriette is at home, helping with the housekeeping. She and Emma correspond.

IDA BURKE writes of a happy and united home circle, and sends photograph of twelve year old Edith—very welcome!

EMILY WARNER writes of a delightful family dinner given on Christmas Day by her aunt. There were thirty-seven present. The custom dates from their first occupancy of their present home, now twenty-six years ago. “Father and one of my uncles,” says Emily, “each wrote a poem for the occasion, there was music, and altogether we had a very pleasant day,—a day of which we all feel proud.” Emily is attending school in her own city, but does us the honor to prefer Lasell. We wish she were with us this year. She recalls the bobbing for apples on Hallowe'en!

OUR OLD FRIEND, Prof. T. L. C. Lowe, of Pasadena, California, has in mind to induce some, at least, of the various colleges of the country to hold their summer schools among the California mountains. The climate, the scenery, the benefit to be derived from a trip to this charming part of our great country, are in his opinion fully equal to those sought by travel among the Swiss and Italian mountains. As a beginning of his endeavors in this direction, there was celebrated at the Mt. Lowe Alpine Tavern, last month, the “Hanging of the Crane” in that admirably built and equipped hostelry, the members of the Alpine Club being invited by the host and manager, Prof. Lowe, to join in the incident festivities. Judging from the newspaper reports that have reached us the affair must have been one of exceeding interest and enjoyment. Prof. Lowe has arranged with the railways for the transportation of representatives from each of the principal colleges of the East, to visit Southern California, with the end above noted in view.

FANNIE FAIRCHILD, '95, with the other Marionette girls, is going to form a Reading Club. She had lately a narrow escape from death or severe injury.

SARAH DUNHAM sends New Year greetings, is busy with music (voice) which she studies at Taunton, planning to work for her circle of King's Daughters and practicing all the cooking recipes she can find. Send her some! 92 High Street, New Bedford, Mass.

TOGETHER WITH cordial greetings for the New Year, Nora Fowler sends news of a charming trip

through Mexico last summer, taken with relatives, and enjoyed beyond words. She speaks of hearing from Jessie Hunter.

CARRIE MANNING writes of busy hours. What "women of affairs" we do become after leaving Lasell!

MARY SEAMAN sends New Year greetings, also LEAVES subscription, and chats pleasantly about the cosy time the Lasell girls had together on the occasion of Anna Crocker's marriage.

FROM ELIZABETH EWING, long silent, word comes at last, with assurance that Lasell has not been forgotten, though left, for a time, off her "correspondence list." Glad to hear again from her, and to know that she is well and enjoying life.

MABEL SAWYER joins her Lasell sisters in good wishes to us. She speaks of having been "sorely tempted, while in Auburn, Me., to keep on and visit Boston" which of course means, or should mean, a visit to Lasell also. *Some* temptations, Mabel, should not be *resisted*. Mabel Lutes, she says, is now enjoying her new home in Woodruff Place, very near Nellie Carnahan. Mabel has begun to cook, and writes that her father was able very comfortably to dispose of a slice of her first loaf of bread "without the aid of either butter or water." Mabel Sawyer thinks she will go and do likewise — not eat the loaf, but make it — after holidays are over, but opines that a considerable quantity of water may be needed to make a piece of *her* first loaf go down. She thinks the LEAVES grows better and better. Likes the new headings.

HELEN MEDSKER is becoming a necessity to her old Lasell friends who decide to get married. She no sooner has one wedding well off her hands than here comes another to be attended to. When she wrote, she had just returned from her Shebogan trip, and was already busy helping Martha Deardoff get ready for her wedding. Helen speaks of having spent a pleasant day with Laura Brooks, and of meeting May Rice in Chicago. May is devoting all her time now to music. She saw also Elizabeth Stephenson, Julia Hammond, and Clara Roesing, and adds, "I had a glimpse of Florence Hawes in Chicago, but did not get a chance to speak to her."

MISS MABEL CASE, '94, with Mr. and Mrs. Crowell went to Atlanta at about the first of December and then visited New Orleans, Arizona, and Mexico. From the last named place they went to California, enjoying a pleasant voyage upon the Pacific. They will return by way of Salt Lake City and Denver.

THESE PUPILS have joined us for the rest of the year :

Grundy, Mary E., East Islip, L. I.
Gunsalus, Martha W., Chicago, Ills.
Ketcham, Flora M., Indianapolis, Ind.
McDonald, Maine H., Dubuque, Iowa.
McDonald, Nellie Y., Dubuque, Iowa.
Robinson, Zella V., Columbus, Ohio.

Married.

Nora Racella Gibson ('87-'89) to Lyman Ormond Perley, on Tuesday, Dec. 10th, at Omaha, Nebraska.

Ella Ward Smith ('89-'90) to Charles Brown Voorhis, on Thursday, Dec. 26th, at Ottawa, Kansas, 432 Elm Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Voorhis will live in Ottawa.
Lottie Eddy ('90-'92) to Frank H. Shearer, on Wednesday, Jan. 8th, at Bay City, Mich. They will live in Bay City, 1101 Fifth Ave.

CALLED HOME.

IT HAS been a sad holiday season for our friend Edith Dresser, who, just before Christmas, lost the dear father to whom she was so devotedly attached, and whose illness prevented her return this year.

Mr. Dresser was a man whom many will miss besides the family he leaves to mourn his loss. He held a high place in the esteem of his townsmen, and seems to have been a man eminently fitted to gain friends and to keep them. His devoted Christian life is earnest of a bright reward in that hereafter which for him has now become the present. We sympathize with the family.

THE LIBRARY.

Among recent additions to the library are the following :

Goethe's Works.	} In the original.
Boileau's Works.	
DesCarte's Works, selected.	
Bound Volumes of The Century (vols. 26-27).	
Poet Lore (vol. 6)	
Harper's Magazine (vols. 89-90).	
Graves' Forty Years in China.	
Carter's Probate Hand-book.	
Verity's Julius Caesar.	
Bartlett's Concord, Historic, Literary and Picturesque.	
Midsummer Night's Dream, edited by Katharine Lee Bates.	

LOCALS.

ON December 17, Mrs. Weyant's reading class entertained the school most delightfully. The girls were gowned in pretty Grecian costumes, and, led by Mrs. Weyant, charmed the audience by the grace and beauty of their pretty calsthenic movements. Recitations were given by several members of the class. All did credit to Lasell. We were proud of them, and felt that the evening was well spent.

FROM the accounts given by the girls who spent the Christmas holidays at Lasell, we may conclude that they spent a happy and delightful vacation. Several evenings were given to the theatre where they enjoyed Modjeska in Mary Stuart, Nat Goodwin in Ambition, William Gillett in Too Much Johnson. In Old Kentucky was as additional pleasure.

Miss Evans' charmingly entertained the girls at her home one day, and two delightful parties were given by Miss Belle Bragdon in honor of her friend, Miss Lottie Appel.

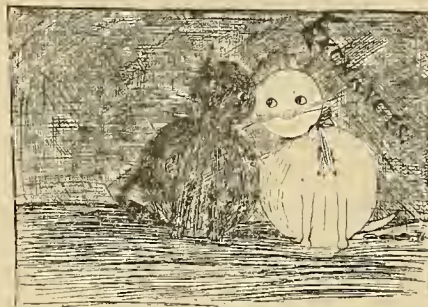
WE are all pleased to welcome Mr. Buile back to Lasell, and are very glad indeed that he has recovered from his serious illness.

A PLEASANT custom was instituted by Mr. Bragdon before the Christmas holidays began. The last evening before the vacation, while the girls were in Chapel, after several songs had been sung by three of the girls and Mr. Davis, Mr. Bragdon arose and in the name of the Faculty said, "We wish you all a Merry Christmas" to which the girls responded "We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." This, our Principal says, shall be the custom as long as the school lasts.

SOME of the girls were discussing Northwestern University the other day, and some one remarked that she had a friend who married while at Northwestern yet still kept on with his college work. A Yale enthusiast glanced up at her Yale flag with a sigh—"Oh do they really allow that at Northwestern? I wonder if they allow it at Yale, too!"

IT is always better to be quite sure of your facts before taking a decided stand in politics. The girls at dinner one night had an exciting political discussion. The talk waxed hot, and finally Miss

Democrat, in tones which said "This will settle the question once for all," cried, "Well, the country would go to rack and ruin if it were not for tariff." Poor Miss Democrat! It is needless to say that the Republicans carried the day and it has since been whispered about that Miss Democrat was seen carrying about with her a small book entitled "Why am I a Democrat?"



TREED.

A spruce young man adored a maid,
His love she did decline;
And this young man, so spruce before,
Turned quick as thought to pine.

—Scio Collegian.

INSTRUCTOR (in Latin class):—"What is the future of *do*?"

Cadet:—"Bread."—*Riverview Student*.

A GOOD school is the centre of a circle, whose radii extend outward in every direction, touching the circumference in infinity.

THE *Ursinus College Bulletin* has an interesting article on Ruskin as an educator.

THE last number of the *Seminary Record*, Painesville, Ohio, was devoted to Founder's Day and was very concely.

FASHIONS in *Fall Fiction* is a timely article in a recent number of Mount Holyoke.

SOME curious customs of English school life are brought out in an article in *Phillips Exeter Literary Monthly*.

MOUNT *St. Joseph Collegian* is one of the best appearing papers among the exchanges.

QUERY—Why is a freshman like the hill in front of the college buildings? Because he is an *ascent* to college!—*The University Beacon*.

A LITTLE darkey, who was beginning geography: "Daddy, what does D. C. after Washington stan' fo'?" Father: "Law, chile, dat means Daddy ob his Country. Yo' ain't larnin' yo' lessons no how."—*The Record*.

THE LAST STRAW.

"You seem sad, my redskinned brother," said the missionary. "Redskinned brother's heart heap sad," said the noble son of the prairie. "White man shoot better, fight better, and now Injun hear college yell, he know Injun can't war whoop for sour apples. Waugh?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A certain poetess was very fond of cats, and when asked the reason for this attachment replied, "I like cats because they furnish the (mews) muse."

THE PRIZES.

Do NOT forget the prizes offered in the December LEAVES for the three best original stories between 1500 and 2000 words in length, to be contributed before April 10th.

Please present them as early before this as possible, so as to allow sufficient time for criticism.

There seems to have been some ambiguity regarding the meaning of the term 'resident pupils' as used in the notice last month. In further explanation, the word signifies that the contributors of the stories must be under-graduate students who are present members of any school or college.

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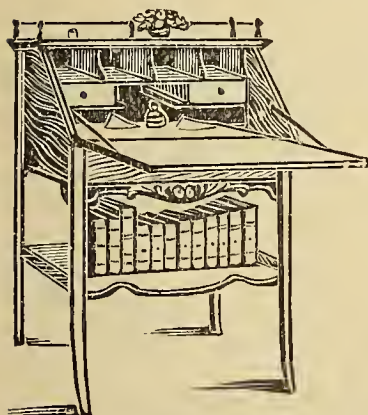
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Choice Confectionery for dinner and evening parties a specialty. Mail orders carefully filled.

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Opera Wafers, Genesee Caramels,
Apricots Ovals, Jujube Bonbons,
Pineapple Glace, Smooth Almonds,
Assorted Glaces, Buttercups, Caramels,
Salted Almonds, Marshmallows,
Assorted Chocolates,
French Fruits, Assorted Twist,
Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy,
Molasses Creoles,
Cream Bonbons, Nougatines.

\$15 Desk for \$10.



We shall sell a hundred of these Special Christmas Desks in the next ten days at \$10 each. This is all we have on hand, and the offer must then be withdrawn, as we cannot complete any more before Christmas.

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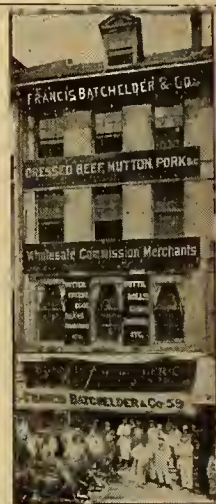
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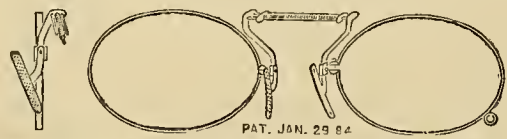
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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

OUR CHAPEL exercises have been very pleasantly varied lately.

Through the kind efforts of Mr. Davis and the excellent abilities of the girls, we have been delightfully entertained on Wednesday evenings by our musical members, some of whom have led us to fancy that it may be we are unconsciously associating with the prima donnas of the next century.

Several of the girls have also favored us with repeating from memory psalms, hymns and favorite passages of scripture.

It is curious to note the fickleness of memory in some of these chapel recitations, and many of us find to our vexation how likely it is to take a sudden freak at such times, abandoning us to our discomfort, and simply refusing to "work."

"We know those two hymns and that Twenty-

third Psalm, indeed we do! We learned them both word by word *only last week*, and said them over so many times, they just said themselves, but somehow, the minute Mr. Bragdon called on *us*, that dreadful hush of expectancy settled over everyone, and the whole room became so frightfully still that the words tied themselves up in an inextricable knot, and we could not get them back into the right place."

Mr. Bragdon's absence will deprive us of the instructive little talks he usually gives us in the first part of the chapel hour, and we shall thus, no doubt, miss information on many things of importance and interest, for he always has something new for us to notice, or calls our attention to something we have never thought of observing before. We trust it will not be long before he is with us again.

ON THE 22d of January, Miss Barton sailed from New York for Turkey. This devoted woman is probably more talked of and written about just now than any other person in the world. She is surely one of the world's greatest heroines. Whatever happens to her, be it success or failure, her name will stand forever, indelibly written on the annals of human progress. She presents to every Christian nation a splendid example of dauntless courage and noble self-sacrifice.

As we think of this brave woman, setting out with her little band of followers to the land ruled by one of the most powerful and despotic of monarchs, going in bold defiance of his express refusal to allow her presence there, we tremble for her. She is doing what whole nations have not dared to do. Yet, in spite of all our doubts and fears we could not bid her forsake her noble purpose.

We have but few lives among us so enriched with wonderful deeds of mercy as is Miss Barton's. During the Civil War, her labors for the wounded and dying soldiers were such as insure for her a blessed reward, and in the autobiography of her life, upon which she is now at work, we shall find many experiences of remarkable interest.

Very much has been written about her pleasant home in Washington. We have also so many detailed descriptions of her personal appearance, that we cannot be quite sure how she really looks, but some characteristics are prominent in everything that has been written or said of her; her quiet, modest manner, her capacity and strong will, and, above all, her remarkable love for humanity, which has been so manifest in all her deeds.

THE decadence of literature is most sensibly felt when we read the reviews of some of the new books and compare their merits with those of the old masterpieces we have come to know and love so well.

It is very true, many works of genius have been fully appreciated only after long years, yet there was undoubted merit in them, while in such works as "Jude, the Obscure," Thomas Hardy's new novel, "A Daughter of Eve," by H. de Balzac, and "Bernicia," by Amelia Barr, we see no such hope of immortality.

Our Golden and Silver ages of Letters seem to be past, and this must surely be the Tinsel era, for most of the works are made of the filmsy material that only lasts a season and will, no doubt, tarnish most noticeably in the future.

It is said that the new reform in spelling, the Phonetic system, has been objected to on the ground that it will spoil the beauty of the printed page. It would probably also create much confusion, and although some time would be saved in the shortening of words, we have gotten on so well with the present way that it seems hardly practicable to adopt a new system.

UTAH became a State of the Union a few weeks ago. It is probable that New Mexico will soon follow.

THE PROFESSIONAL WOMAN.

OF LATE years a much-discussed subject has been that of the professional woman. Praise and contumely have been heaped upon her, the latter, however, generally outweighing the former. The newspapers and magazines, the women's clubs, and all kinds of gatherings have had their say about this wonderful being. But in spite of censure and adverse criticism, she has steadily pushed her way to the front, resolved to be recognized; and she has accomplished her purpose. A determined woman, it is said, will succeed in whatever she undertakes, and surely the statement is in this case verified. In medicine, in law, even in the ministry, woman has come to hold an important place. Some of the most brilliant and successful physicians of our day are women, noted and looked up to throughout the profession. It must have been a shock to the feelings of some of our staid, conventional citizens, when, a few years ago, our American colleges and schools of medicine and surgery began to open their doors to women students. "Such a thing has never been heard of; it won't do," they said. And they meant it. To have a *woman doctor*! Why, it was preposterous!

Those first few women students must have had a hard struggle. Success, we know, is with difficulty attained even by a young man,

just beginning in his profession; how much more difficult must it have been for the first woman in a field hitherto untrodden by their sex!

A woman might be a nurse — there was no objection to *that*; but as soon as she crossed the boundary into the field of medicine and surgery, what a hue and cry was raised. Another profession, nearly in line with the one just mentioned, is that of the trained nurse. Of course nursing has always been a woman's work, and this needs not much comment. But how different the old-fashioned nurse of our mother's and grandmother's day from the neatly-gowned, white-capped young woman of our time, capable and self-possessed by reason of her two years' practical experience in the big city hospital.

Then, too, the field of the law has been invaded, and at length conquered, by women. Many, if not all, of our States have opened their courts to the woman lawyer. And why should not a woman be just as capable of understanding the contents of the big law books, as is a man? Has she not proved that she is?

The thought which more especially perplexes some of us is that of woman in the pulpit. To many of us, it seems an incomprehensible thing, and one to which we cannot become accustomed. And yet, in some denominations, it is not an unusual thing to have a woman filling the position of minister. A case has come under my own observation in which a minister and his wife take charge alternately, of the Sunday services of the church. We do not consider it at all strange when we hear of women missionaries, and surely they are "ministers" as truly as any man can be.

Thus we see the sex emerging more and more from the clouds of willing ignorance and repression, and sending forth the beams of her intelligence to help in lightening up the dark places of the world. We wish her God-speed!

MODERN LANGUAGES: The Chinese is the most difficult; the Italian the softest; the Spanish the most pompous; the French the most polite and passionate, and the English the most copious and energetic.—*The Fence.*

PROFESSOR—"How does one pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?"
Smart boy—"Does it apply to man or bee?"—
Beacon.

COMMON SENSE.

Oh, common sense, 'tis a funny thing,—
 A friend not always to trust;
 For often it gives a hateful fling,
 Pushing you off with a thrust,
 Taking its own good time to return
 Not heeding your pleading cry.
 Oh is it a lesson that one can learn,
 To make it forever stay by!

Did your common sense e'er leave you so?
 Have you found the well known track,
 Where every one's "common senses" go
 At times, nor haste to come back?
 What a fine old place must be that town,—
 If such a town there be,—
 Where the "common senses" of renown
 Have gained their liberty!

For every one, be he little or great,
 Has at times his senses lost;
 And alack and alas!—'tis poor man's fate
 To be by his own thought's tossed.
 Can not some hero that's bold and brave
 Go quickly and find that spot?
 The world would honor him to his grave,
 And happy would be his lot.

A. S. Y.

THE REFORMATION OF EPHRAIM.

I HAD BEEN riding for the past hour along the sandy road, under a hot Virginian sun, and felt a deep sense of relief when the white walls of an old country mansion, which was to be my destination, came in view. It was evidently a relic of "befo' de wah," and, with its shady lawn and cool verandas, it appeared a very oasis in the midst of the surrounding fields, flooded with dazzling sunlight. I spurred my tired horse on to fresh efforts, and soon, my letter of introduction in hand, was mounting the steps of the veranda, conscious of the gaze of a very pretty pair of eyes from an upper window. I had evidently arrived at an inopportune moment, for mine host, with a heated face and loud voice, was addressing a small group of colored "hands" ranged before him, varying from a white-haired dignified old man, evidently the father, from his important bearing, down to a small roguish urchin with rolling eyes and flashing teeth. I drew near in time to hear the concluding sentence with which the Major dismissed his audience,—“If that bottle of carbolic acid is not returned befo' this evenin’,” he exclaimed, in long, angry tones, “I will have every hand in this plantation whipped.” Then, perceiving me, his features regained their usual

calmness and he came hastily forward. He was evidently one of the old style of Virginian gentlemen, and his fine manners and generous hospitality reminded me involuntarily of that prince of characters, "Col. Carter, of Cartersville."

My letter of introduction was produced and read, and after giving me a hearty welcome, as the son of an old friend, he burst into an explanation of the scene I had just witnessed, which evidently still rankled in his mind. It seems that for a long time he had been the victim of a series of petty thefts which, although nothing very valuable had been taken, was highly annoying. Only that morning a bottle of carbolic acid had disappeared from the medicine chest, and he was determined to ferret out the offender, and make an example of him. He more than suspected the small picanniny with the big eyes and devil-may-care air, as the rest of the servants were considered thoroughly reliable; and recollecting the roguish face of this small imp, I thought his suspicions probably well founded.

Our talk then drifted to other topics, and presently I had the pleasure of meeting the owner of the pretty eyes, an unusually pretty girl of twenty, possessing her full share of that fascination which marks a Virginian girl the world over. The afternoon was delightfully whiled away in her company, and it was with extreme reluctance that, warned by the lengthening shadows, I rose to make my adieu. Just at this moment, however, we heard in the house a most terrific uproar, in which could be distinguished the sound of breaking glass, the overturning of furniture, and the wild screams from some one evidently in great pain or fright.

We looked at each other with pale faces, but before we could move, Ephraim, the butler, dashed furiously from the door and down the steps, his pompous manner changed to one of most pitiable fear, and a look of inexpressible horror on his face. We saw him run wildly across the fields and disappear down the slope of a hill, toward the "branch," at the top of his speed. I turned for an explanation of this unaccountable scene. A strong odor of carbolic acid gave us our first inkling, then the Major appeared in the doorway, laughing so uproariously that he fairly shook. As soon as he could gain command of his voice he told us the whole story. Ephraim, it was proved, had been

the guilty one all along, but had never been detected, owing to the good name he had always borne. On stealing the bottle of acid he had placed it temporarily in his pocket, intending to hide it in his cabin later on. Of course he knew nothing of its qualities, and had taken it merely because he had had a good chance; besides, a bottle of "medicine" was sure to be useful. While quietly engaged in his accustomed duties, he had accidentally broken the bottle in his pocket, and the strong acid, had, of course, eaten its way through his clothing. In his astonishment and anguish he thought he was "bewitched," and, after making a broken and hurried confession, he started for the "branch" to put out the burning fire.

There was not enough acid to cause any serious burn, so we joined heartily in the laughter, thinking the old rascal had received a much needed lesson. Later in the evening he returned, sneaking shamefaced back to his cabin by roundabout ways, and I afterwards overheard him relating his experience to a group of sympathizers gathered around him.

"It was de debil shore 'nuff," he earnestly concluded, "an' when I touch 'nother 'ting in dis house, he can hab me for good en all—Yassir, Masse Chisholm, I'se comin'."

H. De L.

THE LEAVES FUND.

AS ALL the old girls know, the money derived from the sale of the LEAVES forms a fund, which is devoted to the assistance of girls in too straitened circumstances to allow them to obtain, without some such aid, the education which many of them so earnestly desire. Now, since this is so, ought not every girl to whom Lasell is dear, and who has a generous desire to help those who need assistance, to aid this good work both by subscribing to the LEAVES each year, and by contributing to it from time to time such items as they may be able, tending to increase its interest to others?

Many have already received assistance from this fund, and by this means have been enabled to avail themselves of the educational advantages of Lasell, and among these are girls of whom we have just cause to be proud, girls who to-day are filling positions of responsibility, and doing their work faithfully and well.

The plan is, of course, that of a loan, which is repaid as soon as the business circumstances of the young woman thus aided, permits.

A TYPE OF THE UNEDUCATED.

Mr Lathrop
 Please send me
 my money
 By Dis Boy
 Andrew
 McPherson

[Interpretation.]

Mr. Lathrop:

Please send me my money by this boy.

ANDREW MCPHERSON.

ENGLAND'S BOY POET.

IN THE YEAR 1752, there was born in Bristol, England, amid the most humble surroundings, a boy who was destined to be known far and wide, Thomas Chatterton, the boy poet of England. His early years gave little promise of future brilliancy, and, when first sent to school, the master returned him to his mother with the message that he was too dull to be taught. The mother's patience, however, finally conquered, and, when he had once learned to read, he studied early and late, and would often go without his meals rather than leave his beloved books.

At eight years of age he entered Colston's Hospital, a charity school at Bristol. It was while here that he wrote his first poems, though this did not prevent his being above the average in his studies. On the very day that he left Colston's his mother bound him over as apprentice to a lawyer by the name of Lambert. He would not so much have minded the fact that he was obliged to be at the office from eight in the morning till eight at night, but his naturally proud spirit rebelled at being compelled to eat with the servants and sleep with the foot-boy. He had a passion for everything pertaining to antiquity, and lived in

a world of his own, peopling it with imaginary beings. It was this love of antiquity that led him to write the Rowley romance, which he pretended to have copied from some old legal documents found in his mother's garret. After a time, some of his writings were accepted by the newspapers of the day, and, elated by this success, he sought a patron in Sir William Pitt, according to a custom at that time prevalent among literary men. Pitt, though at first pleased with the writings, when he found out the real position of Chatterton, refused to assist him, which was a bitter disappointment to the poor boy. All this time he labored under great difficulties, for his employer was not at all in sympathy with his literary attempts, and thwarted him at every opportunity. It was Chatterton's greatest desire to go to London, where he hoped to become a man of letters; but, as his employer refused to discharge him before the expiration of the seven years, Chatterton wrote a document purporting to be the last will and testament of Thomas Chatterton, such a mixture of jest and earnest that it seemed almost the work of a madman, after which the lawyer was glad to be rid of so eccentric a pupil.

Chatterton's London life is the saddest of all the sad story. He struggled vainly against poverty, sending home most of his scanty earnings in the shape of souvenirs for his mother and sister, that they might not know how destitute he really was, and finally, since his writings brought him so little, he determined to give up all his cherished hopes and go to sea as a surgeon's mate. Here, however, new difficulties met him; he was unable to obtain the required certificate, and in despair returned to his humble lodgings, where, either from starvation or the effects of poison, he died, August 24, 1770, only eighteen years of age.

His writings, but little noticed during his life, have gained more and more notoriety, and the fame he so much coveted has been acquired, though he never lived to see it.

True happiness
 Consists not in the multitude of friends,
 But in their choice and worth.

—Ben Jonson.

No one has any more right to go about unhappy than he
 has to go about ill-bred,

A VALENTINE TO A LASELLITE.

There is a dainty maiden,
And so fair and sweet is she,
How I wish that you could see her!
For she's everything to me.

She is not so very learned
But as lovely as can be
How I wish that she did love me!
For she's everything to me.

If e'er you see this maiden,
That's so dainty, blithe and free.
Please be careful what you tell her,
For she's everything to me.

THE SOLILOQUIZINGS OF A MOTOR-MAN.

HE IS A very common individual one of that kind we hear so much about 'meeting every where;' and he is one whom we are often glad to meet too, especially on cold winter nights, when, but for him, we might have to walk a mile with the thermometer below freezing point.

He stands, a sturdy, erect figure, beside his car awaiting the time to start.

He wears the 'familiar great-coat' of long-haired wolf-skin, which reaches to his feet, and has the big collar turned up to the tops of his ears. He wears an old blue cap, the visor pulled down over his shaggy eyebrows, so that we really see nothing of his true appearance but the frost-bitten tip of a prominent nose,—whose unnatural color might be due to something warmer than the frost,—and two small keen eyes with a little twinkle in them that suggests a kind heart in spite of all this rough exterior.

It is one of those nights when he is so much appreciated; when the very stillness of the air makes the cold seem more intense and the motor-man feels his fingers growing numb, even through his buckskin gloves.

"An old rouser of a night this," he muses, vigorously slapping his arms too and fro across his broad chest. "Old car fillin' up fast. 'Twill be more than crowded. It's done good service for many a year, I can tell yer; there's newer and handsomer ones that run the same track now, but someway 'nuther we always manage to git full. Well old Jimmy, its a long time you've tended this old trolley, and I reckon you've been as content at yer work as them that have gone higher. Quite a little look at life too, you've got, if yer back is

turned to the people most of the time, for you've watched faces long enough to know pretty well what sorter folks they belong to.

There's one thing its mighty cur'ous to note; that perliteness don't seem to be the style aboard the street-car terday; and the thing that makes me the maddest is that its most noticeable in the men. They be nice right-up-terday looking fellars, too; I mean the sort that look 'sif more belonged to 'em than their clothes; but they don't know manners just the same, for there's not a man of 'em but will sit right in his tracks and let a poor tired little woman with a baby in her arms stand at their very elbow on tiptoe to reach the hand strap in order to steady herself.

I'd give more than my old head's wuth to let some of them chaps be in my place for a little while and just watch theirselves: the way they gobble up them seats would surprise the appetite of the big hogs my old daddy used to keep down on the farm. I haint a woman's right's man,—not a bit of it!—but I do believe its our natur' to stand more than they do, and I'm certain sure we can do it better in a street-car anyway, or in any other kind of a car, and I think its a shame to make a newspaper of ourselves every time we have a seat and a woman hasn't.

"Women without young, pretty faces need to sit just as much as their plainer sisters, if not more; but I notice if any of 'em chance to get a seat, 'tis usually the handsomer ones.

"Perhaps I'm too hard on the boys, after all, for I remember there was a little fellar 'tother day that did offer his seat to an old lady, and I should a thought the half dozen other chaps who were glued to theirs would have melted enough at that to give theirs to the other ladies who were standing.

"It haint much to do,—to offer to give up one's seat to another; 'tis only one of the little deeds of curt'sy and kindness, that help to oil the hard runnin' wheels o' life, but even a rough old chap like me notices if it haint done, and somehow feels the lack of it,—Heigho! its one minute past time to start,—and I'm off."

THE Juniors' New Year resolution—To love the Seniors as themselves.

—College Folio.

MINIATURES.

THE RACE IS SOMETIMES TO THE SWIFT.

Down the street came the blonde and the brunette, running as if fleeing from justice, and pursued by numerous dogs. The girls seem almost breathless—coats unbuttoned, hair flying, skirts trailing unheeded in the mud, while the dogs bark madly in various keys.

An old lady stands at the corner; she hears the noise, and turns just in time to have her umbrella knocked into the road as the brunette dashes past, gasping: "Pardon me!" The lady thinks they must be afraid of the dogs, and is about to call help when she sees them, with wild leap, seat themselves in a long wood sleigh, purposely swinging their feet over the side to tantalize the dogs. Just as the sleigh turns the corner, the blonde says, "Make the horses go faster," and the driver, ever susceptible to youth and beauty, whips the tired beasts into a trot, and away they go, while the old lady, picking up her umbrella, says, somewhat grimly:

"Wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

IT ALL came back to her as she sat in the afternoon sunshine looking out over the snow-covered lawn. She was an old woman now; there was one little fellow who called her "Grandma"; but she saw it all in a flash. She was a girl again away at boarding school, and it was Hallowe'en. Five of them were sitting on the bed telling ghost stories, and the girls were shivering with fascinated horror. One of them had blackened her eyebrows and corked a moustache on her upper lip; she looked positively villainous whenever the light from the street lamp across the way struck her face. It was cold and they were sleepy and half frightened at the nonsense they had been listening to. One of them rose softly and opened the door to see what time it was. Just then a step was heard in the hall and the three strange girls scuttled into the closet like frightened mice. Some one knocked; one of the hostesses called "Come!" in a faint whisper. A teacher walked into the room; without a word she turned on the light and then went to the closet door. The hostesses, too frightened to speak,

clutched each other for sympathy and looked on in silent awe. The teacher opened the closet door and pulled out the girl with the moustachios.

The old woman laughed out and woke her husband, who was taking his afternoon nap on the lounge.

QUAE NOCENT AOCENT.

He was a promising young fellow, full of ambition and courage; he had gone through the whole college course, and was fully equipped with all the "isms" and "ologies." Law had been his specialty, and, with Blackstone as a staff, he was making ready for his progress through life.

His old mother watched his preparations with fond apprehension. He was all she had, and his past diligence had steadily fostered her hopeful pride. She felt sure, as he came to her for her farewell blessing, that the many sacrifices and weary toil—how hard it had all been she alone knew—would find their reward in his ultimate success, even should it come so late that she could not share it. He looked so handsome and manly as he stood before her in the majesty of a strong young life just registering its first mark for the future, that her eyes dimmed as she looked at him, and she thought of other days, numbered with the inevitable past. But in him was her future, and taking both his young lands in her trembling old ones, she said: "My boy, I have thought long on what to say to you when this time came, and now I give it to you in these three words, all the latin I ever knew: '*Quae nocent aocent.*' They were words of comfort to your father, and as I have watched you grow so like him, I have treasured them for you. You cannot know their value now, but you will learn it as the years go by. By this standard judge every difficulty and all your discouragements and failures will be stepping-stones to something higher."

Years went by. Manhood had left boyhood far back in the past, and slowly but surely the man had climbed the mount of success. He could rest now from his labors, for his toil had gained for him a golden harvest, which had brought with it ease and security from want. He had won triumphs more signal than even his early ambition had hoped for. Good deeds, too, had crowned his progress. He had cheered and encouraged others to mount

with him. He was sought, flattered, loved by everyone in the little world in which he moved.

"How came you by all this luck?" asked a comrade. "What a marvel you are. Your very failures must have been blessings." "They have been," he replied, smiling dreamily on the visions of the past that rose before him.

"What is the secret of it all?" cried his companion in astonished wonder.

"My mother's teaching. I have learned to learn from what I have suffered."

A GIRL from a school, not a hundred miles away, walked into the Adams House Restaurant, and said "Have you seen my chewing gum?" The cashier was surprised, and asked "what do you mean?" "Why," said the school girl, "I left a chew of gum there on the lunch counter yesterday, and I did not know but that you had seen it." The cashier was surprised, but wishes the school girls to patronize the restaurant, and is now thinking of arranging a place where he can have their chewing gum checked while they are eating their lunch.

"ENGAGED."

With apologies to C. A. in the January "Leaves."

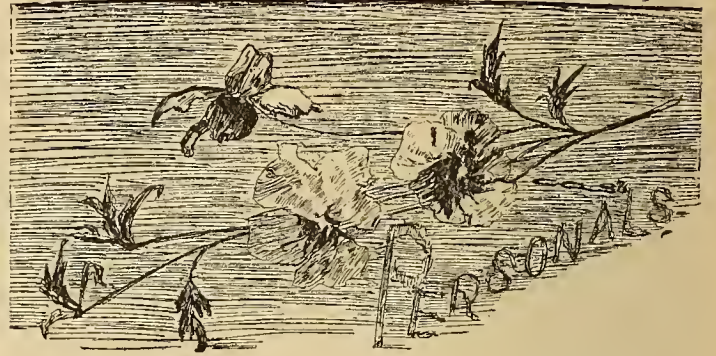
Of all the things I hate, you know,
As down the halls I often go,
The worst's the card engraved so:
"Engaged."

Just as you raise your hand to knock
You pause, as if turned to a rock
Or thrilled by an electric shock:
"Engaged."

No matter if you chance to be
Bound upon business or a spree,
You have to stop whene'er you see:
"Engaged."

Now if you are as green as grass,
And o'er that sign you dare to pass,
They'll point you to the door. Alas!
"Engaged."

THE HON. Edward Everett, when a young man just out of college, was invited to give an oration in New York. At the dinner Judge Story called up Mr. Everett by the following sentiment: "Fame follows applause where *ever it* (Everett) goes!" Mr. Everett rose instantly, and gave the following:—"The members of the legal profession! however high may be their aspirations, they can never rise higher than *one story!*" — *Newton H. S. Review.*



BLESS THE BABIES! here is a quartette of the darlings, four more rays of sunshine for that luminary of baby brightness, the "Grand children" Album. Julia Hubbard Kelly's dear face looks out at us from between those of baby Will (six months) and little Master Irwin, (two years and four months.) Very serious indeed is Irwin, for 'tis weighty business to have mamma and baby brother both on one's mind; but on another card we have him alone, and here he has remembered how to smile again, showing his two pearls between the little lips, and tugging in true baby fashion at his hat-strings.

CARALINE EBERSOLE MARTIN submits with her happiest grace to the affectionate hug of baby Donald (two years), who on each side of this central picture, poses beautifully for our admiration, in a big arm-chair, giving us two views of himself thus, one full face, the other profile,—a very pretty arrangement of the three pictures.

ANNIE GAGE BOOTH sends, with her own and husband's card, a photograph of her wide-awake little man, Louis Gage Booth (twenty months). He, too, has his perch in a big chair, and seems to be enjoying his outlook therefrom.

MR. BRAGDON saw Addie Rich Treadwell at the Deaconess' Home the other day.

FLORENCE MANN, so her father says, is taking a post-graduate course at Cincinnati University, and expects to teach next year.

AT THE Emerson School performance, early in February, Mr. Bragdon saw Sarah Hamilton, of Medford, here in '79.

CARRIE KENDIG KELLOGG, class of '79, has been very ill, but is now recovering.

ELIZABETH DAY writes pleasantly of the improvements at Lasell since she was here with us, and gives us some interesting bits of news about several of our girls. Jennie Brown spent last summer East, visiting Elizabeth a part of the time. Her health is not good, and she has had to give up many of her social duties. She is president of the Denver Lasell Club, and has been busy planning a Club lunch. Jennie Williams Brainard (here in '83-'85) from Des Moines, moved last spring to Nyack, N. Y. She corresponds with Elizabeth. Jennie has three little girls — Cornelia, Jennie and Donetta, the last only four months old. Nena Williams Hutchinson ('84-'86) and her husband, also spent last summer East, but are now at their new home in Iowa City. They plan to spend the coming summer East, and Elizabeth expects to meet them in Nyack. Jennie and Nena plan a visit to Lasell at that time. (That is good news.) Elizabeth Eddy Holden has a dainty attractive home in Pawtucket, "seems to be quite the model minister's wife, and is as jolly as ever." Sue Brown has visited her.

LAURA MUNGER NINDE has a little daughter, a few months old.

ELLA RACE is in poor health, we are sorry to hear.

JENNIE BRAINARD has recently seen Hattie Robbins (class '87), now Mrs. Charles A. Reeve, and living in Syracuse.

ELIZABETH speaks for herself and Sue: they are well, kept busy, and are enjoying life. They express a desire to pay a visit to the old school once more (where they will always find a welcome).

ADENA HARVEY's New Year greetings were just too late for the January issue of the LEAVES.

CAROLINE STEEL writes about a lovely time at the beach, during the holidays, with fifteen friends. She has now settled down to her work; will have no break until June.

SARA HAYDEN's "Happy New Year," brings with it a bit of chat about a pleasant winter, with enough of practicing and study to keep her from being lazy. Jessie, she says, is always busy with her library work. Maude Beaumont she sometimes sees; and once in a while, Alice Burr, in Hartford. Sara promises us a visit ere long.

ANNA McDUFFEE is taking Miss Adams' place in Lasell gymnasium. She was with us in '92-'93, and is now an assistant of Dr. Sargent's.

MABEL SAWYER's August letter played at hide-and-seek with us, and in consequence has not yet been noticed in THE LEAVES. (Too bad!) We suppose her plan to visit us in September failed. At all events, we didn't see Mabel then. If her scheme for the winter proved practicable, she is now taking the course of reading prescribed by her club, and addressing herself in the intervals to duties, social and domestic. Mabel writes of hearing from Anna Baechtel, Margaret Cobb, Ellen Siedentopf, and others of the girls.

RENA FRENCH is growing strong again, she tells us, but has recently had grip. She sends New Year greetings.

MRS. STRONG is still at Grinnell, in Iowa College, and is enjoying her work there.

HARRIETT SCOTT was out to see us recently. Mr. Bragdon saw her in Boston, too, not long ago. She looks better than ever. Says that Edith Gale is still teaching at Southington, Conn., as last year.

DASIE HARTSON's letter tells of continuance of German studies, and of the fact of Nettie Eldredge Shaw's being in San Francisco, whither Dasie was going to see her in a day or two, with the intention of coaxing a visit from her. May Healey, she says, told her that Frances Casebolt was to visit California this winter, but so far Dasie hasn't seen her. Dasie hears from Carrie Gilman, whom she may visit in the spring, when we shall expect to see them both at Lasell again. (The latest addition to the Hartson household is a pretty setter puppy, of which Dasie is self-appointed guardian,—and owner besides. But this is *wholly a parenthesis*.) Mabel Sawyer, of Auburndale, writes to Dasie occasionally.

MARTHA STONE sends her greetings this year from Kelly Hall, Chicago University. She speaks appreciatively of the good influence at Lasell; and closes with the statement that her work at the University is of exceeding interest, and that she is working hard.

ALICE VAN HARLINGEN and her family are living now in Youngstown, Ohio, not far from Cleveland,

she writes. Mr. Van Harlingen has a good position with the Ohio Steel Company. Alice has recently heard from Grace Perkins, who mentions having lately visited Sadie Ransom Hazelet, whom she found well. Of her home folks, Alice says that her sister Jennie is still at home, an ambitious and enterprising girl, and that her father received severe injuries just before the holidays, but is now recovering from them.

MRS. E. W. K. LASELL (Ethel's mother) writes from Athens, where she is taking care of her invalid mother. She speaks of the approaching celebration of the Grecian game in that city. The Stadion is to be remodelled after the classical Greek style of so long ago. Mrs. Lasell has some hopes of revisiting America before long, if her mother can stand the voyage. We hope the plan will not fail. We are glad to learn too from her pen that Ethel is enjoying her year here. In the letter she enclosed a pretty card of greeting for the New Year, bearing the inscription in Greek: "In remembrance of friendship."

On the 19th of January a most unusual thing happened in Athens — a snowstorm. Mrs. Lasell says that 'tis the first since she was a child, excepting one or two slight flurries that happened when she was in America. A curious bit of information she gives is that the Athenians to this day speak of death as *Charon*, accompanying any such allusion with the ejaculation: "So is God's will!"

MABEL CASE writes from that American Paradise, California. She was in San Francisco when writing. She was one of a party of three, her sister and brother-in-law being the other members of this pleasant family party. On their way they visited Washington, Atlanta, New Orleans, El Paso and Tucson, where they spent Christmas week with Gov. Hughes and family. While here they visited the San Xavier mission, and "ate lunch on the top of an extinct volcano," on the Rapajo Indian reservation, the Indians meanwhile holding a "Festa" just below them. A long horseback ride was also numbered among the joys of that week's stay in Tucson. From this city they went to Pasadena, where they met Nan Brown, thence to Santa Barbara, then to San Francisco. Mabel makes eloquent over the climate and the scenery—well, we all do that when we visit California. Returning they expected to stop at Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs,

Denver, Council Bluffs and Chicago, where Mabel thought she might see Mary Seaman. May Tulleys she expected to see at Council Bluffs.

FROM BERNICE LANGWORTHY McFADDEN we hear that Lu has just been through the sad experience of losing her brother — typhoid fever. They were living in Washington, where Lu still remains. Emma Sibley Guilbert, she says, enjoyed "her pleasant experience at Lasell," which we are glad to know.

CLARA CRESWELL sends New Year greetings and tells of the decline of the Denver Lasell Club. She thinks of coming to commencement next June. We shall be glad to give her welcome.

GRACE ALLEN'S Omaha letter is an interesting one. She sends New Year greetings, and speaks of her pleasant holidays spent at home once more. Alice Andreesen is still abroad, she is, herself, quite well, but her mother has been very ill; she was recovering, however, when Grace heard last. Grace and Mabel Taylor saw Mae Burr, while they were on a visit to Lincoln. Mae was then expecting Julia Anderson to visit her soon. Grace and Mabel saw Mabel Case, as she passed through Council Bluffs, on her way to California. Says they "had quite a Lasell reunion." Carrie Gilman was in Omaha during the fall. Grace speaks of studying vocal music, French, and literature; has a Sunday-school class, and is a member of the choir in her church. Pretty busy girl, we should think.

LILA WARREN has been visiting in Cambridge, very near us, and came to see us one day. We were glad to see her again.

NELLIE CHASE planned to be with us on the Day of Prayer, but a severe cold prevented. Mollie Taylor and Mabel Case are to visit June Hoyt Waite in the summer, she says. Nellie inquires for Grace Sutherland.

WE HAVE had the pleasure of a visit from Lillian Wetherell since her welcome letter came. Louese Horton, she tells us, is living this winter with her grandfather. She went there soon after the death of her grandmother, which occurred some time in the fall. Lillian had, herself, been playing the part of housekeeper at home for several weeks, when she wrote. She says she misses her Lasell mates, and the Lasell routine, and sometimes wishes herself back again.

BEULAH HOUGH and Annie Webb have learned to skate, an accomplishment of which they are not a little proud. Beulah says she finds *THE LEAVES* exceptionally interesting this year. She is still loyal to Lasell, and expresses herself: "With what pleasure I look back upon the time I passed at Lasell, and it is a pleasure that is not fleeting, for I am constantly meeting the girls, and living over again those happy times. I frequently meet, too, former pupils of the school, who always prove such charming people. The name, 'Lasell' seems to be a magic word, breaking down all barriers and creating a feeling of good-will and fellowship."

MARY HAZELWOOD RENWICK tells of having recently moved into a nice, new home, "all her very own," and not far, by the way, from Jessie Ball Rathbone's. Mary takes much delight in the beautiful blossoms in which her husband deals, and says that, were the two places only near together, instead of being so widely distant, she should send Mr. Bragdon some of their lovely roses. She hears frequently from Adelaide Sammers and Nellie Osgood Card, the first now a stenographer in New York, the second, "a house-keeper and homemaker."

CARRIE MANNING sends program of what must have been a very interesting musicale, given by her pupils, Nov. 29th. She visited Greta Stearns, at Christmas time, and had a most delightful time. She met Nan Peabody Hall and Elsa Doepke in Cincinnati, and in Wyoming, O., others of our girls.

MARY SEAMAN speaks of having met Mabel Case in Chicago. While in the city she heard Paderewski, but says his playing then did not please her so much as it did when she heard him in Boston. She has been taking lessons in French this winter, and found them very enjoyable. Her interest in music has "found fresh stimulation in the work in a musical-literary club," which she and her friends have formed. Is a member, too, of the church quartette, but finds her voice shows the need of more assiduous practice. She looks forward to the monthly visits of *THE LEAVES* with eager expectation.

RUTH EEBERLING PFLUEGER did not visit us a second time while she was in Boston, as she wished and thought she might. Saw Beulah

Shannon and her friend Miss Watson, while there. She enjoyed, very much, she says, having Ella Wilson, Katherine McDowell, and Nellie Frank with her that day for luncheon. She and Mr. Pflueger are now in New York, or were when she wrote.

FROM IRENE BATTEY we hear of a "lively ten weeks' visit West, with Julia Murphy and May Dickson." They saw Elsa Doepke in Cincinnati. Julia's home, Portsmouth, O., she thinks a delightful place. From Cincinnati, May went to Kansas City for the winter. Irene visited, on her way home, Eleanor Rumsey, in Wolcott, N. Y., and the two were going to see Esther Davis, at Cornell University, had not bad weather prevented. Julia, she says, is to visit her in early summer, and they expect to be with us at commencement.

BESSIE ROPER tells of busy times. She hears from Alice Burr, who is well and busy, like Bessie. Elsa Doepke is studying at home, she tells us, and Mildred Warren still engaged in teaching. "There seems to be a special work waiting for each of the girls, if only they will do it faithfully." Bessie's own part of this "special work" seems just now to be to aid in the establishing of a new church in her own town, which is in need of one. They expect to have a chapel built in the spring. She is deep in Sunday school-work too, and says: "Miss Call's teaching has helped me out many a time when something which my Sunday-school boys has said has made me desire to smile." She adds New Year wishes.

A NUMBER of the girls have sent messages earnestly sympathetic concerning our Day of Prayer work. Best of all, they speak of its healthful influence upon themselves when here with us.

MET MR. AND MRS. TIBBITTS (Mabel Hill Bliss) at the Apollo concert the other evening. Both looked well. Mrs. Mabel is becoming a famous artist, at present under the tuition of the Art Museum.

ADDRESSES.

FANNIE DILLRANCE COUTIS ('79) Nevada Street, Dubuque, Ia.

ALICE ANDREESSEN, 77 Oberstrasse, Bremen, Germany.

MRS. L. N. RENWICK, (Mary Hazelwood), 152 Fountain Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

MRS. B. M. MCFADDEN, (Bernice Langworthy, '75-'76), 4 Iowa Circle, Washington, D. C.

LOCALS.

LASELL is very sorry indeed to say good-bye to Mr. Bragdon for some weeks. THE LEAVES wish both him and Mrs. Bragdon a pleasant journey and a safe return.

ON SUNDAY, January 19, Chaplain McCabe talked to the girls. Everyone was very much interested and delighted with him, his talk, and his songs. We hope to have him again next year. A warm welcome is always ready for him at Lasell seminary.

A DELIGHTFUL German entertainment was given on January 27, under the direction of Franlein von der Kall. German recitations and songs filled the first part of the evening. During the last part a pretty German play was given.

ON JANUARY 30, Day of Prayer for colleges was observed at Lasell. In the morning stirring addresses were given by Rev. F. E. Hamilton, Rev. W. T. Perrin, and Rev. C. M. Southgate. In the afternoon an impressive sermon was preached by Rev. E. M. Taylor, and in the evening general prayer meeting led by Rev. Dr. G. M. Steele.

MR. MANN delightfully entertained the Lasell girls on February 6, by his lecture on "The Romance of the Old World." We hope to hear another lecture from Mr. Mann some time in the near future.

MISS ALLEN, now for two years and more in charge of the Greek and Latin department at Lasell, has found it necessary to sever her connection with the Seminary, on account of matters connected with the recent death of her sister, Mrs. Frank Davidson, mentioned elsewhere in this number. This is a source of regret, both to her friends the faculty, who found in her a valuable colleague, and to her pupils who appreciate her worth as a teacher. She was a source of help and inspiration to the members of the Missionary Society, and in many ways made her influence for good felt in the school. We wish her success and blessing in her new duties.

Lasell Reunion at Boston.

The time fixed upon for this is Tuesday, February 25; the place, the Vendome.

PASSED ON.

ESTHER SCOULLER has recently been called to pass through a grievous trial, the loss of her dear mother, whose death, on the 9th of January, was an unexpected blow to her family; for though Mrs. Scouller had been for some months ill, her recovery was confidently expected by those of whose home-circle she was so beloved a member. To our friend Esther, and to the bereaved ones in general, we tender our sincerest sympathy.

WILLIE STOWE and Virginia have lost their grandmother, Mrs. Mary E. Stowe, who died Feb. 4, in Galveston, aged 83; and only a short time previous a granduncle, Col. Wm. C. Howell, of Honston. To these friends also we give sympathy in their trouble.

Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to yet another of our number, our friend and teacher, Miss Allen, who has lost her dearly loved sister, Mrs. Frank Davidson, of Anburndale. Mrs. Davidson died on Wednesday, January 29, after a protracted illness, leaving a husband and three little daughters.

A NEW LASELL CLUB.

MARY MARSHALL CALL sends us word of the organizing, on January 30, of the Pennsylvania Lasell Club, the meeting for which purpose was well attended and those present very enthusiastic. Officers elected were as follows:

<i>President:</i>	Mrs. Edward P. Call.
<i>Vice-President:</i>	Mrs. B. B. Osborne.
<i>Secretary:</i>	Miss S. J. Brown.
<i>Treasurer:</i>	Mrs. Henry Stinson.

Executive Committee:

The President, Secretary, Treasurer, are Mrs. Henry M. Brownback and Miss Ida E. Colburn.

The amount of annual dues was fixed at \$2 00; and it was decided to give a luncheon at the Stratford, in April, at which Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon are asked to be present.

MARRIED.

Daise Elizabeth Shryock, to William Deal Waxter
Wednesday, January 29th, at Baltimore, Md.

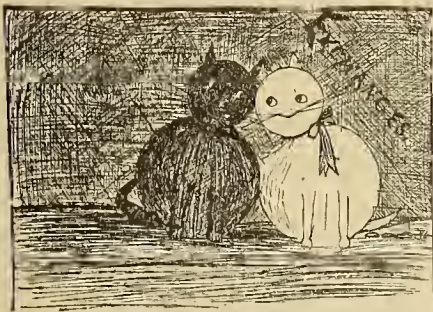
AN EXCURSION TO WASHINGTON.

THE USUAL excursion to Washington is planned for the Easter week recess this year — April 1st to 8th, and will be under the direction of Mr. Shepherd, who has so often taken the Lasell parties on this instructive and delightful tour to that wonderful city and its historic surroundings. A few of the students are already engaged to go, and the opportunity is extended to all "old girls" and their friends. A circular giving full details of the trip will be sent to all applicants. Write soon for this, or send your name at once. The price will be the same as before. Address Mr. Bragdon, at the Seminary, or William T. Shepherd, Auburndale.

THESE HAVE been favored with calls from members of their families:

Misses Friedman, Lovell, Trowbridge, Fisher, A. Kimball, Carter, Chandler, Kendall, Case, Myrick and Moulton.

Former pupils: Mrs. Walter M. Lyman (Mary E. Hagar), Mrs. T. R. Neath (Alice G. Donal-
lan), Mrs. I. F. Chesley (Bertha M. Russell), Elizabeth Day, May Merrill (So. Framingham), Nellie Briggs, Bessie Roper, Lillian Wetherell, Grace Griffin, Lila Warren, Georgie Adams, May Blair, Sadie Burrill.



THE *Central Luminary*, a very bright and interesting paper, contains a clever story, "An Up and Down Courtship."

THE review of Tennyson's poem, *The Princess*, in *The Distaff*, is well written, as articles for this paper usually are.

AN ARTICLE on the Waldenses in *The Classic* is most useful in clearing up hazy ideas about that noble people.

THE young people of our schools should know about College Settlements. The *Messenger* gives a good account of that kind of work.

OMNIA MUTANTUR.

1795.

A drowsy drone,
A garden sweet,
And, all alone,
In kirtle neat,
So deft and prim,
To guide the reel,
With sunshine in her dove-like eyes,
The maid, Priscilla, daily plies
Her wheel.

1895.

A noisy street,
Or lane or park,
Where cyclists meet,
By day or dark,
In bloomers clad,
From head to heel,
And resolution in her eyes,
The modern maiden deftly plies
Her wheel.

—Ex.

FIRST ALGEBRA SCHOLAR—"Say, what did you get for the answer to the first problem? I got X Y."

S. A. S.—"I got X-cused."—*Newton High School Review*.

FIRST theological student—"I have found out 'what the wild waves are saying.'"

Second theological student—"Is that so; what is it?"

First theological student—"Let us spray."—*Acta Victoriana*.

CONUNDRUM.

What time of year was it when the Prodigal Son returned?

Winter—because his father went out to meet him and fell on his neck.

BOSTON ought to know beans. She consumes 8,067,890 quarts in a year.

A little ache, a little pain,
A little grief or sorrow;
Cheer up, cheer up, and take my word,
It will be gone tomorrow.

"Non paratus," dixit Dophie,
With a meek and sorry look;
"Omne rectus," dixit Proffie,
"Nihil" scripsit in his book.

—Beacon.

As Freshman green, homesick for friend,
Each week the maid ten letters sends.
But when a Soph she writes far less,
Still parents can their daughters bless.
In Junior year a note or two
Suffice for them. 'Tis strange but true.
From Senior grave, the rising bard,
They're thankful for a postal card.

—*Rockford Collegian*.

SUNSET-LAND.

I took a trip to Sunset-land,
Where bright little rivers of crimson ran,
Where wee, golden boats were floating away
On the great, glowing river of passing day.

The gay little people were clad in white
And scarlet and green and rainbow light;
But they faded and paled and vanished away
On the great, glowing river of passing day.

And they built their houses in Sunset-land —
These strange little people — on shifting sand,
And they slid and fell and sailed away
On the great, glowing river of passing day.

—Mt. Holyoke.

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ZION'S HERALD is one of the best Methodist newspapers in existence. It is newsy, has good editorials, and its courtesy to contemporaries and its liberal spirit have won it favor, not only in the Methodist church, but wherever it has gone.—Boston Herald.

ZION'S HERALD for February 14 presents itself as a valentine to its readers, in the modern sixteen-page form. The change has been adopted by most of the religious papers, and it is sure to be appreciated by the Methodists, who ought now to give their principal denominational paper a heartier support than ever before.—Springfield Republican.

An old friend is always welcome, and a new dress but adds to the attractiveness. This is the case with ZION'S HERALD, which this week comes out in a new form. It prints its sixteen pages with a new dress of type. It is staunch, tried and readable, and its Vol. LXXII, promises to be doubly attractive. All the profits of this paper accrue to New England superannuates and their families.—Boston Journal.

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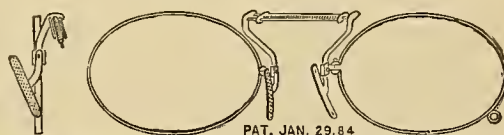
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VOLUME XXI.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., MARCH, 1896.

NUMBER 6

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JULIA ALDRICH.

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorials.

THE LEAVES goes to press this month with some misgivings as to its ultimate issue. If the predictions of Professor Perine are correct, on March 14th, the gods of the pen may gather all the products of their inspiration into the scrap-baskets of the Elysian fields; for after the big comet dashes our Earth out of its orbit, we shall probably not be able to appreciate even such fine material as makes up our paper. Since this ominous prophecy, the huge lens of the Lick Observatory in California has had a powerful attraction for anxious astronomers, eagerly watching among the starry worlds for the first signs of approaching danger.

Unhappy fate! We reverence those philosophers of the sky,—but are not those who are able to go about their daily duties unconscious of their danger, or doubtful of such dreaded catastrophes, in a much more comfortable state of mind than the anxious

comet hunters, who are so firm in their belief that the day of destruction is drawing near?

They must be possessed of one virtue, in which most of us are deficient, an astonishing degree of persistency.

So many of their predecessors have predicted similar occurrences which have never occurred, that people of ordinary credulity have long ago become deaf to the warning; and, even if they believed such things, would wait in silence for their issue, afraid or ashamed to own that they expected anything of the sort.

It is, however, positively asserted by our best astronomical observers that the Perine Comet is travelling toward our earth at the rate of 1,500,000 miles a day.

The excitement caused by its approach supplies at least one essential need: food for the newspaper man.

THE UNITED STATES have been likened to a group of ancient chapels over which the vast cathedral of the nation has been built. Their identity remains, and if the greater structure decayed, they might still exist, as separate and independent edifices. So proud are we of our glorious Republic, that we feel a conscious pride in its mighty power, and unique character.

The harmonious peace which prevails among us, and so royally crowns our freedom, is in marked contrast to the petty broils and open warfare of our sister countries across the water.

Our college life is also far different from that of foreign students, who are often made to feel the restraints of tyranny, and, galled into revolt, begin, even in youth, to plan anarchical riots, and murderous designs against the life of their sovereign. An instance of this is found in the Universities of Russia. Nihilism is now more active throughout the country, than at any time since the death of Alexander II, in March, 1881. Several plots, formed by students, against the present Czar, Nicholas II, have already been discovered.

Fancy American students conspiring to assassinate our President! Such a thought is almost too preposterous to be imagined. We are glad that the worst thing Harvard and "Tech" men do is to indulge in "initiation" pranks, and in an occasional (?) spread; and we are fortunate in having back of the ostensible head of our nation the patriotic and enlightened sense and power of the people at large, so that the man of assassination does not find his place in our presidential chair.

THERE ARE TWO things belonging properly to school life, which wise people have said ought not to be neglected any more than the various duties of study and recitation: the Scrap-book, and the Journal. The value of the two is often disregarded or unrecognized. No doubt most of us think that when we are out of school we shall find better opportunity for this sort of work,—certainly more leisure. A few years hence, however, we shall discover our mistake, and shall then look back upon these days of knowledge-gleaning only to see that in them we lost many important chances for improvement, and let slip many opportunities which we should then be glad to recall.

A Scrap-book is something for which no "memory-book," filled only with faded flowers, soiled programmes, and other relics of "good times" can ever be a fair equivalent.

We all like the thoughts, great, or beautiful or helpful of other people, like, too, to look upon their faces, in engraving, photograph, wood-cut; and we can make our own collection of these interesting things, and have a little library of the most precious word gems, all between the covers of one book, if we will but devote a little of our time to preparing such a pleasure for our future.

School life, besides the valued, if sometimes tiresome, "book-knowledge," brings the student acquaintance with the best products of the world's present progress; for in the schools are often found the most eminent scholars and lecturers of the day, giving of their rich stores to increase those of the younger minds. Often thus, we see and hear men and women with whom we shall in after years be proud to have come into contact. Some little account, then, some personal memorandum of our first meeting with them, will be interesting enough then to more than repay us for the time it now takes to make it.

If we did nothing more than jot down a few lines a week, we should have at the end of the year a record which would make us feel more satisfied with our work. The best way, however, is to keep regularly a little calendar of each day's experiences.

If we once accustom ourselves to doing this, it will, after a time, really become a pleasure, and we shall take a lively interest in it, an interest which will surprise even ourselves. The chief charm of this diary-keeping, is that it is something open to everyone; for it requires no pen-eloquence, no extraordinary fluency, the principal requisites are only clearness, conciseness, and the choice of such matter as is personally interesting and valuable.

The following is a passage from a sweet little story by an unknown author, which so well describes the value of a diary that it bears repeating in connection with this subject.

"There is a richness about the life of one who keeps a diary unknown to others. Time, thus looking back, is not a bare line just stringing together personal identity, but intermingled and intertwined with thousands of slight incidents that give it beauty, kindness, reality.

"It is not merely a collective, an aggregate of

facts that comes back to you. It is something far more excellent than that ; it is the soul of days gone by, the auld lang syne itself, quickened and in new robes."

THE MOST fascinating explorations of modern times are probably those made in the far away Arctic regions, in the search for the North Pole.

These expeditions are always attended with so great peril, and such slender success, that they have come to be regarded as almost fatal undertakings, and it is a hero among navigators who will dare make such a venture. There must be, however, in spite of all the danger, something strangely alluring about these wild sea-exploits, to one who truly loves such a life, and is eager also for the honor of being the first to discover a region so long unknown.

With a strongly built ship, an enthusiastic crew, and plenty of provision, the Arctic explorer has before him an adventure enhanced by more thrilling excitement, and rare phenomena than any land expedition could possibly be.

Thus far 83° 24' is the farthest point which any explorer has been positively known to reach ; so that the reported success of Nansen, the Norwegian, is causing much excitement. The report is thus far only a rumor, the truth of which is questionable.

SCHOOL-LIFE is centered in a little world of its own work and thought ; and is like an arsenal built of books, within the enclosure of which we are making the armor that is to protect us in the battle of life, the weapons with which to fight.

We equip ourselves according to our own wisdom or lack of it : if we do not obtain the best material provided for us, we go forth into the world unable to cope with the foes of the field, and failure threatens.

Then comes regret, and regret becomes reproach, when, once outside, we see the multitude of eager seachers for knowledge, anxious only to have a chance to use advantages which we have thrown away.

SOME RECENT SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

WHEN THE Lick Observatory was equipped, and the great thirty-six inch telescope swung around to the moon, astronomers considered that their powers of drawing the heavenly bodies near, had about reached a limit ; yet, in five short years, here is a telescope with a forty inch lens, and an object glass that gathers just twenty-three per cent. more rays of light than the gigantic and hitherto unrivaled Lick instrument. Think of bringing the "Old Man of the Moon," to within a sixty mile radius of our eye ! It really looks as though we were, presently, to become personally acquainted with him.

Along with the telescope, comes the invention of the spectroscope, by which we can determine the chemical constitution of the *atmosphere of a star* ; and, also, the recent triumphs in stellar photography, through whose aid, many startling revelations concerning the conditions of the heavens, are daily being made.

A great agitation was caused in the chemical world recently, when chemists found that in spite of their sharp searching, they had for centuries overlooked a constituent of the atmosphere, which, when caught and tested, led to the identification of a solar element, that has long been thought wanting on earth. The former is argon ; the latter, helium. Surely this is a triumph for experimental philosophy.

Man lived in happy ignorance of the multitude of dangers surrounding him, until the "germ theory," set forth by Pasteur, and established by Koch, became recognized. Then, to his consternation, he found that every meal he ate, was seasoned with more or less bacteria ; that every garment he wore, was but a resting place for countless microbes ; that every breath he drew contained, in all probability, hundreds of disease germs ; and that every step he took dislodged a few thousand bacilli. But truth is often obnoxious, and so the good done by the bacteriologist, must outweigh the state of fear into which he is constantly throwing us, by his startling announcements.

The field of electrical inventions seems to be exhaustless ; daily are we informed, through newspaper, journal and magazine, of some new applica-

"DON'T THINK of gloomy things," said the wise woman, "but get into the habit of having happy thoughts, for, you know, we must carry our thoughts with us all through life."—*Seminary Record*.

tion of this marvelous power in Nature. Lately we hear of cooking, tanning, bleaching oils, felling trees and other operations—all done by electricity; and we wonder whether we ourselves are not soon to be controlled by a button! The electric cars in all the large cities, have, at length, allowed the faithful horse a much needed rest; but who would have dreamed of being able to dispense with his services when it came to taking a drive? Yet this is soon to be the case, for a few models of motorcycles, or "horseless vehicles," are being tested, and the *Cosmopolitan* has offered a prize of several thousand dollars, for the winning motor carriage, in a race from New York to Irvington, to be held on Decoration Day.

A few years ago, the discovery of "Anti-Toxine" was hailed as a grand medical achievement, but today we are exclaiming over a still greater phenomena, — Professor Roentgen's "X-rays." By the photographic power of these cathode rays, objects can be photographed through a variety of substances, and the application of this discovery to the treatment of diseases and the study of physiology will probably prove to be of inestimable value.

When one reviews the past few years and sees the enlargement and advancement of all departments of science, one questions what will next come to light? A careful study of recent discoveries and inventions leads irresistibly to the conclusion that, when the flying machine becomes a certainty, man's powers of invention, so far as transit is concerned, will have reached their zenith.

In view of all this we find it rather hard to agree with Solomon that there is "Nothing new under the Sun!" Had we been there when the weary monarch said these famous words, and had we been able to lift but a corner of the great curtain of the Future, we should have said: "O, King, live forever! Just you wait and see!"

N. B., '97.

THE LIBRARY.

Books added to the library in February, 1896:

Lessons on Vocal Expression.—Curry.
Miss Gray's Girls or Summer Days in Scottish Highlands.—Jeannette A. Grant.
Life Saving Service Report 1894.
Robinson's New Practical Arithmetic.
Drummond's Addresses.

A MOUNTAIN WALK AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

JUNE HAD come at last, bringing school-days to a close. Commencement was over, and, now, with one last lingering look at the old school building that had been the scene of so many happy hours, I boarded the train and was whirled away toward home.

It had been my last year at school, and a busy one; and, though the satisfaction I experienced upon receiving my diploma, the reward of my four year's hard work, amply repaid me, still I felt the need of rest and quiet. Accordingly, father proposed that we find some pleasant farm-house among the mountains, and there spend the summer, away from the dust of the city, or the gayeties of the fashionable summer resort. We all hailed this proposition with delight, and, as little preparation was necessary, two weeks later my mother, two younger sisters, and I, were comfortably established in the large, airy rooms of a great rambling old farm-house. Mrs. Nutten, our land-lady, was one of those motherly women, who make you feel at home as soon as you enter the door; her husband was a short thin man with a deprecating air, who usually referred all questions of importance to "mother." Mr. Nutten and I, however, got on famously together: the first fruit of the season always found its way to my room, and many a time have I opened my door in the morning to find, just outside, a bunch of field daisies or buttercups, with the dew still fresh on them.

One morning, directly after breakfast, with lunch basket and book, I started out for a long day's ramble; meeting Mr. Nutten in the yard, I casually mentioned to him my intention. He looked a little troubled at my words, and said, rather reluctantly, it seemed to me:

"Well, Miss Carrie, I don't want to spoil your pleasure, for its a nice day for a walk; but, if I was you, I'd be a little keeful 'bout goin' down in the valley. Mr. Macey, he come by this mornin' an' he was tellin' as how there was a camp of gypsies down that way, an' they aint always the pleasantest people for a young girl to meet."

I smiled at his words, confident that there was no danger in store for me, but to reassure him, replied that I had no intention of going that way, and started on.

It was a beautiful day, the birds were singing overhead, the sun was shining through the trees, flecking the path before me with light, and all nature seemed so joyous and happy, that I could scarcely refrain from singing aloud, so light-hearted and free did I feel. Now and then I stopped to pick some flower, or read for a while under some shady tree, and at noon ate my lunch beside a little brook that trickled down the mountain. It was almost four o'clock, and I was just thinking of retracing my steps, when I looked up and saw that I was almost at the top of the mountain I had been slowly climbing all day. A few steps more brought me to the level ground at the summit. Such a sight met my eyes! In the distance the mountains, dark with trees, stretched on and on till the last one was only a dim misty line against the blue sky; beneath lay the valley, the grass as green and fresh as that of a well kept lawn, and I could almost hear the gurgling of the sparkling stream that ran through it; over at one end was the gypsy camp, its wagons appearing like mere specks in the distance. I was about to turn back, for it was growing late, when I caught a glimpse of two figures half way up the mountain, and paused a moment to watch them. One was that of a gypsy girl, whose jet black hair hung in a long braid down her back, and whose picturesque dress accorded well with the surroundings; her companion, a gypsy also, was a well built, handsome young fellow, and seemed to be arguing with her. I could see by their gestures that it was a serious subject which engaged their attention, and was just wondering what it might be, when I saw the girl angrily shake her head, and stamp her foot, then turn and run up the mountain with the swiftness of a deer, closely pursued by the man. At first I watched them curiously, feeling no fear, but, as they drew nearer, I saw a fierce look in the man's face that I did not like, and hastily stepped behind a bush, just as they appeared over the top of the mountain. The girl was several feet in advance, and would probably soon have escaped her pursuer, but, as she came opposite the bush where I was concealed, her foot caught on the root of a tree, causing her to fall. She was up in an instant, but it was too late; the man, seizing her roughly by the arm, exclaimed: "Ha! I have you now, you shall not get away from me again."

The young girl struggled and screamed, crying again and again: "You shall not take me back! I will never marry you!"

Just at this point both caught sight of my light dress through the bush, and, for a moment, stood as if rooted to the spot; then they came around to where I was, trembling inwardly, but trying to appear calm.

Now I have never made any pretensions to beauty, but I know that my skin is very fair and my eyes very blue, and it must have been this, so entirely different from his own race, that attracted the gypsy to me. However that may be, he left the girl's side, walked over to mine, and seizing my hand said: "Come, *you* shall go with me to the camp and to-morrow we will be married." Then, turning to the girl, he added, "You can go. I will have the white woman; she is much more beautiful."

In vain I expostulated, pleaded, wept, all without effect, he paid no attention, but fairly dragged me after him down the mountain, the girl following at a distance, looking not quite so happy as one might have expected under the circumstances. Soon we reached the camp, and all the gypsies, old and young, crowded around, eager to hear the story, and to see the maiden who was to become, on the morrow, the wife of one of their own number; but I was too thoroughly frightened to pay much attention to them, and, when finally I was placed in one of their tightly closed wagons, I laid down shivering with fear, but determined to die rather than ever become the wife of such a man.

How long I lay there I do not know, I must have become unconscious, but I was aroused by the jolting of the wagon, and realized that they had broken up camp and were moving on. Any lingering hope that I may have had of being rescued by my friends was now lost, for, hidden in some pass of the mountain, or in some cave, known only to themselves, the band might remain for months without ever being discovered. I was on the point of endeavoring to tear the canvas with my hands, so desperate had I become, when I heard a slight noise outside the wagon, then the curtain was undone and a dark head thrust in; a minute more and the same girl who had been the cause of all my trouble stood by my side. I seized her hand and begged her in the name of all

those she loved to let me out. "Hush," she said, placing her hand over my mouth, "they will hear you. Be quiet and I will tell you how you may escape. In a few moments we shall pass a road that leads to your house." It did not occur to me then as strange that she should know where I was staying, I have often wondered at it since. "Now, we are there," she said, peering out. "Come," and without ceremony she pulled me toward the opening, where I was not many minutes in gaining the ground.

There was no moon, and I could scarcely see the road a foot ahead, but I stumbled on, every breath of wind or rustling of the leaves making my heart beat like a trip-hammer. Often I thought I heard a foot-step behind me, and would run until I was out of breath and compelled to stop from very exhaustion. At last, just as dawn was breaking, I arrived in sight of the house; a crowd of neighbors, who, headed by Mr. Nutten, had been out all night searching for me, stood in the yard; but I rushed by them, through the open door, and fell into my mother's arms, more dead than alive.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered, I told the story of my night's adventure, and great was the surprise and joy expressed at my fortunate escape. My younger sisters thought it as good as a story, and often declared that the gypsy girl must have cared for her lover after all, or she never would have helped me to get away.

A. S.

SOME BOOKS WORTH READING.

Among the innumerable novels of the day, J. M. Barrie's *Little Minister* has a prominent place. It is the story of a poverty-stricken Scottish town, whose every thought and action centers in its adored minister, a boy in years, but a man in self-denial and dauntless honesty. Through the artifices of a beautiful gypsy girl, he is subjected to many trials and temptations, but, in the end, triumphs over them all, coming out of the fiery test as tried gold. Not the least valuable part of the book is its many touches of quaint Scottish humor, in which Mr. Barrie excels.

Many Inventions, a recent publication of Rudyard Kipling's, deals, like his other stories, with

Indian life. These tales range from the sublime to the ridiculous, and are intensely interesting. Mr. Kipling's jungle books, too, though written especially for young people, are delightful reading for those who are older. They came out first in serial form in *St. Nicholas*, and attracted widespread attention.

A House-boat on the Styx is an amusing little book by John Kendrick Bangs, written in his own inimitable style. The book purports to be the sayings and doings of the "shades" of many eminent men of ancient and modern times. These unsubstantial gentlemen are found dwelling together in a house-boat on the Styx, wherein they have a variety of experiences and express many amusing opinions on various subjects. Mr. Bangs has a happy faculty of always saying the right thing in the right place, and, though he may fail as a politician, he succeeds most admirably as an author.

A trifle more earthly in its interest is W. D. Howell's *Venetian Life*, a very readable description of Venice as it is to-day, showing the famous "city by the sea" in all its mystery and magic.

De Amicis's *Spain and the Spaniard* is another of this same class, portraying Spanish life and customs so vividly that it seems more like a series of wonderfully interesting pictures than a book of pure description and comment.

A book that is attracting much attention now is Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's *A Singular Life*, which was first published as a serial in *The Atlantic Monthly*. It is the story of the hard, heroic life of a young theologian, and is written with a power and pathos that is irresistible.

Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America is a recent venture by Richard Harding Davis, a detailed account of a trip made by himself and two friends through these regions. It is written in his usual attractive style, and throws much light on these little-known countries. It is interspersed with all sorts of odd adventures.

Among other books worth reading twice may be mentioned: *The Red Cockade*, by Stanley Weyman; *Rulers of the Mediterranean*, by Richard Harding Davis; and *Makers of Florence*, by Mrs. Oliphant.

H. De L.

CALLERS.

Have you ever heard the story
Of the maiden fair and sweet,
With her waist of silk and ruffles
Patent leathers on her feet.

As she sits within her boudoir
In that school yclept Lasell—
Where the students rouse the neighbors
With their startling College yell.

Anxiously she waits the footsteps
Of the maid, with card to show
That her Harvard chappie's waiting
In the parlor down below.

With a smile of exultation
Now her young face fairly glows;
And the comrades left behind her
Wish they had some College beaux.

Soon she's standing in the parlor
Coy, the little witch, and prim;
You can almost hear her heart-beats
As she looks and looks for him.

Calm and grave the salutation,
Stylish is the bow and low;
Then they talk about the weather
And the heavy fall of snow.

Soon the weather is forgotten,
Passed the time of sober words,
And their voices ripple, flowing
As the music of the birds.

On the stairs her comrades hover,
Listening to the merry jest;
Wishing they were also sitting
In the parlor with the rest.

Fast the ev'ning hours go flying,
Now the parting time has come.
And the young man when he leaves her
From the railing picks his gum.

But the maiden in her chamber
As she seeks her peaceful rest
Wonders which of all the chappies
She is sure she likes the best.

J. A. T. A.

QUEENS OF TO-DAY.

QUEENS OF TO-DAY! Yes, there are hundreds of them. It is not necessary to look to the thrones for them; for in every household we find them, one at least in every home throughout this broad country of ours, democratic as we are. These queens of whom I speak are the mothers, whose right to rule is not granted to them by any parliament or council, but is theirs by "divine right." The women of to-day are queens not only in their homes; they show a strong tendency to become an important factor in the governing of

the country itself. And who shall say that they are not adapted for their position? Their education in these days certainly tends to fit them for it. Women are nowadays thoroughly taught in all branches; law, logic, political economy, history, — all those studies, a knowledge of which enables them to have intelligent opinions of their own upon questions of government, whether of the state or of the municipality. An illustrative instance of this is the case of a lady member of the school board in Boston, who, knowing the value of sanitation, enforced last fall the regulations requiring that school-room floors be kept clean, thus rendering herself so unpopular among certain classes that she was not re-elected to office. But, nevertheless, she stands among the queens of to-day in her wisdom and fidelity to purpose and principle.

We have no better example of the queens of to-day than that noble woman, Miss Barton, who has recently left her home and country to carry aid to the distressed Armenians. There are thousands as brave as she — the women missionaries, scattered over heathen lands, giving their lives for others.

Women are to-day fitted for their high place, not only by education of the mind, but by education of the body as well, seeking, indeed, the threefold development of body, mind, and spirit, that their true royalty may be the more unquestioned, their power and right to rule whatever kingdom may fall to them to govern. The bodily culture has been the last of the three, however, to receive attention. Now our women are expert in the gymnasium, good on the tennis court, and when you see one of these athletic maidens, with glowing cheeks, careering down the street on a bicycle, easy grace in every movement, then you may assure yourself that you are looking upon one of the possible queens of to-day.

L. W. R. '97.

THE LASELL CLUB of New York have arranged for the annual luncheon at Sherry's, April 25th.

Any former pupil of Lasell will be most gladly welcomed.

The luncheon fee, two dollars, may be sent to the treasurer, Miss Annie M. Gwinnell, 55 Halsey Street, Newark, N. J., before April 18th.

ETCHINGS.

A REVERIE.

The rain was falling in torrents when the train reached the town of N——, and in a rather doleful state of mind I entered the crowded station for an hour of idle waiting. I have a special aversion to reading when traveling, usually preferring to study the book of human life, always so tempting to the philosophic mind. This time, however, I found little to interest me until I met the appealing gaze of a pair of dark eyes. Their owner, a young Italian, not more than twenty, was seated near the door, in the listless fashion that betokens utter weariness of mind and body. At his side was a woman, half reclining, resting her head in her arms, and thus concealing her face; she seemed as if in deep sleep or sorrow. Repulsive as was the general appearance of the creature, there was yet a certain grace in the *abandon* of her position that fascinated me, and, meeting again the intense glance of the mournful eyes of her companion, I suddenly forgot the dingy station, the dirt and the squalor, and felt myself carried to sunny Italy.

It is high carnival on the Corso at Rome! From window, balcony and house-top flutter bright rainbow-colored streamers and garlands of flowers, while below small nosegays and handfuls of *confetti* are merrily tossed into the passing carriages by the motley throng, arrayed in the costumes of all ages.

In a retired corner of the Piazza del Popolo a figure, noticeable, even in that gay scene, for the vivid scarlet of her skirt and the rows of glittering chains sparkling on her white chemisette, pushes away from her with a coquettish gesture, one of those horned and hooved creatures which the Italian youths so delight to impersonate at carnival time.

"*Senza Moccola! Senza Moccola!*" cries a laughing voice; then something in the manner of the masker makes her suddenly serious, and she tears off his ugly mask, revealing a pair of dark eyes and a boyish face, white with emotion.

"Ah, Ninno! What is it?" she cries. "Are you ill?" Then recoiling a little: "*Vergine Santissima*. It is the black devil's mask that has bewitched you!"

"Wait Tessa, wait. Be not so silly. What is the mask but cloth?"

Then touching the black lace thrown about her head: "*Carina mia*, you are wearing this for me?"

"Yes, Ninno, for our betrothal."

"Then, what if I told you the *padre* was angry and told me 'be gone.' Would you leave the *madre*, Carlotta, Babino and the rest, for me, to go ——

"*Pst, Va!* Away with you!" comes in harsh, guttural tones from the bench, as the bunch of rags slowly unrolls itself, revealing the most wretched specimen of humanity it has ever been my ill-fortune to see. The sad-eyed boy shoulders his heavy pack and follows the old hag into the waiting train.

Alas, for my Tessa! seeking her fortune in the new land sharing the burdens of her boyish husband, and whose dark eyes spoke his longing for the bright skies of Italy.

As I resumed my journey in the fast gathering darkness, I mused on the utter folly of seeking the beautiful beneath such a revolting exterior as that of this Italian woman at the station.

S. H., '96.

On Sunday morn
The maid forlorn
Is very far from well, oh.
She cannot go
To church you know
But rests upon her pillow.

On Monday morn
The maid's forlorn,
Although she is quite well, oh.
She cannot go
To town you know
And looks as if she'd yell, "OH!"

M. '97.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast."

IT IS a poor rule that will not work both ways, think the inmates of Lasell; and believe that music hath charms (?) to make a person savage.

It is three o'clock on a May day, and Jane, having studied and recited steadily since nine in the morning, has at last finished her order of duties, and is ready for her well-earned nap. Thinking of the downy bed, she cheerfully mounts two flights of stairs, puts upon her door the card "*Engaged*," lowers the curtains, and lies down to sleep.

But, alas! no sleep comes to that tired brain, for from above, below, and around, come various sounds, the enchantment not heightened by distance.

In the next room is heard a banjo tinkling merrily, "Way Down Upon the Swanee Ribber," while in the one beyond, some poor mortal is taking a violin lesson, and making heart-rending tones in consequence. Above, in the music-rooms, one is drumming exercises, another playing one of Mendelssohn's most difficult sonatas, while across the hall, a more frivolous sister is content with "Liberty Bell March." But these are minor matters compared to the sounds made by one who is deceiving herself that she is a second Patti, and is rendering in nasal tones "The Lost Chord." Jane angrily thumps the pillow and wishes something beside the chord was lost.

However, the worst is yet to come.

Suddenly, from its stand on the lawn below, a grind-organ sends up in cracked tones "Home Sweet Home," drifting into "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The "Sidewalks of New York" was the straw which broke the camel's back, for with a weary sigh Jane arose and fled to the banks of the sunny Charles, where was heard no music interpreted by murderous girls.

Would that some kind person, instead of bestowing their bounty in homes for disabled dogs, would give a music hall to Lasell.

G. A. C., '97

THE LASELL REUNION IN BOSTON.

ON TUESDAY, February twenty-fifth, there gathered at the Vendome a party of girls,—some young, some younger, *all* in happy mood,—to exchange again greetings where much kindness was, to clasp hands with old friends and to make new ones, and to take a cup o'kindness for auld lang syne. These hundred or more representative daughters of Lasell came from all over New England, although chiefly, as was perhaps inevitable, from the old Bay State, and are examples of a noble womanhood such as any school or college might be proud to own as her children.

Miss Nellie Richards, of Groton, Mass., in the name of the Lasell Alumnae Association, which

manages these reunions, and of which she is the able secretary, bade the guests welcome, in a particularly pleasant and appropriate speech. Mr. Bragdon's absence was lamented, but he had thoughtfully attempted to make amends as far as possible by writing a very cordial letter, expressing his deep interest in this gathering of his old friends and pupils, and his regret at being obliged to be absent. This letter was read by Mrs. Annie Kendig Pierce, the President of the association.

Mr. Bragdon, it should be said, is now in Southern California with his wife and daughter, Mrs. Bragdon's health having demanded change of climate. Miss Carpenter, acting principal in his absence, was among those who came from the Seminary to the reunion; her presence, in fact, is almost as necessary as Mr. Bragdon's own to make a Boston Lasell reunion complete, for Lasell without Miss Carpenter is simply unthinkable.

At one o'clock the guests sat down to a delicious luncheon, very daintily served, in the Vendome's best style. After the cakes had been enjoyed, there was more social intermingling of the company, names were registered, adieus said, and by twos and threes the ladies left the pleasant rooms, carrying with them happy memories of one more delightful Lasell reunion.

The following are the names of those who were registered:—

Miss Caroline A. Carpenter, '73-'96,	Auburndale.
Mr. Joseph A. Hills, '73-'96,	Boston.
Miss Angeline C. Blaisdell, '73-'96,	Auburndale.
Miss Grace E. Loud, '95,	Everett.
Miss Sara Hayden, '95,	East Hartford, Conn.
Miss Nellie M. Briggs, '95,	Somerville.
Miss Flora E. D. Clark, '95,	Worcester.
Miss M. Isabelle Hyde, '95,	Newtonville.
Miss Josephine H. West, '93,	Provincetown.
Mrs. Emily Woodward Potter, '59,	Newton.
Miss Mary P. Jones, '56,	Newton.
Miss Jessie J. MacMillan, '82,	Hopkinton.
Miss Evelyn M. Wires, '82,	Milford.
Mrs. Adelaide Sears Gilman, '57,	Newton.
Mrs. Abbie Hills Holbrook, '57,	Newton.
Miss Caroline Spear, '57,	Newton.
Mrs. Susanna Brigham Merrifield, '56,	Boston.
Mrs. Mary Ames Tucker, '57,	Boston.
Mrs. Hattie Greenleaf Smith, '87,	Nashua, N. H.
Miss Sara F. Boynton, '67,	Allston.
Mrs. Emma Sears May, '57,	Newton.
Miss Bertha W. Russell, '84,	Belmont.
Miss Jessie W. Hayden, '85,	East Hartford, Conn.
Mrs. Nellie Converse Rockwood, '81,	Belmont.
Mrs. Mary Packard Cass, '89,	Tilton, N. H.
Miss Lillian M. Packard, '83,	Boston.

Mrs. Nelly Packard Draper, '84,	Boston.
Miss Annie E. Richards, '95,	Weymouth.
Miss Susan C. Richards, '91,	East Weymouth.
Miss Eleanor R. Clapp, '95,	East Weymouth.
Miss Jennie M. Arnold, '93,	Peabody.
Mrs. Grace Robinson Baker, '92,	West Roxbury.
Mrs. Carrie Fisher Mellen, '91,	Worcester.
Mrs. Minnie Jones Eddy '91,	Worcester.
Miss A. Lizzie Mann, '65,	Randolph.
Mrs. Annie Howard Farnham, '70,	Randolph.
Miss Bess C. Shepherd, '94,	Auburndale.
Mrs. Leora Haley Marvin, '83,	Cambridge.
Mrs. Marietta Rose Green, '86,	Newton Highlands.
Mrs. Minnie Bigelow Peterson, '81,	Waltham.
Miss Elizabeth A. Stockwell, '80,	Worcester.
Mrs. Nan Peabody Hall, '91,	Newtonville.
Miss Sadie W. Burrill, '92,	Ellsworth, Me.
Miss Lizzie May Whipple, '85,	Boston.
Miss Clementina Butler, '80,	Newton Centre.
Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce, '80,	Boston Highlands.
Miss Irene G. Sanford, '79,	Boston.
Mrs. Elizab'h MacKeown Porter, '79,	Watertown.
Mrs. Nellie Parker Lewis, '84,	Cohasset.
Mrs. Lottie Hardy James, '84,	Brookline.
Miss Carrie B. Lane, '79,	Salem.
Miss Josie Adams, '79,	Somerville.
Mrs. Anita Henry Mirick, '75,	Worcester.
Mrs. Amie Kelly Adams, '75,	Haverhill.
Miss Annie L. Whitin, '57,	Whitinsville.
Mrs. Martha Ransom Jones, '81-'96,	Williamsport, Pa.
Miss Emily H. Genn, '81-'96,	Prospect Ferry, Me.
Mrs. Ella Richardson Cushing, '73,	Waltham.
Mrs. Flora Drew Sampson, '57,	Newton.
Mrs. Moseetta Stafford Vaughan, '86,	Cambridge.
Miss Annie Wallace, '83,	Rochester, N. H.
Mrs. Annie Bragdon Winslow, '82,	Auburndale.
Miss Martha E. Stone, '56,	Newton Centre.
Miss Mary K. Wales, '76,	Winthrop Centre.
Miss Marion E. Gilmore, '76,	Cambridge.
Miss Catharine J. Chamberlayne, '69,	Boston.
Miss Nellie M. Richards, '93,	Groton.
Miss Anna Barrows, '92-'96,	Boston.

LOCALS.

ON FEBRUARY 16, Miss Sites, recently returned from China, gave a very interesting talk to the girls about the missionary work in China. She had with her a young Chinese girl, Marguerite, who also talked to us, and in whom the girls are much interested. Marguerite has come to stay at Lasell for several weeks, in order to become better acquainted with the English language. We hope she will have a pleasant time, and will take back to China with her many kindly memories of Lasell Seminary.

FEBRUARY 19, Miss Benfey, of New York, gave several delightful readings from George

Eliot and Mary E. Wilkins. The girls were so enthusiastic and so charmed with her, that Miss Benfey kindly recited several other selections on the following day. To show their appreciation, the girls sent a gift of flowers to the lady, receiving in return a charming note, thanking them for the flowers, and saying that a Lasell girl would always find a welcome in her studio in New York.

THE EVENING of February 22d was one long to be remembered at Lasell. The brilliantly lighted dining-room was beautifully decorated with flowers. One center table was covered with guns, soldier caps, swords and flags, and at every table were center pieces of flags and ferns. A dainty menu was at each place. The girls were dressed in pretty evening gowns. These attractions, together with the national airs and other popular music from the orchestra, made the evening memorable. Later, the Seniors gave a masquerade, to which all were invited. No one would have guessed that the clowns, darkies, ghosts and nuns, and other unusual characters there seen, were the dainty maidens seen at the table but two hours before. The prize, a laurel wreath, was awarded to Miss Ferris, who was very skillfully gotten up as a clown. The orchestra played dance music during the evening, and a right royal time we had.

MARCH FIFTH we were delightfully entertained and instructed by Mr. Clapp's lecture on Henry IV. This lecture was especially interesting to the Seniors and Juniors, who have just begun the study of this play with Dr. Rolfe.

THE JUNIOR ENTERTAINMENT.

ON SATURDAY EVENING, March 7th, the Junior class of Lasell entertained their friends and fellow-students with a representation of the mythological comedy "Pygmalion and Galatea."

The play was in every way a success and reflects great credit upon the class. The parts were well chosen, and the acting showed close study and unusual ability. Chrysos, an old patron, and Lucippe, with his "poor victims," furnished abundant fun for the company; while for charm and grace of action those scenes were especially fine in which the curse of blindness fell on Pygmalion, and in which Galatea, convinced of the wearisomeness of the life to which she was so suddenly awakened, returned to her pedestal.

Good orchestra music heightened the effect at the close of each scene, and agreeably entertained the audience during the interval between the acts.

As a token of appreciation and friendliness, the Sophomores presented to their clever entertainers a beautiful basket of pinks, tied with red and white, the class colors; and the Seniors, in evidence of their own good feeling, wore, for the first time, their caps and gowns.

After the play, the guests lingered in the gymnasium for a few moments to enjoy the music, and express their pleasure. Altogether, the Juniors are to be congratulated on having given one of the most successful entertainments of the year.

The following is the cast of the play:—

Pygmalion (an Athenian sculptor),	Gertrude Agnes Clarke
Lucippe (a soldier),	Edith Blair
Chrysos (an art patron),	Anna Warner
Agessimos (Chrysos' slave),	Lena Evans
Minos (Pygmalion's slave),	Anna S. Young
Galatea (an animated statue),	Norine Burroughs
Cynisca (Pygmalion's wife),	Myrtle Mae Davis
Daphne (Chrysos' wife),	Grace P. Washburn
Myrine (Pygmalion's sister),	Gertrude Jones

'96.

PERSONALS.

POLLY STEBBINS INGHAM and husband spent a night in early February with Nellie Packard Draper. They were on their way home from her grandmother's hundredth birthday party. Just think of having a hundredth birthday!

THROUGH a clipping kindly sent us we learn that by the conditions of the will of the late Ebenezer A. Kinsey, of Cincinnati, all of his estate of \$250,000 passes absolutely into the hands of his wife, Susanna Miles Kinsey ('86-'87), for the use of herself and her heirs. Mrs. Kinsey is executrix, "without bond, inventory, appraisement or account." There is one child.

FLORENCE BAILEY writes that after an all-summer trip abroad, mostly in Italy and Switzerland, she is once more in our own America, living with her older brother. For her address see another column.

CARRIE STEEL writes of a devoted little pupil who brings her every day or so a bunch of violets for her desk. "They grow," says Carrie, "right

in her yard. Fancy that, at this time of the year!" She tells, too, of very gratifying success in her work among the little ones.

JENNIE RICH tells about a pleasant visit of a fortnight which she had from Lotta Proctor in the holiday season. Lotta went several times to Jennie's school, and, after the manner of Lasell girls, lent a hand whenever opportunity offered, and very efficiently, too. Berlin, Jennie says, is a town composed chiefly of hills and mills, on the very highest of the former of which she has her own abiding place—high places for high-minded people, you see. "I enjoy THE LEAVES so much; but, dear me! Can all those strange, new names belong to Lasell?"

[Indeed they do, Jennie; and, though the names may be strange and new, the girls aren't. They're just our own Lasell girls. Come and see.]

THIS TIME Mrs. E. W. K. Lasell, whose letters are always full of interest, tells us the story of a curious affair in the church at Athens. The ecclesiastic who was at the head of the Holy Synod, and who has recently died, desiring to deprive a certain singer of his place, and finding the people opposed to such action, had the door of the church locked, and took possession of the key. The people appealed to the government, whereupon the ecclesiastic was told that he had exceeded his authority in thus doing. The man replied that he could, if he chose, shut up, not one alone, but every church. At this answer, the people, more incensed than ever, broke open the doors, called another priest, and put their own singer back into his place. Meantime, a certain man put a black flag on the church, and, on being put on trial for it, told a marvelous tale of a dream he had, in which St. Philip, whose name the church bears, had told him to do this, because the sanctity of the church had been profaned. After such a story, no one dare punish the offender, and he was released. The anxiety arising from the superstitious dread aroused by the story of the vision, his fear of public criticism, and chagrin at the unexpected and humiliating result of his high-handed procedure in the matter, were, it is thought, the cause of the death of the head of the Holy Synod. He was buried with royal honors, although this account goes far to show him to have been a man not of royal spirit.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE from Mrs. Lasell's pen is of a Mr. Patrikios, who, at the King's ball, interrupted the drinking of a toast to His Majesty by saying: "Before the King's health we will drink to that of the Greek nation, by the sweat of whose toil we are treated to these good things for our enjoyment." Surely bravery and patriotism is indigenous to Greece; and that the old Grecian spirit is not frozen in the veins of all their descendants this amply proves.

IT WAS LIKE a bright little gleam of sunshine the other morning, when, just before dismissal from chapel, Miss Carpenter read to us Mr. Bragdon's letter, written away across the continent at Pasadena, and expressing such affectionate interest in his girls, whose little packet of quotations he had opened and looked over while crossing the American desert, that purgatory which the traveler must pass through to gain the "Paradise of the Pacific." The skies were gray, and rainclouds weeping, the hills snow-covered, the trees mailed in ice, when the letter was opened; when it was re-folded, there had stolen into the New England gray some of the California gold, into the chill air warm hints of spring, and into our hearts a sense of gladness that time and distance are as nothing, when matched against the loving personal interest of our friends.

PASSED AWAY.

WE GRIEVE to learn of the death of Edgar Thorne Dunaway, brother of Ada Dunaway Caldwell, ('85-'86), of Carbondale, Ill. The young man was a general favorite, and deservedly so, and gave great promise of ability in business matters. The loss is a heavy blow to his family and friends.

WM. C. PARKER, of North Attleboro, died in that town, Feb. 16. He was employed in the Mechanics Savings Bank, in Providence, previous to his illness, and was much in favor with his employers for his steadiness, faithfulness and business ability. This young man and Edna Makepeace (here in '93-'94), were to have been married soon. He leaves a mother and a sister.

THE NEWS has just reached us of the sudden death of Lucy T. Richmond, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., one of our own dear friends and one-time stu-

dents. She was with us no longer ago than '93, and many of the LEAVES readers have pleasant memories of her sweet and friendly disposition. The disease which terminated her promising young life was catarrhal fever, from which, however, until shortly before her death no serious results were expected. She leaves a mother and two brothers to whom the home without Lucy's cheery ways and helping hand will, indeed, seem sadly darkened.

THE PRIZES.

ONE MORE month remains to the competitors for the prizes offered in December LEAVES.

All contributions must be ready by April 10th, for Mrs. Moulton's judgment.

We have had some response from outside schools, as well as from several of our own members, but during the next few weeks we hope to receive a number of other stories. The larger the number of contributions, the more satisfactory will be the competition, and of this offer all good writers can at least make an attempt to avail themselves.

Address all communications to the Editor of the LEAVES.

MARRIED.

Laura Place ('82-'83) to Julio Girardin Gadsden, on Tuesday, February 25, at Glen Ridge, N. J.

ADDRESS.

Florence E. Bailey, 459 Holly Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

Grandmother's garden is fair to see.
Come, pluck a nosegay there with me.

I.

My First are fountains deep, whose rosy tide
Flows far and wide;
My Second every lazy maid doth seek
From week to week;
My First, when bruised and bleeding, seek with sorrow,
My whole to borrow;
My First roam free within the forest green,
With Second seen;
Yet with my Second think you to draw near,—
They disappear.
What is my Whole? Ah! had you it to sell,
All would be well.
No longer would we find or ache or smart
Within the heart.

II.

My First,—'tis neither yours nor mine,
But to a Grecian god doth appertain,

Him that a slender river reed did spoil
To make thereof a pipe whose piercing strain
Of sweetness and of harmony divine
Doth shame Apollo and the Muses nine.
So subtle sweet that music, could we hear,
We'd give a life-time spent among the roses,
Only to fix but once our Second on
That emerald slope of river-bank whereon
The piper, with his magic pipe, reposes.
My whole with smiling, or with frowning, faces,
Look up at you from pleasant sunny places,
From garden-plot, or geometric spaces.

III.

My First cares not for grapes—or so he said;
My Second ne'er is worn upon the head,
Yet when King Arthur and his Table round
With deeds of wonder made the land resound,
'Twas then upon a helmet sometimes seen,
Perchance the gift of lady-love, or queen.
Sometimes 'tis dainty as my lady's hand;
Sometimes as coarse and hard as bags of sand,
My Second with my First has naught to do,
My Whole in my grandmother's garden grew.
Now is it white or red or pink or blue?

IV.

Into the heaven of blue up soars my First,
And as he wings he sings,—a joyful burst
Of soul-entrancing music greets the ear.
And on my First go waggish boys and girls,
As full of mischief as the wind that skirls
About, and equally devoid of fear;—
Yes, on my First, despite the teacher's frown,
Which acts but as my Second to inspire
These roguish ones still wilder tricks to play.
How would you of my Second more inquire,—
It is a jutting crag, 'tis also that
Which Alexander did not much desire
In that wild ride of his he took one day.
My Whole in old-time gardens trim and neat,
Was always seen. You have it here complete.

V.

On the one night that crowns the year,
My jolly First doth sure appear;
Yet, should you watch, so shy is he,
Most likely First you will not see,
My Second is a queenly name,—
Britannia loves it well;
'Tis midmost in a group of three,
Whose names I shall not tell,
Yet on your tongue I know that they
Full oft are heard from day to day.
The last of this same little group,
As my small Third you need.
Now, should you guess aright, I will
Not be my Fourth, indeed,
But will reply to your delight,
"You have it now! That answer's right."
My Whole—you've seen them at the show,
Stately as lilies, row on row.

VI.

HE. Oh, ne'er will I my First! Oh, no!
It is a noose whence none get free,

Who once within its loop may be.
Unless my Second she can show,
Oh, ne'er will I my First! Oh, no!

SHE. Oh, ne'er will I my First! Oh, no!
It is a lottery where a prize
Is seldom drawn. I'll take advice,
And if my yellow Second do
Not lend its witching glamor to
The hand outstretched mine own to grasp,
I'll just avoid its ardent clasp.
No other reason can he show
Why I should e'er my First,—oh, no!

BOTH. We are resolved my Whole to do.
Be wise in time, and do so, too,
My Whole it hath a fair, fair face,
It hath a magic, flower-like grace,
Ab! see it in the garden stand,—
The queenliest thing in all the land.
Be wise, ye swains, and damsels, too,
And just resolve my Whole to do.

VII.

1.

'Tis frail as woman, and as lovely;
'Tis painted oft with art exquisite;
Its beauty fills my soul with longing,
So graceful, fair and dainty is it.
So small, it sits, a fairy burden,
On Julia's rose-leaf palm upholding;
So huge that in its wide extent
'Tis half a continent enfolding.
My First it is.

2.

A tiny speck of winking light,
It gilds the face of ebon night;
Or on the page of printed lore
Suggests that herein there is more
Than first appears to meet the eye;
And tells, too, where that "more" doth lie.
My Second this.

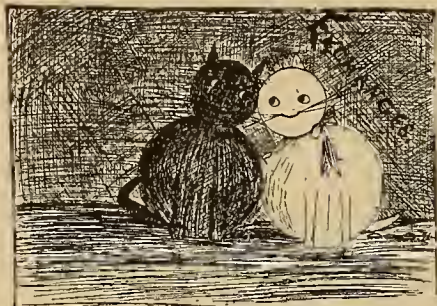
3.

My Whole—you'll pluck a handful of them,
And swear no blossom ranks above them.

VIII.

The small boy, with intent to hit,
Doth hurl my First about;
The little boat my Second doth
For big boat going out;
The small boy, too, doth lusty bawl,
If First upon his Second fall.
Can you my Whole from these three tell?
The Druids knew it very well;
And Jack and Kitty, too, I fancy,
By youth's mysterious necromancy,
Know that at Yuletide it hath power
To change love's budding to full flower.

There! that's enough. We've had some fun.
Who's found the most, yet whispered none?



—The graceful sketch, "Dad" in *The Helios*, is an example of its usual good style.

—The *Student's Review*, is a new and bright exchange.

—Every business manager will appreciate the account of the dream of the business manager of the *Acta Victoriana* in the last issue.

—The *Rockford Collegian* has several very good articles. Among them a clever story, "An Ecclesiastical."

AFTER THE BALL.

"After the ball is over,
Nay, it is *never* done!
All the year round *some* lover
Keeps up the spheric fun!
Ivory ball or leather,
Someone will run or sprawl,
Whate'er the hour or weather,
After the ball."

—*Academic Observer.*

See her turn the corner,
I hear her manish tread,
I feel an awful presence
That fills my soul with dread,
Great Scott! She's drawing nearer,
I'll vanish while I can.
If she's the coming woman,
Then I'm the going man.

—*Rockford Collegian.*

The conscientious Freshmen work
To get their lessons tough.
The Juniors flunk, the Sophomore's shirk,
The Seniors, ah! they bluff.



—*Rockford Collegian.*

WE NOTE that some of our exchanges contain clippings from newspapers and humorous publications. We do not believe that a school journal should go outside of amateur circles for its clippings. We are yet to see the school paper that is so far advanced that it is above considering the contents of school journals.—
The Fence.



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ZION'S HERALD for February 14 presents itself as a valentine to its readers, in the modern sixteen-page form. The change has been adopted by most of the religious papers, and it is sure to be appreciated by the Methodists, who ought now to give their principal denominational paper a heartier support than ever before.—Springfield Republican.

An old friend is always welcome, and a new dress but adds to the attractiveness. This is the case with ZION'S HERALD, which this week comes out in a new form. It prints its sixteen pages with a new dress of type. It is staunch, tried and readable, and its Vol. LXXII, promises to be doubly attractive. All the profits of this paper accrue to New England superannuates and their families.—Boston Journal.

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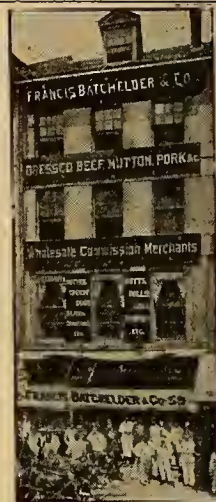
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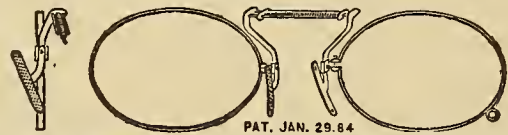
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LASELL LEAVES

"DUX FEMINA FACTI,"

VOLUME XXI.

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorial.

THE LONG-anticipated Easter vacation has come and gone, and the spring term with its long warm days, moonlight nights, and open air life is upon us. Doors and windows stand open at all hours of the day and night, the popularity of the Crow's nest revives, and there is a general disinclination to study.

The seniors alone take no part in this relaxation of "the common herd." They wear a look of settled melancholy as they rush from one recitation to another, and spend long hours in the library, poring over ponderous volumes, for their graduation is drawing near, and they have no time to waste.

It was suggested last fall that the tennis enthusiasts form a club and play some match games with Wellesley. Why not take the matter up? There are some excellent players in the school; it is one of the best of exercises for developing the muscles,

and the outcome of such a match would be a matter of great interest.

The canoe club is the centre of considerable interest just now. At all times of the day candidates for admission are to be seen in the gym. nervously undergoing the different "tests," and surrounded by a circle of friends ready to congratulate or to condole with them as the result may necessitate.

It is to be deplored that the organ recitals given at intervals throughout the winter, have been received with such a general lack of interest. The music rendered is always of the very best and such fine entertainment should not be missed. Lack of time certainly cannot be given as an excuse, for they never last longer than half an hour.

Now that swimming lessons have again commenced, the numbers in the gym. have sensibly decreased. It is somewhat amusing to see a class of one taking the exercises.

THE CAPITAL.

"ARE YOU GOING to Washington during the Easter vacation, with the Shepherd party?" asked a friend. Well, yes: I thought I was sensible enough, I said, to embrace so good an opportunity to see that beautiful city, and to see it under circumstances promising such an all-round good time as a "Shepherd party" always has, if its members are to be credited. Accordingly, on the day appointed for the journey, April first, I packed a few necessities in my hand-bag, and was soon ready to set out.

Our party numbered twelve and a half, the half being a winsome little lass of seven, whose good temper and fine spirits never once failed her during the trip, and whose little legs seemed almost as tireless as Puck's own. For the rest of us we were all Lasell girls (of days either present or past), excepting the two gentlemen of the party. From Park Square station we made the short run to Fall River, where we boarded the beautiful steamer *Plymouth*, and having deposited our hand luggage in our staterooms, we repaired to the saloon, and were soon enjoying ourselves in conversation, or reading, or whatever other way pleased our several fancies. The Sound steamers are too well known to need any detailed description, although one is tempted to dwell upon their luxuriously furnished saloons, nicely prepared and well-served meals, and tidy and comfortable staterooms. Fine music helped to make the time pass more pleasantly still, and the wharf scene at Newport, where we stopped a little while, was decidedly interesting, with its bustle and confusion, shouts, grumblings, and half-heard conversations. A number of young tars, if one might judge by their costume, which I fear was not in this case wholly trustworthy, displayed their vocal talents *en masse* just as we moved off. I have heard more musical voices,—but perhaps the night air had made them hoarse. They were overyoung to be out so late.

At 8.15 the next morning we were speeding away over the steel to Washington, where we arrived at about half-past one that afternoon, having whiled away the intervening hours in the usual fashion,—looking out of windows, reading magazines, nibbling confections, and chatting a good deal, not to mention taking an occasional dose of "tired nature's

sweet restorer." For myself I snickered over the quaintnesses of Eugene Field in his *Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac*, when I wasn't doing anything else.

After lunch at our hotel, The Richmond, H and Seventeenth streets, we sallied forth under Mr. Shepherd's genial leadership to see what might be seen of the city in two hours or so. We went first to the Corcoran Art Gallery, only a few steps from The Richmond, and here spent an hour perhaps, in enjoyment of its beautiful paintings,—reserving the statuary and the fine collection of bronzes to be seen here for another day. Vincenzo Vila's impressive statue, "Last Days of Napoleon I," is the first thing to catch the eye as one sets foot on the top step of the staircase. The baffled monarch, monarch now no more, sits in a chair looking straight ahead of him with a gaze in which is concentrated disappointed ambition, bitterness, trouble of soul, but a yet uncrushed will, a mighty energy only biding its time because forced to lie inactive. This statue is especially fine in treatment of detail, but is criticised as lacking in artistic value as a whole. Among the pictures I especially liked Church's *Niagara*, two pretty scenes in a birch wood, and *The Lost Dogs*, by whose brush I forget. Gerome is represented here by the *Death of Cæsar*, in which I saw little to admire; Bridgman by the *Procession of the Sacred Bull Apis*; and Mengs by an *Adoration of the Magi*. But I must not try to enumerate. Hiram Powers's *Greek Slave* is here, in the centre of one of the smaller galleries of paintings, and seems to shrink in her marble purity from your gaze or touch, as if she were indeed a living thing.

From the Art Gallery we took a walk in the direction of the monument, which dominates almost every view of the city one can get. On our way we passed the Executive Mansion, the State, War, and Navy Department, and other buildings of interest. Arrived at the monument, whither we went leisurely enough, the official in charge told us to our regret that the elevator would make "no more trips to-day after this one." Unfortunately "this one" had already begun and we were not among those who were then ascending. Thus forced to defer to another day the desired view of Washington and the surrounding country from the top of this white memorial of America's greatest hero, we strolled off down the slope towards the avenue, where we took a street-car ride to the

capitol. Here we left the car and walked past the noble building, gaining from the eminence on which it stands a good view of a part of the city. Thence to the hotel, via the avenue, at whose shop window treasures we glanced in passing. In one a pretty girl in Turkish costume, much bejewelled and befringed, was coloring Easter eggs, with apparently no other end in view than the charitable one of gratifying the curiosity of the crowd gathered about the window. On a sign I observed "J. H. Oyster, crackers and cheese," and was reminded of that searcher of sign boards for odd names, Dickens.

Have I said anything about wind? If not, it was certainly an oversight; for Old Boreas greeted us with a genuine howl—of delight, let us hope, on our arrival, and continued his delicate ærial attentions during that and the next day with such assiduity that we inwardly blessed ourselves that we had on our heavy wraps. How it was that he didn't whisk little Esther off bodily into Fairy land, I'm sure is a mystery.

Next day we took the trip down the Potomac past beautiful Arlington, Fort Washington, and other places of interest, to Mt. Vernon, the Mecca of all truly patriotic Americans. As the wind made it too uncomfortably to stay much on deck, we scanned chiefly through windows the shores between which we were passing, thus missing somewhat of their beauty. The Potomac was certainly not "all quiet" that day. A more wind-ridden and yellow stream, I've seldom seen. If old Father Tiber is any more so, I pity the Romans if they have to drink its soupy waters. The water in which we washed (?) our faces in the morning was not unlike coffee in hue. They filter it, I believe, for drinking purposes. At Mt. Vernon we passed through the historic rooms of that old house long unused to any other life and chat and laughter than that of the crowds of tourists who visit it. In one room a beautiful marble mantel with figures in high relief is protected by a wire guard, made necessary by the vandalism of visitors, by whom it has already been badly mutilated. The most interesting of the rooms were, of course, those in which the old General and his wife, respectively, died; Nellie Custis's music room, and the big banquet-room,—big, that is, in comparison to the other rooms. The garden, with its curiously outlined borders of box, its broad, flat-

topped box hedges, and the green-house; the various kitchens, the spinning-room,—in which was a huge old-fashioned loom,—the carpenter's shop, and so on, were gone through, glanced at or peeped into; and we ended with a look at the old coach, vouched for as the genuine Washington coach. Can you imagine the stately Father of his Country climbing through a *back door* into a coach, scrambling over two seats, extending the entire width of the vehicle to reach the front one—or didn't he sit on the front one? May be he sprang up lightly from the ground directly to the front seat (I saw no step at all.) For me, I can as soon imagine the December sun executing a Virginia hoe-down as George Washington doing so undignified a thing as making a jump, for any purpose whatsoever. We visited the tomb, of course, and several of us bought souvenir photographs of it, and of the room in which the General died.

Returning we lunched on the boat; and when once more in the city we visited the National Museum where we found enough to interest and instruct us for as many days as we had minutes to give to its precious historical relics and valuable collections of curiosities from other countries, of stuffed birds and animals, and of ethnologically interesting Indian groups.

That evening two of the girls and Mr. Shepherd who is a model conductor of parties, large or small, heard Sothorn in *The Prisoner of Zenda*; but the rest of us preferred the comedies of dream land, and went to bed early.

[Concluded in next issue.]

THE SUMMER ABROAD.

A SUMMER TOUR through the best of Europe is planned by Mr. Shepherd who has so often taken young ladies from the Seminary, and their friends on these delightful excursions.

Some old girls have already engaged membership in the party and others are talking about it. Mrs. Shepherd will go too, and help you to enjoy what is to be seen, and in many ways advise and assist.

Write for an itinerary and for any details you want to know about, to

WM. T. SHEPHERD,

Auburndale,

Mass.

THE OLD CHEST.

A RAINY DAY necessitates, and usually suggests various amusements and occupations for those who stay indoors. Even if the morning is spent in grumbling and wishing it would stop raining, the afternoon usually finds one quite resigned to the fact that it is probably not going to stop, and that something must be done to while away the hours. Let me tell how I employed myself on such a day.

I was visiting my grandmother in England. The weather had been charming, and in anticipation of another pleasant day, a trap-drive and lawn fête had been planned. Judge of my disappointment when the longed-for day came, only to bring with it a pouring rain. I was restless and cross. The continual drip, drip of the rain seemed to mock me as I stood at the window. With a little sigh I turned away to stroke Tabby who lay stretched out before the library fire. She too was cross, however, and not inclined to be sociable, so I left her in peace. An hour or so after, I wandered into grandmother's room to find it quite deserted. The lonely feeling which had taken possession of me grew stronger and I started to return to the library, thinking that the company even of a cross old cat was better than none at all, when I heard grandmother's voice calling, "Winifred, child, you must be very lonesome, I am in the attic; come up and I will show you the old chest."

Eagerly I bounded up the narrow stairs to find grandmother seated on an old trunk, packing away furs in a cedar chest by her side. She greeted me with a smile, and gave me a bunch of keys, telling me as she did so, to open the rosewood chest that stood by the window. I knew very well which chest was meant for since a child I had observed with not a little curiosity, that it was always kept locked and also that the large brass key on grandmother's key-ring was the one to unlock its mysteries.

As the lid fell back I was perhaps a little disappointed that it did not contain something more splendid than old letters tied with faded ribbons, and a bundle carefully wrapped in tissue paper. But I was content to wait for grandmother to speak.

"Now my dear," said she, "Nearly everything in that chest has some sort of a history; so select

whatever books interesting and I will do my best in the way of a story."

With a happy little laugh at the prospect of a story, one perhaps tinged with a bit of romance, I gently lifted out the paper bundle. Untying the cord, I uttered a cry of delight as the rich folds of a creamy white satin gown fell into my lap. "Grandmother!" I almost screamed in my excitement, "is this beautiful gown yours? The story must be a very romantic one. Will you not tell me now, right now, please, while I have this lovely thing here in my lap?" and I almost hugged the sheeny treasure in my delight. "Was it your wedding gown?"

"No dear," said grandmother with a smile, "That is not my wedding gown, but closely connected with the story of my engagement. I will tell you the story. You can see, what it has to do with both my engagement and my wedding."

"When I made my debut I wore this gown," and grandmother touched it tenderly with her fingers, a soft light stealing into her eyes. "That night I met your grandfather, who had just returned from Oxford. For over a year I had not seen him and as he came to where I stood, receiving with my mother, I blushed and my hand trembled as he took it in his. He often told me afterwards, that he fell in love that night. After the ball, I saw him nearly every day. Either at home, or at the many balls and dinners that were given in my honor."

"One evening, attired in the gown which you now have in your lap, I was sitting in the music room waiting for a school friend who was to take dinner with me. Idly running my fingers over the piano keys I looked up with a start to see your grandfather standing in the doorway. He came quickly into the room with a few words of apology for having startled me. Well, my dear, before my school friend Carrie came that night I had promised to marry him if my parents were willing. We were a merry party at dinner that evening and I, one of the merriest."

"The following spring I was married. That gown is a reminder of the beginning of a very happy life. Although your grandfather has been dead ten years, his memory is the blessing of my old age."

The dear old eyes filled with tears, and I impulsively threw my arms around her neck and tried to comfort her. "There, there Winifred!" she said, "I

am getting old and childish and the sight of that gown always makes me feel how dear your grandfather was to me. Each shimmering fold seems to hold some tender memory, some sweet thought of the dead."

The fading light from the window above me made the gown look like some sweet spirit of the past, and I replaced it in the chest with the reverence due to such a memory.

Reluctantly I locked the chest, for it was getting too dark to look farther. I have grandmother's promise of another afternoon in the attic, some day, so I am quite willing that it should rain for I am sure of enjoying the day in spite of the rain.

L. M. P.

A TEASE.

She is dainty and bewitching;
I'm sure you could not frown
On her eyes with mischief dancing—
Those eyes of bonny brown.
And she knows I love her truly,
But she dearly likes to tease;
And to make me wildly jealous,
Every chance she's bound to seize.

So she talked—this little maiden,
Almost all the time of "Jack":
How nice he was, how brave, how true—
Till I was on the rack.
And finally in direst wrath
I turned away to go—
Just for this reason (don't you tell)
'Twas 'cause I loved her so.

But ere I'd gotten far away,
She called to me so soft,
"I'm only teasing, Tom; come back!"
It's what she's said so 'oft
That tho' I came, I was quite stern,
And said I'd better go.
But she persuaded otherwise—
"Jack's just my dog, you know!"

A. S. Y. '97.

DORIS.

SHE LIVED in a small fishing village off the coast of Maine, — a village so small, in fact, that few have ever heard of it. Its inhabitants numbered scarcely fifty, and its only visitors were the wild waves and the fierce storms that swept the coast. How I happened to go to this little town of Harle, or to meet Doris, is a matter of small consequence.

Doris and her mother were Quakers, and had lived alone in their little cottage for nineteen years, ever since Doris was born.

The girl was tall and very fair, yet not exactly pretty; her brow was too high and her chin too firm for one to think of her as "pretty." When she looked into your face with her big blue eyes, you felt that in that one glance she fully comprehended you, so keenly penetrating, though so gentle, were those luminous eyes.

Doris' father was a sailor, and though Doris herself had never seen him, she patiently toiled on, helping her mother in her work of net-mending, in confident expectation of one day seeing him sail into the little harbor, to claim that joyful, tearful welcome which had awaited him for more than nineteen years.

* * * * *

Jim Dalton was as necessary to Harle as food and air. The only son of the wealthiest man for miles around, Jim, more by his own good nature and general worth, than by his ever-open purse, had won his way into the hearts of all, so that few plans were made in the little village without Jim's approval, few expeditions undertaken without his sanction.

And Jim loved Doris. Although by several years her senior, he loved her with all the strength of his great heart, and it was for her sake that he persistently clung to the life which seemed fast slipping away from him.

From his birth he had suffered a painful disease; and though his body seemed strong and healthy, he was fast losing his grip on life.

One day toward the end of June, Jim and Doris were united in the little Quaker meeting-house. That evening they were sitting on the beach talking together, and so absorbed in each other that they took no notice of the rapid gathering of a storm then almost upon them.

Suddenly, and to their amazement and alarm, without warning the storm broke, and hastily rising, they sought shelter; but, casting their eyes out over the water as they went, they saw a ship just outside the harbor, and rapidly approaching the rocks. She was in deadly peril. Doris stopped instinctively, white with fear. Jim sped away, shouting the call for the life-boats, when, all at once, the ship was dashed violently against the

rocks, her oaken sides crushing like eggshells under the force of the blow.

One by one the shattered timbers fell away, the water poured in, and there, before their eyes, she began to sink, and men and boys were drowning, vainly calling for help, but with never a chance of rescue, for no life boat could brave that sea.

When the fury of the storm was spent, one by one the huge timbers drifted toward the shore. To one a man was clinging—not yet dead. Doris' mother and Jim were now standing by her side, and but for them, the shore was deserted; for the villagers who had gathered, believing that all the crew had perished, had returned to their homes, to shelter them from the fierceness of the blast.

With an effort almost beyond him, Jim rushed into the surf. The trembling women, watching with strained eyes, saw him pushing the spar nearer,—nearer,—almost within their reach! Jim had recognized in the man, Doris' father. With one last effort, he pushed the log ashore, and, utterly exhausted, fell back, into the seething waves, unable to gain land himself. With a cry Doris sprang after him, but she could not save him.

The waves closed over him, and, from the poor girl's breaking heart went out the saddest wail ever heard in Harle.

A Girl.

She can talk an evolution;
 She can proffer a solution
 For each problem that besets the modern brain.
 She can punish old Beethoven,
 Or she dallies with De Koven
 Till the neighbors file petitions and complain.

She can paint a crimson cowboy,
 Or a purple-madder plowboy
 That you do not comprehend, but must admire.
 And in exercise athletic,
 It is really quite pathetic
 To behold the young men 'round her droop and tire.

She is up in mathematics,
 Engineering, hydrostatics,
 In debate with her for quarter you will beg.
 She has every trait that's charming,
 With an intellect alarming;
 Yet she cannot, oh, she cannot fry an egg—Ex.

She was not a Lasell girl.

REMARKS ON A TRITE SUBJECT.

EVEN NOW, when co-education is an accomplished fact, there are many opponents to it who are ready to say, when some incident seems to prove it detrimental: "I told you so." Still, I feel sure that the world is ready to grant that it is, on the whole, a very good thing.

Contrary to all expectations, we find the young women educated with their brothers more refined than their less fortunate sisters. They are, of necessity, more careful in manner and speech, guarding against those little things which so often, in a careless moment, betray character, and which are always to be regretted. There is, certainly, no question but that the young men are quite softened in manner by their constant association with young women.

Gossip has been the crime oftenest laid at woman's door. If she has a wider field opened to her, she may discuss the books of the day and the news of the world, instead of the latest neighborhood talk. The contact with man is doing much to eradicate this tendency. I hope for that day when gossip will be avoided as a plague. It is still a mere hope, but the future will fulfil it.

The great weapon of the opponents of co-education is the flirt. She exists, and ever will. Nevertheless, the young woman educated in a school for both sexes is so well acquainted with the faults and excellences of a man that she cares not to try to attract him foolishly. She knows too well how to win his respect, and cares too little for a mere passing attention.

A young woman who studies conscientiously is often able to outstrip her fellow-student, though a man. If he be not careful, he realizes that she will surpass him, and, if he have any self-respect, this is an incentive to better work.

How trite all these arguments seem! We have Radcliffe girls as well as Harvard men, and they are as capable and as much respected. Certainly they are not such spendthrifts. From Maine to California the college woman is making herself a power. I have faith in the coming woman, not as the politician and business woman, but as the educated mother and house-wife, who will use her learning to raise her own ideals of life, and to aid and bless those dependent upon her.

G. T.

LOCALS.

ON THURSDAY EVENING, March 19, the girls were delightfully entertained by the Rev. Francis Hornbrook's lecture on Browning's *Ring and the Book*. The plan and purpose of the poem were explained, difficult passages made clear, and poetic beauties shown. At the close of the lecture, Mr. Hornbrook read several fine selections from this poem.

THE PUPILS of Miss Putnam, and of Messrs. Hills, Davis, and Goldstein gave a charming concert on Wednesday, March 25, at which they rendered a very pleasing programme. The audience, which included numerous friends from outside, were very appreciative of the efforts made to entertain them.

ON MARCH 14, Miss Caswell talked to us on temperance work. We are glad to say that many of our girls affixed their names to the pledge, and are about to organize "a Y" at Lasell. Miss Caswell has kindly offered to aid in the starting of the society.

FOR A FEW Tuesday evenings lately, the girls have visited the Rescue Mission under the kind chaperonage of Miss Allen. Besides the help they thus gain for themselves, the girls at such times, aid in making the meeting successful by helping with the music.

SATURDAY March 28, Miss Lunn gave us a very interesting talk on the Deaconesses's work in Boston. She has kindly invited us to visit their newly opened hospital, in which there is a Lasell room.

MONDAY EVENING, March 30, the pupils of Messrs. Hills and Goldstein, with their assistance, also with that of the able 'celloist, Mr. Ruppell, gave a concert which was enjoyed to the utmost by all who were so fortunate as to be present.

ONE OF THE CLASSES in the History of Art had a pleasant trip to Florence, last week, with Miss Elizabeth W. Davis. As her home is in that interesting city, she was able to give an entertaining account of much that the ordinary tourist misses.

THE MEMBERS of the Senior class were delightfully entertained by Mr. Ray, at Woodland Park Hotel, in the evening of April fourteenth.

The dinner was beautifully served, and at each place were fragrant Catherine Mermets, and a

dainty menu ornamented with a fac simile of the class pin.

Mr. Ray proved a most genial host, and after dancing and pleasantly chatting together for a short time, the girls returned to the Seminary, unanimously tendering their thanks for such a happy beginning of Senior festivities.

THOSE WHO missed Mr. Sheperd's lecture on Italian cities, April 9th, missed a treat which they would have done much better to avail themselves of. The stereopticon views which accompanied the lecture were unusually fine and clear, and charmingly selected.

Starting from Genoa the Superb, whose famous statue of Columbus, and other noble pieces of statuary were shown us, together with various views of the city, we went southward, stopping at Pisa for a sight of her wonderful Leaning Tower, and of the Cathedral, and at Naples the Beautiful, sitting with the blue waters lapping the beach at her feet, Vesuvius threatening in the distance, and the historic shores curving away on each side in veritable lines of beauty.

Various views of Vesuvius were given, and of scenes of interest in the city. The renowned Blue Grotto, lovely Capri, Sorrento, and the wonderfully interesting city Pompeii, so long buried under its weight of obscuring ashes. Returning northward we stopped at Rome, Byron's "City of the Soul," to see the Coliseum, which teems with memories of forgotten conflicts, of old world brutalities; the line of broken arches of those mighty aqueducts, stretching across the Campagna; the arrowy line of the Appian Way, and its famous tombs; the baths of Caracalla; and other world famous scenes and buildings—magnificent St. Peter's, St. Paul without the Walls, Castle of St. Angelo, and so on.

Florence, the Arno Lily, showed us some of the treasures which make her proud: the Medicean Chapel, the Campanile, Cathedral, Palazzo Vecchio, her bridges, the Loggia, the Market-place. Venice, too, unlocked her jewel-casket to our gaze—that "glorious city in the sea." (Those who have not read Rogers' poem on Venice should do so.) We tarried briefly—all too much so—at Ravenna, where poor Dante learned "how salt was the bread of others"; at Verona, immortalized by Shakespear's faithful lovers; and at Milan, whose exquisite cathedral is the apotheosis of Gothic architecture.

The time flew by, so interesting were lecture and pictures. We hope Mr. Shepherd will favor us again.

THE DEAD BABY.

IT WAS a cold winter night. The wind was blowing at a furious rate, whirling the blinding snow into huge banks and drifts. It whistled round the corners of the buildings in gusts and savagely rattled the windows in their casements, and now and then in baffled spite almost blew from his feet the chance pedestrian hurrying home, benumbed and half blinded by the cold and whirling snow. It was such a night as made people glad to remain in their homes, and seek the warmth and comfort of their own firesides.

The terrors of this wild night were, as always, greatest in that quarter of the city where the poor dragged out their wretched existence, either in solitary want and misery or huddled together in groups, drawing their scanty garments around them and seeking to warm their chilled bodies by a pitiful pretense at a fire—a mere handful of fast-dying embers perhaps.

Here in the very slums of the city, the lair of want, and hunger, and crime, in a small garret room, of a rickety tenement house at the end of a narrow alley, which slunk away from the main street as in shame at its own desolation, might have been seen such a picture of suffering and woe, as to freeze one's blood with horror that such things could be possible within the very shadow of wealth, luxury and needless extravagance.

The room was little better than a kennel and not much bigger. Its floor was uneven and carpetless, here and then a loose plank or yawning hole suggested the possibility of dangerous falls. The one window had not a whole pane in it, and before it had been hung an old coat, to keep out the biting gusts. There was no fire in the rusty old stove near the middle of the room, nor had there been any all day. Over in the corner, in a cradle made of an old wooden box, lay a tiny form, the little blue lips hardly done quivering with the death-gasp, the innocent soul safe with God, who is more pitiful than man; while the exhausted mother had fallen asleep by the cradle as she watched; and all was silence within the little room, except for the shriek of the storm. The wind blew the snow against the window with still increasing force, yet still the mother slept, unconscious that her suffering baby had slipped

forever away from her sheltering arms and loving heart.

The eyes of the dead innocent were open, and their vacant gaze seemed directed toward the prostrate form of the mother, lying with her head across the foot of the cradle. One puny little fist was clenched, the other hand had its tiny fingers stretched out, as though to grasp the clothing of the mother, or to attract her attention.

The poor little pinched body was covered only by a thin blanket. It was a sad sight.

Suddenly the mother stirred, and awoke from her long sleep. Her first thought was of her child, and she hastened to see whether she could possibly minister to its comfort. But as she gazed anxiously on the dead form, a look of horror overspread her face. She groped, as a blind woman might, for the little half-frozen hand, and sought to feel the feeble flutter of the pulse. Alas! the blood no longer beat in that emaciated wrist. It was cold. As cold as the snow driven against the window, and shrieking "Oh my baby, my baby!" the distracted mother fell unconscious upon the floor, senseless.

Still the wind whistled and howled, and rattled the window; the old coat flapped back and forth, and the room grew colder and colder; but never again would her deadened ears hear the noise of the blast, or her worn body feel the tortures of cold and privation.

In the morning they found her, lying where she had fallen, as cold and as lifeless as the little form beside her—frozen to death—mother and babe. And this in the world where you and I live and laugh and enjoy.

M. L. B. '96.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

THE CHARACTER of Portia in "Julius Cæsar" is a striking example of self-control and nobleness in woman.

Filled with a sense of her duty to her husband, Brutus, Portia begs that she may know what ills are vexing him, and destroying his peace. Brutus tries to evade answering her question, but she with true dignity and gentleness asserts her right to share in his secrets. It is evident that she has been watching him closely trying to find out the source

of his anxiety, feeling that she has the right of a true and loving wife. But with all her womanly keenness of insight, she has failed to discover his trouble, and she, though having been repulsed once, does not hesitate to question him again.

She uses the strongest arguments she can think of, telling him that he need not fear her feminine weakness, for with such a father as Cato, and such a husband as Brutus, she ought to be stronger than the rest of her sex; and further proves herself possessed of this superior strength by disclosing the fact that she had voluntarily inflicted upon herself a painful wound, which she had borne with fortitude, which fact she thinks shows her capable of sharing Brutus' secrets. Brutus is so affected by her words, that he begs the gods to make him worthy of such a noble wife.

This scene between Portia and Brutus has been compared to that between Lady Percy and Hotspur in "Henry IV." In the latter, however, Lady Percy does not appear to be a strong character, and endeavors to gain her desires by teasing her husband. Portia, however, stands before us strong and beautiful, pleading her just right to share her husband's griefs.

Portia's great self-control is further shown when Brutus goes to the Senate, armed with a dagger, leaving his wife full of fears lest some serious harm happen to him. That she tries heroically to control herself, notwithstanding her anxiety, is seen by this soliloquy;—

"O, constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might."

She sends a messenger to find out the state of affairs at the Capitol. Learning from a soothsayer that danger may happen to Cæsar, she feels herself growing weaker and weaker till she faints away.

Nothing more is heard of Portia in the play until her death, but we know that when she was forced to part with Brutus when he went to war, she did not give way to her grief at parting, for fear it would cause Brutus pain.

Afterwards, it is said, that upon seeing a picture of Hector and Andromache she gave way to her deep sorrow, long struggled against.

How sad is the death of this noble woman! Separated from her dearly-loved husband, she brooded over the increasing strength of Octavius and Antony, and finally, though closely watched by her friends, she found opportunity to put a red-hot coal in her mouth, and thus, swallowing fire, died.

DEATH LOVES A SHINING MARK.

THE "Poet-Laureate of the little folks," as some one has appropriately called our well known journalist and humorist, Eugene Field, was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1850. At seventeen he entered Williams College; afterwards attending Knox College, Ill., and the State University of Missouri. He was connected with a number of western newspapers and was also a successful lecturer.

Some of his best poems are—"Little Boy Blue;" "A Dutch Lullaby" (better known as Wynken, Blynken, and Nod), of which Andrew Lang has said, "This is one of the best, if not the very best, child-poem in the English language;" "Jes' Fore Christmas," "Secin' Things," and "The Ride to Bumpville."

Besides these he has written—"A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," "Culture's Garden," and "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac."

Thomas Hughs, whose death occurred the last week in March, was the author of, "Tom Brown's School-Days," "the best book agoing for boys."

"Nobody thinks of him as a great man, but he seems somehow to have done a great man's work. One associates him with Thomas Arnold, Kingsley, and Dean Stanley, all good men to know and all well known—partly through him to America."

Hughs was appointed county court judge in 1882, which office he held until his death. He served in Parliament from 1865 to 1874 and was appointed Queen's counsel in 1869. He was very much interested in the English colony at Rugby, Tennessee.

The American sculptor, William Wetmore Story, who died recently in Italy, was graduated in arts and law at Harvard. Until 1850 he practiced law in Boston; after that time he lived principally in Rome, devoting his attention entirely to the study of art and literature.

His father was Justice Story, of the U. S. Supreme Court.

Among Story's most noted pieces of sculpture are the statue of Edward Everett Hale, in Boston; of William Cullen Bryant; of Frances Scott Key, in San Francisco; of Cleopatra, Medea, Electra, Aphrodite, and the Silent Hand.

Next to the tomb of Shelley is his last work, a monument to the memory of his wife. It is thought by some to be his best.

Rev. Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the author of "America," was a resident of Newton Centre, Mass., where he died Nov. 16, at the age of eighty-eight. At seventeen he entered Harvard, becoming a member of that famous class of '29. He then attended Andover Theological Seminary, where in Feb. 1832 he wrote our national hymn.

In 1834 Dr. Smith became pastor of the Baptist Church, in Waterville, Me., and at the same time occupied the position of professor of modern languages in Colby University. Eight years afterwards he moved to Newton Centre, Mass., accepting the pastorate of the Baptist Church, which position he held until 1854. He was editor of "The Christian Review," and besides his editorial work, wrote many books, and several hymns including "America."

Alexander Dumas, a member of the French Academy, was socially and intellectually one of the most influential men in Paris. This French novelist and play-wright, established his fame in 1852, by dramatizing "La Dame aux Camélias." The role of the heroine in this play, is the favorite part of two of our greatest modern actresses, Sarah Bernhardt, and Madame Duse.

Dumas died at Marley le Roi, near Versailles, Nov. 28, at the age of sixty-two.

ADDRESSES.

Mrs. Jno. C. Dexter, (Carrie Manning) 42 Mechanic St., Orange, Mass.

Mrs. Elwood Roberts Wright (Edna Lowe) Norristown, Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth M. Campbell, Steelton, Pa.

His Parting Benediction.

A COUNTRY minister in a certain locality took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner: "Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-by. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary; your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruit ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going away to a better place I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-by."

VACATION AT LASELL.

WEDNESDAY noon came; school was over; and our week's vacation had really commenced at last. Those girls who were going away soon took their leave, and by half past four, when the party started for Washington, all the bustle and confusion had subsided, and the twenty-five of us left at Lasell had settled down to a week of enjoyment.

On Wednesday evening we heard Fanny Davenport in Gismonda. A rainy Thursday kept us in the house, but "boxes" were already beginning to arrive, and the good things that they contained fully consoled us for being obliged to remain indoors. That evening Miss Evans took us to hear Sarah Bernhart in Fedora. On Friday many of the girls took advantage of the pleasant day to go in town, and were all the better prepared on their return to appreciate the surprise Mr. Butler gave us, when during dinner the lights were turned off and plum pudding surrounded by blazing brandy was brought in. Soon after dinner we had a candy pull in the kitchen. Saturday afternoon a number of the girls went to hear Paderewski, while in the evening most of those who did not attend the Symphony Concert, entertained callers.

Easter Sunday, though rather cold, was a beautiful day and all who were willing to take their chances in getting seats, attended church in Boston. Monday a few went shopping; and, indeed, as Tuesday was practically the last day of vacation, nearly every one of us found some excuse for going into Boston that day. Wednesday morning the girls began to return, and by lunch-time they were again in their usual places. Of course all gave glowing accounts of the good times they had had; but for real enjoyment give me a vacation at Lasell.

Owed to my Washerwoman,

I promise thee that some day I will come
In answer to your oft-repeated dun,
And in your eager hands I then will lay
The dollars, ten, I've owed for many a day.

I will not censure thee for rips and tears,
For e'en the socks that now thy husband wears,
Yes, some day in the dim futurity,
I'll pay it all, I promise thee.—*Yale Record*.

LITTLE APRIL'S SPRING SUIT.

LITTLE APRIL had come out in her new spring suit, a dark brown one, and very proud she felt, too, till some one whispered to her that green was far more fashionable. Then little April began to cry, because now she wanted a green suit instead of a brown one, and, day after day, the tears came pouring down. Sometimes busy Mother Nature would stop her work for a while, and try to comfort her little daughter, and she always succeeded so well that, when she had finished talking to the winsome but petulant little one, the tears would be chased away, and she would smile and laugh again quite gaily. But as soon as Mother Nature went away, all the little maid's trouble would come back again, and she sobbed and wailed so dismally that the poor little children whom her naughty actions kept in the house wished that April would go home and that her pretty sister May would come to play with them instead.

But one morning, when April awoke lo! in place of her dingy brown suit there was a pretty green one, and oh! how she laughed then, and how her eyes danced and sparkled, and how merrily she sang all day long. No one would have thought anything could ever have troubled little April. And the children, too, forgot how they had scolded at her, and now thought her the most charming of the twelve children of the year whose duty it is to keep the world fresh and bright during the long months.

At last came the time for little April to go home again, and, as she passed sister May just coming out of the door with her arms full of flowers, though she kissed her lovingly, she could not help dropping a few tears, for it was so very pleasant out of doors; but they fell only on the flowers and made them look fresher and prettier than ever.

THESE WERE favored with calls from members of their families during the month of March:

Misses Moulton, Myrick, Cooper, Lovell, Avery, Case, Josselyn, Wellington, Carter, Ostrander, Sehnberth, McDowell, Loud, Sanders, Frank, Peck, Evans, Hancock, Ketcham, Merriam, Washburn, G. Clark.

Former pupils: Mrs. George Harvey, (Carrie V. Balch), Susie Richards, Sadie Burrill, May Blair, Irene Battey, Sara Hayden, Nellie Briggs, Alice Beesley.

PERSONALS.

ONE OF Mr. Bragdon's recent letters speaks of Hattie Freebey, who is "chief teacher at St. Hilda's Hall, Glendale, teaches almost everything," and acts as preceptress also, keeping the pupils in fine shape. She looks well, and is in good spirits. Mr. Bragdon thinks she has a good position, and says she is a credit to Lasell. We hope to receive from her a letter for the LEAVES sometime soon.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL is keeping house for her two brothers in Steelton, Pennsylvania, and seems to be having a very happy and contented time of it. She speaks affectionately of her old school, Lasell, and wishes she may have opportunity to pay us a visit some day. We, too, hope she may.

WE ARE glad to hear of Daisy Earle's success as an eloquentist. In a recent entertainment in which she was the central attraction, her fine rendering of the first and second scenes in the third act of Macbeth won her much hearty applause. Her power of dramatic presentation, say the critics, is a rarely good one. She delighted her audience, too, in "The Swing," "The Bad Boy Seeing Things at Night," and "The Howling Wind." She is a student of the Emerson School of Oratory. Fine music, both vocal and instrumental, varied the program. Her rendering of "Derrick Sterling" is also praised.

ALL WHO knew DR. GRACE PRESTON at Lasell, will feel a sense of personal loss, on hearing of her death, from lung trouble, at Pasadena, California, on March 20. She spent three years at Lasell after her graduation at Smith College, first as teacher of mathematics, and later, while pursuing her medical studies in Boston, as resident physician. Her character was one of rare loveliness, and impressed itself deeply upon all who surrounded her. To very unusual intellectual gifts were added the most unassuming simplicity and womanly sweetness, winning to her loving friends, whenever she moved. After graduating with high honors from the School of Medicine of Boston University and the Woman's Medical College of N. Y., and spending a year in medical study in Paris, she accepted the position of resident physician at Smith College, her Alma Mater, which was always proud of her, and in 1889 honored her with the degree of A.M. Besides her

work in connection with the college, she soon entered upon an extensive practice in Northampton, became a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and was recognized as a skillful and faithful representative of her beloved profession. She was, however, always hampered by a constitutional delicacy of the lungs, and several years of work in Northampton, into which she threw herself with all the ardor of a heart dedicated to God in loving service to His children, broke down her strength, and in 1893 she was obliged to leave her work there and go to Colorado. At first the change of climate proved beneficial, and she was entering on a new and successful practice at Colorado Springs, when last September her health gave way again, and in January she went to California, seeking in vain to restore in a softer climate the strength that was gone, alas! forever. Though so far from home and family, she died surrounded by the most loving and devoted care. Mary Coe, one of the friends whom her life had won her, and who had been constantly with her during the years in Colorado, was at her side to the last, ministering to her with more than a sister's tenderness, and Mr. Bragdon, by his presence and helpful cheer, greatly brightened the last weeks of her life.

The hearts of those who loved her are aching sadly to-day, with a grief that would be very bitter were it not that nothing mournful can be associated with that loving and lovely life. It was full of the indwelling spirit of the meek and gentle Saviour, who went about doing good, and it seems sweet and natural that she should be "called up higher," though after so short a life, to continue her loving service in the more immediate presence of her Heavenly Father, who lent her to us here on earth for a little while. Her outworn mortal frame was laid reverently to rest, on March 31, in the peaceful "God's Acre" of her beloved New England home, with the sunshine pouring down in glorious floods and all the air full of the sweet promises of the coming spring. Her dear memory lives in many loving hearts, and only God who gave her knows what influences for good her short life has called forth in others, influences which will only widen and deepen and strengthen, as the years go by.

MR. BRAGDON spares the LEAVES any record of the experiences of his present trip but thinks the

mention of the names of those whom he has met may interest their friends.

Mr. De Ridder was a welcome companion, from Saratoga to Chicago. A sister of Alice Libbey Walbridge, here in 1875, recognized and greeted us from her section opposite ours;—reported Alice very well. It was Alice's brother who, with his glass works, made the great hit at the World's Fair, in the midway. At Evanston, May Towle, here in 1890. I called on Messrs. Parish, Holden and Cooper, in Chicago.—Found only the first. Min Ransom's Will Wagner bade us farewell as we left Chicago for the Wester cities, he being on his way to St. Paul. At a musical, at May Tulley's, happening opportunely, Grace Beebe, 1894, and Gertrude Gleason, 1892 (*May sang well*), and next day Frances Bowman's family AND TED. At Omaha "Grace and Mabel" (every body knows who they are!). Martha Stone ('93), Lil. Tukey ('93,) with their families Bertie Steell Hyde (1880) Mr. Andreesen and Mr. and Mrs. Barber. Walking through the capitol grounds, at the capital of Nebraska, met May Burr and Julia Anderson, who had just come to help Mae keep house during the absence of her mother in N. Y. Mae showed well enough that she needed no help in the dinner with which pleasantly closed our short stay in Lincoln. Bertie Burr Dawes' boy was ill just that day and both parents were anxious—the first illness! But we saw them all, fortunately. At Denver, Lil Hathaway Muir, her baby and husband, Elizabeth and Clara Creswell, (we may expect Clara at Lasell next commencement). Gertrude Bucknum, '95, Lu Appel, Carrie Brown Cassell ('89) and third boy, Elizabeth and Ruth Cleaveland. At Pueblo, Belle Loudon Bragdon and her husband joined our march and trebled its pleasures for half the time. Fraulein Roth was our first "find" in Pasadena, after Maude Oliver Harding—who lives at this hotel and greeted us at once. Fraulein is much improved in health, charming as ever in every way,—only will not consent to return East yet. Mr. and Mrs. Watson will be remembered by some Lasellians, as at one time the M. E. Pastor at A. They are now settled over a Unitarian Church near Pasadena. Ed^d Claypool, Anna's brother, from Indianapolis, has builded a fine house in a splendid location, and calls this the winter home of himself and growing and interesting family. Edna and Mrs. Lowe, in

their magnificent home and Zoe Lowe Brown, grown and bettered, and Nan Brown gave us cordial greeting. Eva Bond, Grace Skinner, Kate Norman, Susan McGord, Mr. and Mrs. Lamson (Myrna's parents) and Mollie Taylor were among visitors with whom we have had passing meetings. Maud Baldwin Cooke, here in '88 and '91, from Sandwich Islands, with her husband, are passing some months at Redlands for the mending of a sore throat caught at a foot-ball game by her over-enthusiastic Mr. Cooke, while Nellie Angus Caldwell, of Omaha, at her father's fine ranch, has, with her three boys, made us at home there, much to our comforting. Hattie Freebey we have twice "seen" over telephone wires but not yet face to face. With Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth we have exchanged visits, and Emma Civill Bailey's husband. Dr. Metcalf, and Carrie and Virginia Johnson's three brothers and their sensible and attractive wives have helped to make bright the days of exile from you. Also Emma Roth, who teaches at St. Hilda Hall, near Los Angeles. Hattie Freebey is teaching at Glendale, not far from here. Of our sad meeting with our dear Dr. Grace Preston and Mary Coe, her faithful mate, you know the particulars in another place. Seldom in our lives has been met so pathetic and heart-rending an experience. It cannot be told. Prof. Parker, formerly of Wilbraham, and an old colleague in Cin. O., has made himself one of the substantial men, and "fathers" of the city, and Mrs. Daniel Innes has carried me back in a most delightful meeting, to 1863-64, when she was my pupil in Elgin, Ill.

We are again impressed with the comfortable condition of life of most Lasell pupils. One exceptional (I hope) instance of the failure of the courtesy that ought to come from such homes, has much surprised me. Coming from the far East to one of the most thriving of the Western cities, one of our girls called on several Lasell girls and let it be known that she and her friend, also a dear Lasellian, were come to stay. *Not one of those Lasell girls returned these calls!* I don't know how to believe it but must.

C. C. B.

ERRATUM.

"Martha Stone," in February issue, should read Maudie Stone.

THESE have been favored with calls from members of their families:—

Misses G. Clark, Evans, Lovell, Stanley, Richards, Hancock, Washburn, Moulton, Ketcham, Ray.

Former pupils: Mrs. Samuel H. Watts (Jennie B. Jackson), Annie Potter, Nellie Richards, Sadie Burrill, Alice Beesley, Bessie Roper, Eleanor Clapp, Annie Richards, Edith Brodbeck, Beulah Shannon, Lotta Proctor. Also, Miss Ursula Cushman and Miss Catharine J. Chamberlayne.

THE DARK SHADOW.

"THERE IS NO house without its hush," says a tender little poem on the sad mystery of death, and this heart breaking hush has come to the home of Alice Andreesen (class of '95). Her mother has recently died at a hospital in Jena, Thuringia, from the effects of a necessary operation. The blow was very unexpected, similar operations having before been successfully performed in that hospital. Mr. Andreesen and Alice returned home this month. We sympathize with them in their sorrow.

CLARA HEATH, too, has lately met with a grievous loss in the death of her only sister, to whose bedside Clara was summoned from her work here at Lasell. The griefs of our friends are our griefs.

NEW ARRIVALS.

MR. AND MRS. Andrew S. Caldwell (Ada Dunaway), of Carbondale, Ill., are to be congratulated upon the birth of a baby boy, Edgar Thorne Caldwell, March 20.

TO MR. AND MRS. J. T. Powell (Julia Hogg), also, of Fort Worth, Texas, congratulations on a similar event are due. A daughter, Margaret Buckner Powell, on Easter Sunday.

MARRIED.

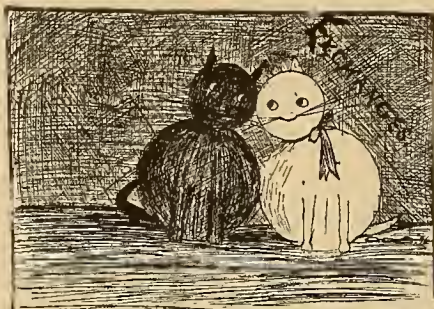
Ella L. Dunn to George E. Warren, on Wednesday, March 18, at Durham, Maine.

Mabel Tomlinson ('93) to John Louis Busby, on Wednesday, March 25, at Fort Worth, Texas.

Carrie Thammason Manning (class of '94) to John Calvin Dexter, on Thursday, March 26, at Orange, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter will make their home in Orange.

Edna Mabelle Lowe ('90) to Elwood Roberts Wright, on Wednesday, April 22, at Pasadena, California.



"The Polytechnic," published by the Brooklyn Polytechnic, is one of our best exchanges. Unlike most "Tech." papers it contains articles of interest to others outside its own walls.

WE ARE GLAD to welcome the following new exchanges: "The High School Lever," Westerly, R. I.; "Central College Gem," Lexington, Mo.; "The Review," Medford, Mass.; "High School Whims," Seatelle, Washington; "The Tabula," Torrington, Conn.; "Academy News," Kingston, N. Y.; "and "The Simond's Echo," Warner, N. H.

WILL THE exchange editors of "The Tripod," "Riverview Student," and "Channey Hall Abstract," kindly notice the proper way of spelling "Lasell," for we like our own way best.

THE TUFTONIAN for February contains several well written articles. We would especially mention "The Striking Qualities of Bryant's Poetry," which is written in a strong clear manner.

My Love.

She wears a Watteau gown of pink,
Upon her cheeks a deeper rose,
A dainty, half-unconscious charm
In every graceful line of pose.

She smiles and smiles, but will not speak,
And yet I needs must linger still.
I dearly love the little gown—
The fluffy lacc, the saucy frill.

And still with all her merry smile,
Her conduct is indeed sedate.
Forsooth could it be otherwise?

She's painted on a China plase.—M. W. G.

Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

(GENERAL on the battle-field).—"Fight like heroes, boys, until your powder's gone, then run. I'm a little lame so I guess I'll start now."

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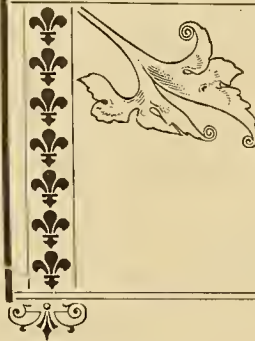
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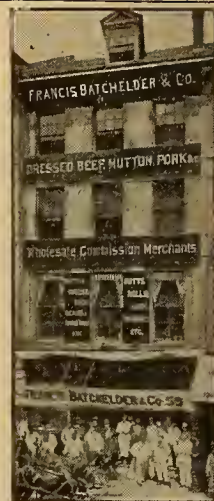
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"DUX FEMINA FACTI,"

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorial.

THE MANDOLIN and Guitar Club is to be congratulated upon its excellent work. At the many receptions in which it has figured during the last term, the artistic and spirited playing of the girls has elicited much favorable comment.

The Senior play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, was one of the best entertainments ever given by Lasell students. The different parts were rendered so admirably that it is difficult to make a selection of the best. Miss Wilson's rendering of *Lord Biron*, however, was especially fine, her graceful motions and spirited acting winning the admiration of all. The elaborate scenery, charming costumes, and fine music were important factors in the success of the play.

It is noticed that very few take advantage of the many beautiful walks in and near Anburndale, limiting themselves to an occasional visit to the Lookout. This is just the time of the year for long walks, and with Norumbega Tower just across the river, Prospect Hill in Waltham, Doublet Hill, whose summit can be seen from Lookont, or, if one desires a very long walk, Echo Bridge in Newton Centre, as objective points, one need never lack motives for taking such walks, and in every case the beautiful views more than repay one for the exertion.

The number of camera fiends abroad this spring is legion, and the results of their efforts are scattered broadcast through the seminary. Some are very good, but others—well they resemble nothing in the Heavens above, the earth beneath, or the

waters under the earth. However, although they are such dire failures as photographs, as souvenirs they will in after years be worth their weight in gold.

THE CAPITAL.

[Concluded.]

OUR FIRST objective point next day was the Capitol, in which we spent a very agreeable hour or two, under the leadership this time of one of the professional guides to the building.

The Rotunda was, of course, our starting point. The beautiful bronze doors, designed by Rogers, were especially interesting to us: the modeling of the figures is very good; the scenes are drawn from the life of Columbus. The panels of the Rotunda are hung with the famous historical paintings, so well known to us all in engravings. Trumbull's are of particular interest and value, because in them we have authentic portraits of the great men who figure therein. "The Declaration of Independence" most attracted me. Above these pictures, eighty feet from the ground, runs the fresco of Brumidi and Castigini, a series of scenes memorable in American history, and so cleverly imitating high relief that the eye with difficulty detects the imposture. The series is as yet incomplete. In the canopy of the dome we see further evidence of Brumidi's genius in the allegorical fresco, the "Apotheosis of Washington", covering some 4500 square feet of surface. This fresco is charming in effect; the figures are artistically treated, and the grouping easy and graceful.

Passing thence into Statuary Hall, formerly the Hall of Representatives, we were interested by the various statues adorning this room, figures of the men who made the country, shaped its policy, fought its battles. These have been placed here, some by the National Government, some by individual states. Vinnie Ream's Lincoln is among them. The peculiarities of the echo here to be heard amused us for a few minutes, after which, seeking "fresh fields and pastures new," we proceeded to the present Hall of Representatives, where beat the very heart-throbs of our government. The plan of seating, work of the pages

ceremony of opening a session, and other interesting things relative to the Hall and the methods by which business is conducted there, were explained by the guide; and then we explored the halls just outside, looking curiously into the Member's Retiring Room as we went, noting also the busy flitting about of the pages, the numerous pictures of former speakers of the House adorning the walls, and the general air of comfort which pervaded all. Had we not been aware that men go to Congress chiefly because they can have there a good easy time of it, sans hurry, sans worry, and with no need of rendering any account for the deeds done in the body in this particular place, we should have guessed as much after this visit, and that of Monday morning—but I anticipate! That, as Kipling says, is another story. The other rooms which we visited sorely tempt us to description, but space will not allow more than mere mention, at least in most cases. The Senate Chamber and the Supreme Court Room were, of course, chief among them, for these and the Halls of Representatives are the central attractions of the building, the nucleus, round which the others have gathered. The former is in arrangement not unlike the House; the latter suggests severe dignity, inflexible system, and (shall I confess it?) a possibility of dryness and dulness that might lead one not passionately fond of legal tangles, to sleep aloud some day, to his own confusion. Besides these august halls of assembly we saw committee rooms, the senate rooms, public reception room, the "Marble Room," the rooms devoted to the use of the President and Vice-President respectively, and, though last named, by no means least interesting, those accommodating, or rather failing to accommodate, the Congressional Library. When the new library building is finished these books, it is hoped, will find therein a more fitting lodgment than here, where they are stacked up as high as the ceiling, and overflow upon the floor in streams and pools and ponds of literature,—books bound and unbound, trim and slovenly, new and old, polyglot in character, cosmopolite in nature and appearance—a wild chaos of printed matter. From the windows of the library we had a fine view of the city, with its long, regularly diverging avenues stretching out into the distance, like fingers seeking to grasp the elusive old Potomac rolling lazily along out there in the

yellow sunshine. As we traversed hall, chamber and staircase in the Capitol, we found everywhere pictures of scenes or persons that have become to us a national possession, a source of pride and inspiration. The Crawford bronze door, too, we saw and admired. Here the scenes are drawn from the history of the Republic, and even these, stubborn as is their material, bear, like the marble mantel at Mount Vernon, defacing marks of the relic-hunter's destroying fingers. If Plato refused to admit the poet into his ideal republic, what do you suppose he'd have done with the man possessed of this devil of vandalism, the insane desire of fragmentary mementoes of famous persons and places. Poor Plato! I think he'd hardly have known where to place this nondescript. Suppose Alcestis to have been such; would she, think you, have brought away from that dim land of shades a wisp of hair from Cerberus's shaggy sides, or a chip from Charon's oar.

The Treasury was of absorbing interest—in *parts*—but we hied us with undignified haste along its corridors, endeavoring to keep within sight of the gentleman to whom fate had assigned the task of conducting our party, with some fifty others, about the building. He was certainly the most rapid talker I ever heard, Phillips Brooks not excepted—a perfect verbal Gatling gun. In one room we were graciously allowed to cast our unworthy eyes for a brief space of time upon a small package of stamped paper, which the genial Argus who was guarding the treasure cheerfully informed us was valued at \$4,000,000. When we had recovered from the temporary insensibility to which this statement reduced us, we took up the burden of life again, and trotted on after our valuable guide to the rooms where the notes received from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing are counted, stamped with the red seal of the Treasury, cut, and recounted, and this last with a rapidity that savored of magic. The huge vaults with their boxed-up treasures of almighty dollars afforded food for the imagination, but were not otherwise very interesting, except for those curious time-locks by which the massive doors are secured, and the somewhat gloomy interest always attaching to places so strongly and solidly built as to suggest the prison or the fortress. We had, too, a look at the big macerators wherein the paper money returned to

the Treasury for redemption is reduced to unrecognizable pulp, to enter a new stage of usefulness in the world. Then we went, and we were not sorry to get out under the blue sky again, and to take once more a draught of air unspoiled by heat and human creatures' breathing.

The State, War and Navy Department next engaged our attention. Here were various martial equipments and appliances, models of ships, ammunition wagons, gun carriages, different styles of uniforms; also things of historic interest,—old documents, books, gifts to the government from foreign nations, articles once in the possession and use of the fathers of the nation,—and many, many interesting things.

By this time our appetites were as sign-boards pointing us hotel-wards, whither we went, and thankfully broke our fast.

Then, off to the White House we posted, where for some time we waited in the big East Room curiously watching the gathering crowd till the hour set for Mr. Cleveland's reception. Presently a little bustling stir among the people told us what our eyes could not—that the President was receiving those whose curiosity or friendly feeling for him had led them to desire that honor at his hands. He looked tired and worn, and although he smiled as serenely and bowed as politely to the last one whose hand he took as to the first, yet I think that by the time he had thus greeted the twenty-two hundred people who, they told us, passed through the doors that afternoon, he must have felt inexpressibly weary, and have been glad when the ceremony was over. Our party, thanks to Mr. Shepherd, were allowed the privilege of passing through the other rooms on the first floor, after the reception was over. We were glad to see in reality the Green, Red, and Blue Parlors, so long familiar to us in engraving and photograph, and in newspaper report of the White House "functions." To our delight we saw the three children out for their airing on the grounds in the rear of the house (I had almost said "back-yard"), and enjoying themselves quite after the manner of ordinary children who have no Executive Mansion in which to dwell, and cannot boast of a President papa.

After this came a pleasant carriage ride to Arlington. All that was pretty or otherwise attractive on the way thither must be passed over,

that I may say even a little word about this beautiful place. It is now the national cemetery, and made even sadder than it would otherwise be by the long parallel rows of stones marking the resting-places of those 16,000 brave fellows who gave their lives for the country. Sadder, I said, than it would otherwise have been; for to me it is always unspeakably sad to see a noble estate, such as this Arlington, long in possession of one family, and dear as heart's blood to its members, passed forever out of their possession into the hands of strangers, perhaps even of those whom they count their enemies,—the house, once glad and gay with happy life, untenanted; rooms carpetless, and bare of furniture; pictures, books, ornaments of all sorts, gone, all gone—only the empty shell left of what was once one of the loveliest homes in all this lovely land. I'm afraid that as I stood there beside those tall and massive Doric columns that adorn in majestic simplicity the front of that beautiful old house, and looked out over the pretty slope that stretches its grassy length down to the lapping waves of the quiet Potomac, I forgot for a time my country's peril in the days gone by; and, thinking only of this violated heart-shrine, so precious to those who once lived here, grew sad, even to tears, in sympathizing sorrow for General Lee and his gentle wife, Mary, to whom this lovely spot was once that sacrest of places—*home*. Its quiet is now the quiet of death; the winds go mourning among its stately trees, which whisper together grievously tales of the days that were, of home love, of childish sports and laughter, daily doings of the happy ones who dwelt there, of gatherings of stately men and women—ah, the days of yore! I was glad to go to Arlington, but gladder still to leave it, that I might get out among the living once more, and forget those days of storm and stress.

That evening we saw Ada Rehan in "Taming of the Shrew." She was admirable as "Kate the curst;" her expressions of temper were so delightfully vixenish that I still laugh over them.

On Sunday, as in duty bound, we rested and went to church,—or went to church and rested, just as you please. The President's church was too crowded,—only one or two of us gained entrance. Once in, the services were not strikingly unlike Easter services in other parts of the country,—so they told me.

Monday morning was packed full, but half the afternoon was left unoccupied, so that those who desired might go find "Huyler's," or any other shops that might prove more alluring.

In the morning, then, we visited the Patent Office, seeing more curious models of machines than we understood the meaning of; sat for an hour or so listening to the gentle and courteous speeches and watching the devious ways of congressmen; visited the Dead Letter Office, where we saw some of the queerest mail matter you could imagine; and took a look at the Pension Building, where the Inauguration Balls are held, and where we found a soldierly-looking old gentleman who claims to be a direct descendant of General Washington's. We bought of him a few little souvenirs, among them his photograph.

In the afternoon we visited the Corcoran Art Gallery to see those fine bronzes there, casts of statuary, and other art objects. This done we separated, each taking her own fancy as guide for the rest of the day. My companion and I strolled off towards the White House, observing as we went that the pavements were decorated with multicolored bits of broken eggshell. The usual Easter egg-rolling had been postponed on account of the wetness of the grass, for it had rained in the morning; but the people were not to be baffled, and when they found no access to the place where the little folks usually play this game, they coolly, with the American disregard of private rights, took possession of the front lawn,—a motley crowd of white and colored, with a plentiful sprinkling of babies. The ground here was, however, too level, and the grass too damp, to admit much enjoyment of egg-rolling.

We walked nearly to the monument, then back, visiting several shops en route. That evening we heard the Yale Glee, Mandoline, and Banjo Clubs make a noise, much to the satisfaction of their audience, if one may judge by the applause that followed.

On Tuesday we bade goodbye to the Capital, and on Wednesday evening, again in chilly New England, wrapped the draperies of our own dear couches about us, and lay down to pleasant dreams of the Crown of American Cities, and—the Shepherd party thither.

THE JOKE THAT FAILED.

"I SAY, JACK, I have a tremendous favor to ask of you. If you'll only help me out of the scrape I'm in, I'll bless you forever." The speaker, down on the college register as Randolph William Payne, leaned toward his friend with a most beseeching expression, which, however, was somewhat marred by the pipe he was smoking.

"What is it? I am not going to promise anything in the dark," said Jack warily, with a cautiousness born of long experience.

"Well you see the way of it is this," replied his companion. "This morning I got a note from a cousin of mine who is visiting in town, saying that she was very anxious to see the college buildings before she went home, and that she would be out to-morrow afternoon. Well, of course, I wrote back that I would be very glad to see her, and would show her about to the best of my ability. And now, what did I get a few minutes ago, but a telegram from Fred Abbott, telling me to meet him in town to-morrow without fail, to make arrangements for the I. F. A. debate. I shall have finished the business and be back here by three, but you see my cousin is coming at two, so she will have to be all alone for an hour. Do be a good fellow and help me out by meeting her and entertaining her until I come. I haven't seen her for years, as she lives somewhere in the wilds of Michigan, so I can't tell you very much about her. I heard my mother say however, that the last time she saw the girl she was quite a beauty," he added diplomatically.

Jack's interest deepened visibly. "But what will she say to your desertion of her in this manner?" he inquired doubtfully.

"Oh, I'll fix that all right. I'll write this minute and explain just how it is. I know she won't care if I tell her that I'll surely be back by three."

"Then I'll be glad to do it for you. There is nothing I like better than showing the elephant to a pretty girl," said Jack heartily, failing to note that Randolph had said nothing at all about her age.

There was a wicked twinkle in Randolph's eyes as he replied "thanks awfully, old fellow! I knew you wouldn't fail me. As I haven't a photograph of my fair relative you'll have to go up to the first person you see at the station that looks rather lost,

and ask her if her name is Betterby. Don't go and forget it now. And mind you be sure and praise me up to the skies, for I think she has a pretty good opinion of me, and I don't want you to make any breaks and spoil it all. Above all, don't let her see Jim; for if there is any thing that she particularly loathes, it's a bull-dog. Perhaps I had better shut him up in my room for safe keeping." With this the friends parted, Randolph to frame an elaborate apology to his cousin, whom he well knew to be a middle-aged woman and eccentric at that, Jack to rouse the envy of two or three dozen intimate friends by telling them of the companionship he was going to have on the morrow of a girl who had by this time grown to be "uncommonly pretty."

As the train rolled into the station on the following afternoon, Jack was on hand with a promptness somewhat foreign to his usual happy-go-lucky ways.

"How can I pick her out in all that crush," he thought with dismay as he surveyed the hurrying crowd. "Well, here goes!"—and walking up to a stylishly-gowned girl he said politely, with his best bow, "Pardon me, but is this Miss Betterby?"

"No it is not," she said with a freezing look, then turned away without deigning to listen to his profuse apologies.

Jack beat a hasty retreat, feeling as if cold water had been thrown over him.

"What a fool I was to get mixed up in this thing anyway," he said angrily to himself. "Might have known I never could tell her. I rather think I'll let her find me, after that."

He had barely arrived at this wise decision, when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder and turning quickly found himself face to face with a woman somewhat above the ordinary height, and of most virago-like aspect.

"Be you the boy that my relation Randolph William Payne said would be here to meet me?" she demanded in exasperated tones loud enough to attract the attention of every one.

"Yes," replied Jack, too astonished even to resent the indignity of being called a "boy."

"Well for pity's sake, where have you been? Here I have hunted the station over three times, and couldn't find hide nor hair of you. No, I don't want to hear no excuses! We had better be settin'

out, without wasting any more time." Giving him no chance to reply, she swept wrathfully from the station and up the street; Jack, after a moment's hesitation, following meekly behind in a sort of trance.

"How could Ran have made such a mistake," he thought to himself in a state of utter bewilderment. "Poor old chap won't he be disappointed. Thank Heaven I have only an hour of it."

As they drew near to the college grounds, Miss Betterby turned abruptly and said, "First of all I want to see Randolph William's room."

"I—I think that it is locked," stammered Jack in dismay, thinking of Jim, not to mention sundry decorations in the room which would please Miss Betterby even less.

"Well I guess we'll go and see anyway," she replied, viewing his evident embarrassment with suspicion.

So, most reluctantly, Jack was compelled to lead the way, picturing to himself the thanks Randolph would give him when he found it out.

"Why the door isn't locked, after all," he said, affecting surprise as he threw it open.

A sarcastic smile crossed Miss Betterby's face, but before she could reply she was almost knocked down by a white object which flew past her and down the stairs like a meteor.

"Good gracious! what was that?" she exclaimed as soon as she could collect her scattered senses.

"Only Randolph's dog," said Jack apologetically.

Miss Betterby said nothing, but there was a grim look on her face which deepened as she took a rapid survey of the room. Randolph had entertained a few choice spirits at a little supper the night before and had had no time to put things to rights, so the place was just as they had left it. Chairs were overturned, cigar ashes, cards and poker chips were strewn over the floor, and on a table in the middle of the room still stood the remains of a feast over which Bacchus seemed to have been the presiding deity.

It was even worse than Jack had imagined, but he tried to carry it off by saying carelessly, "Randolph is always being bothered by the fellows using his room for their spreads; it is larger than most of the others. They really ought to clear it up when

they go, though. Doesen't he have a fine view from this window?"

But Miss Betterby was not to be deceived.

"Young man," said she severely, ignoring the last remark entirely, "don't go to work and perjure yourself any further on my graceless relative's account. I guess we will go down and set in the park until he comes. I don't care about seeing anything more, and I have a few things to say to him."

Ten minutes later found them sitting side by side on a bench in the park, a couple oddly enough assorted, Miss Betterby bolt upright with an air of stern determination, Jack lounging back with a gloomy frown on his handsome face.

As they waited in silence for the hour to pass, it suddenly dawned upon the latter that perhaps Randolph had known his cousin better than he said, and that his absence was premeditated. His face flushed with anger and his first impulse was to make an abrupt departure. Then he thought of the lecture that was in store for his friend and brightened up.

"Jove! I guess we'll come out of this pretty even after all," he said to himself. "I'll stay and see the end."

A few minutes later Randolph came up the street in high feather at the success of his base desertion. But his elation was doomed to be short-lived for at the first sight of Miss Betterby's countenance, he knew that something was wrong. Before he could say a word his cousin "opened fire." He never cared to allude to the scene that followed. The raking-over she gave him was so bitter and caustic that it might have put Xanthippe herself to shame. Finally, after what seemed to Randolph a small eternity, she concluded with one sweeping anathema and took her indignant way to the station, refusing all further escort.

The two boys looked blankly after her as she disappeared around the corner, then with one accord burst into uncontrollable peals of laughter.

"I say, Jack," said Randolph as soon as he could control his voice, "don't give this away, or I'll never hear the last of it. I know I've given you a pretty disagreeable hour but this more than evens it up. My! but how she did haul me over the coals! Let's shake hands and call it squared."

Jack could not resist this touching appeal, so they solemnly shook hands and agreed to consign the affair to the profoundest depths of oblivion.

That night there was another supper in Randolph's room.

"Given in honor," he gravely announced, "of the never-to-be-forgotten visit made by my admirable cousin to these classic walls. Here's to Miss Betterby!"

H. DE L.

A GLIMPSE OF PARIS,

IT IS Confirmation Sunday in the great cathedral of Notre Dame. The little group of white-robed girls brightens up the dark interior; more gloomy than usual because of the rain outside. The scattered congregation straggle in, past the old man dispensing holy water, and take their places in the body of the church before the high altar. A few visitors who have been looking at the beautiful windows and rich carving, hardly discernible on the dark arches, are moved to participate in the service by the mystic grandeur of the music and the solemn service, conducted by the richly-robed priests. The faces of the men and women of the congregation stand out like rough charcoal—sketches in an artist's sketch-book, imperfect, but vivid in their impression. One bent old woman, in peasant-dress, and with a hard, brown face, comes back to me clearly, even now. I sat next her on the woman's side of the aisle, shaking with dread lest she prove to be one of those wierd women Dickens has told us about. While the people knelt, the stately procession of priests closed the service, just as a long ray of sunlight broke through the gloom, lighting up the head of the Christ set in the magnificent window.

Solemn and quiet as the cathedral worshipers have thus far been, they are now vivacious and smiling as they cross the worn threshold, taking their various ways to cafés, the river, the teams, or to their homes. The warm May sun makes the dark Seine sparkle between its green banks. The ferry-boats plying up and down are laden with working-men in blouses, bare-headed women, soldiers and children. Not many of the latter are ever to be seen in Paris. The babies of the rich

are pale and dark, looking very helpless even at two or three. The nurse, in most wonderful and elaborate costume, is so watchful of her precious charge that an active girl longs to catch the little one from her, and then run the full length of the garden before the Hotel des Invalides, to bring, if possible, some look of life to the puny frame.

It is very easy to imagine that the worn, battered men in uniform, who also sun themselves before this home for the men who have served their country in war, are the very men whom Napoleon led to so many victories. To realize the love the French bore him and the veneration they yet have for him, it is but necessary to stand under the great, blue dome which casts its soft light over his tomb. Here come every day numbers of men and women to gaze at the inscription and to offer a prayer in the little chapel hung with tattered banners, for the soul of this man whose name has become a synonym for ambition.

One can but admire that master mind when one recalls that those long, broad streets are the result of his thought. To be sure, he cared only that it gave him a better range for his guns with which to slaughter the maddened people. Yet, though the motive was unworthy, the result is good. Miles of trees extend even to Versailles, on each side of the smooth pavement always thronged with carriages in pleasant afternoons. The beautiful gardens of the Tuilleries, through which are scattered great beds of forget-me-nots, blue as the sky above them, and once the scene of war and carnage are now peaceful and gay. The stately city, from the site of the Bastille to Versailles, is at peace and the people, long oppressed, now have found their true place and work, and it is they who govern the fair state of France.

GERTRUDE TAGGART.

A MORNING TRAGEDY.

"Oh sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."

DONG-DONG-DONG, comes the sweet warbling notes of the rising gong, as they echo and re-echo through the corridors, at six forty-five in the morning.

A mass of hair and a sour-looking visage, emerges from the quilts, and with the expressive words, "A

plague upon that gong," the owner of these charming possessions drowsily turns over to take the additional forty winks usually indulged in on such occasions.

A short time afterwards, the hands of the clock pointing then to seven twenty, a few wild remarks are heard concerning the swift flight of time. Again the head emerges, and a minute later a graceful form reluctantly extricates itself from the bed-clothing. Keen appreciation of the value of the swiftly passing time now takes possession of the fair one, and she accordingly dresses with accelerating speed. The break-neck pace causes her to become so insufferably warm that she loses all control of her usually tractable and gentle wardrobe; shoe strings break and the buttons fly in every direction, and still she rushes on in her mad race against time. She plunges headlong into her garments, bathes her face and hands with frightful celerity, leaves the water standing in the bowl, the bowl on the floor, the dresser decked with ties, cuffs, collars, and belts, and the floor strewn with dresses and waists.

She makes a few mesmeric passes at her hair, trying alas! vainly, to subdue the refractory locks, and at last rushes out the door, still endeavoring to clasp her belt and adjust her tie. She flies with lightning speed down the stairs and breathless and perspiring reaches the dining-room, only to face—a closing door. "Foiled!" she hisses, between her clenched teeth.

I. M. D. '97.

THE TONGUE'S STOREHOUSE.

WHAT A comfort it is to meet a person whose words inspire you! Such people seem to be as heaven-sent guides, and uplift and help even when they are conversing on ordinary themes, without any idea of giving counsel to the hearer. Have you ever thought, when talking with such a man, what was the real source of his words?

I am afraid that many of us do not realize what is the *true* source of all our conversation; and this to me seems the reason why we fail so completely, when trying to pattern after some one whose words and remarks we especially admire. Did we but know the true source, we should find it much easier to improve ourselves.

Where shall we find this, you ask me. I can give you no better answer than the words of an old Arab sage:—

"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

Do we realize this when we talk, as is often the case, merely to fill up a pause in the conversation, and not because we have something to say that will be of benefit to those about us? The man whose heart is pure, is the man whose conversation is such that each time he speaks you feel as if he had helped you to a better life, to nobler ideas.

If our conversation is at fault our heart is to blame, and if we would improve the one we must look well to the other. This can be done only by watchfulness. We must take heed to what we say. If we were to consider first the probable effect of what we are about to say, we should many times remain silent, recognizing the grave truth which some one puts thus:—

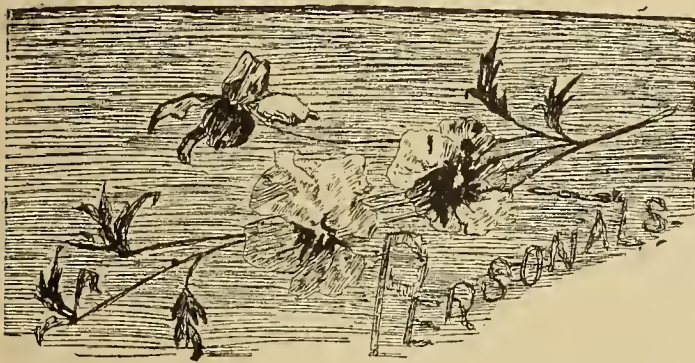
"Thou art master of thy unspoken word;
Thy spoken word is master of thee."

Could we but realize the full force of this, we would often sit quietly in our course with only Thought for company. This is not necessarily to be lonely; for thought may be, yes, and should be, the best of company, and if we would only spend more time alone with our thoughts, we should find, when we do join in the conversation of our friends, less cause to regret what we say, or to wish, as we often do now, that some vexing word or sentence had remained unspoken.

One of the worst habits that we can fall into, and one of the first that ought to be corrected, is the habitual use of slang. In the age in which we live, slang has become the current coin of thoughtless minds and too frequently of those that are not thoughtless, but simply too indolent to take a little pains to speak as they should; so much is this so that it often seems hard to talk more than a few minutes without the aid of this makeshift, and since these "blank cheeks of intellectual bankruptcy" are used so freely by people in general, it is not surprising that we should sometimes employ them unconsciously. No person of taste and refinement admires slang, I am sure; yet there are so many slang phrases in vogue now-a-days, that the ear becomes trained to the sound of them almost before we know it, and the tongue follows suit.

Now to purify the speech one needs to purify its

well-spring, the heart, to seek after whatever will elevate our tastes, refine and soften our natures, uplift and enoble our ideals; and for this work no time is so fit and so sure of reward as the time of youth. If we endeavor thus to make better the heart, the matter of conversation will correct itself, and before long it will not be necessary for us to stop to think whether what we want to give to others ought to be spoken or left unsaid. In this as in so many other cases, "habit is a cable; we weave a thread each day, until it becomes so strong we cannot break it."



THE LASELL CLUB of Philadelphia has deferred its luncheon till the fall, owing to the absence of several of its officers.

SUSANNE BAKER sends a box of pretty wild flowers from the "Sunny South" to Miss Carpenter, and with the gift a pleasant letter telling of her own good health and spirits, and of her enjoyment of her work this year. She has a good position in Albemarle, North Carolina.

CARRIE JOHNSON MILLER sends word of the arrival of a small daughter, Philadelphia Borden Miller, born April 17th. Our congratulations.

EUGENIA HART, here in '89, called to see us the other day. She had been visiting Miss Coleman, sister of Lila.

MRS. FULLER MERRIAM also called, and with her Mrs. Arnold who was at Lasell some years ago.

THE ALBUM has this month been enriched by the photographs of three very bright and wide-awake looking "grandchildren": William King Collins, the little two and a half year-old son of Anna King Collins; Thomas Peabody Hall, Nan Peabody Hall's baby boy of sixteen months; and Walter

Couts Anderson, who has arrived at the dignity of three years, and calls Leah Coutts Anderson ('89) "mamma." We welcome these little fellows, and thank their thoughtful mothers for the pictures.

WORD COMES from Lottie Snell (class of '82), now Mrs. George Simms, of the birth of a little daughter, Elizabeth Helen Simms, April 12th. Congratulations upon the happy event.

On Palm Sunday morning, in the American Episcopal church in Piazza del Carmine, Mrs. Mary Towle Davis of Boston, [mother of our Elizabeth Davis] sang by special request, the beautiful aria "He was despised, and rejected," from Handel's oratorio of the *Messiah*. The aria was rendered with fine taste and intonation, and showed to advantage the sympathetic quality of the lady's well-cultivated mezzo-soprano voice. Those who had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Davis' intelligent interpretation of this most beautiful aria will not soon forget it. It is to be hoped that in the future we may hear her more frequently. She was accompanied by the well-known and popular pianist Signora Golini.

—The Italian Gazette.

CALENDAR.

- May 7.—Lawn Fete.
- May 9.—Lecture by Dr. Steele.
- May 11.—Excursion to Plymouth.
- May 18.—Excursion to Salem.
- May 21.—Lecture by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood.
- May 25.—Drill Day.
- June 1.—Excursion to, Hunnewell's Gardens.
- June 4.—Commencement Concert.
- June 7.—Baccalaureate Sermon.
- June 8.—Class Night.
- June 9.—Senior Reception.
- June 10.—Commencement Day.

THE WESLEYAN Literary Monthly is a pleasing periodical in every respect. The attention is at once attracted by the cover, which is unusually artistic in design; and upon looking within we are yet more pleased with the contents, for the articles are always of the best.

THE DICKENSON Union for April contains a well written article entitled: "A Peculiar Writer in a Peculiar Place," and treats of the peculiarities of Jerome K. Jerome's style.

SIGNIFICANCE OF NAMES.

IN THIS busy bustling world the little things are sometimes over-looked in the contemplation of the greater ones. And some of these so-called little things are found to be of great interest and real value when we do turn our attention to them.

One who is especially interested in a subject, of whatever kind it be, never thinks of dropping it until every point is studied out and stored away. Not so, however, with the general student, who attempts to gain knowledge of the main points only.

History and Geography are studies which present a broad field for careful research and deep thought. Closely connected with these studies is that of nomenclature, and one can hardly find a more interesting study than is the significance of the names of countries, towns, mountains, rivers and seas, a significance often hidden from us except we make particular inquiry into it, and this, too, though these objects are well known to us, and are frequently the topic of conversation.

Among the thousands which might be given, I choose a few, merely as samples of what the study of this subject will bring to us.

Our own beloved land furnishes us with innumerable instances of this hidden lore contained in geographical names. Our history is written large all over the country in the names of our towns and cities, our counties and states, rivers, mountains and lakes. Closely linked with it, and easy of connection, is the history of other lands, whence came the hardy men and brave women who first called America by that sweetest of all sweet names, *home*. Jamestown, Virginia, has its little tale to tell of the first James who swayed England's sceptre, that "obstinate, pedantic, mean looking, ungainly, slovenly drinker of wine and slave of favorites, who called himself a king." Macaulay says of him that he was "made up of two men—a witty, well-read scholar, who wrote, disputed, and harangued; and a nervous, drivelling idiot, who acted." And Sully called him "The wisest fool in Europe." Our history, no less than England's own, forever embalms his memory; it shall not pass till the tale of those days of want and privation and sad mismanagement in the wild Virginia of that time is forgotten.

Our Boston, which some one has called the "Athens of America," is but the namesake of a little Lincolnshire town, which in its turn takes us back to old Anglo-Saxon times, and chronicles the love and esteem of the people of that place and those days for the pious and kindly old monk who was known to them as St. Botolph. The town became known as St. Botolph's town, a name which the common tongue, ever prone to save itself needless trouble in pronunciation, has finally contracted to Boston.

The connection of the name of Virginia, one of the loveliest and proudest states of the old thirteen, is too well known to be dwelt upon; but it is as a bright link in the historic chain binding us to the stirring times of "Great Elizabeth," and giving us a share in the unparalleled glories of her reign.

In California's name we have a reminder of that old Spanish romance, "The Exploits of Esplandian," popular among Spanish readers at the time of this promising infant's christening. This story told of a marvellous island, California, where abounded gold and precious stones; and so great were the hopes of riches from the strange new land that no name seemed so fit to bestow upon it as that of the fabled island of treasure described in the romance.

To one who is familiar with the significance of the names of our several states, the name Nevada, "The Snowy," gives the key to the landscape beauties of that noble state; while in "Sierra Nevada," the title given the lordly range of mountains dominating her western confines, we have a yet more clearly defined picture. Sierra means *a saw*; Nevada, *snowy*; and by the union of the two is brought vividly before the mental eye the sharp peaks, snow-crowned, thrust boldly upward into the clear blue of Nevada's sky.

If we cross the ocean to other lands than ours, we find names just as interesting, and just as full of historic suggestion and of picturesque beauty. "England" reveals the identity of its early piratical invaders, and "France" brings before us the broad-chested, long-haired, blue-eyed, invincible Franks, who made that sunny land their own by force of arms and personal prowess. The latter, too, affords an instance of the effacement of one name of a country to make way for another, for our "France" was, as we all know, Cæsar's "Gallia,"

Gaul, itself another record of the occupancy of the land.

With this we close, but reluctantly ; for we have but barely skirted this vast territory of interesting matter for the student, having indeed neither time nor space now to "go up into the land to possess it."

CON.

LOCALS.

THURSDAY EVENING, April sixteenth, Mrs. Osgood of Portland, Me., gave us a very interesting talk on Parliamentary Laws. Before the lecture, one passing by the groups of girls in the halls might have heard the oft-repeated question, "What is Parliamentary Law?" Some of the answers were very amusing: one young lady, with evident intent to mislead her confiding hearers, was heard to say, "I think, girls, that the lecture will be a discourse on the manner of earing for children." There was not, in all probability, much haziness of mind on the subject, however, and what there was, was soon dispelled by the clear and concise statements and explanations of the lecturer. The talk was one of real value and passing interest. After the lecture proper, Mrs. Osgood proceeded to give us an object lesson on the way in which to organize a meeting called for any particular purpose. We were told to select a chairman and a secretary, and were shown how to get the meeting into working order, thus putting into practice the rules just given. When our chairman had been selected and escorted to the chair, we carried on an animated discussion on what the name of the club should be, and upon the qualifications requisite for membership. The discussion was spirited and fast becoming absorbing, when the motion for adjournment was made and carried.

THURSDAY EVENING, April twenty-third, a song recital was given by Miss Villa Whitney White. To say that we enjoyed it does not half express the pleasure we received from the rare treat. Her selections which were mostly songs of Spring, were sung both in English and in German, the latter always translated before rendered. After the program was finished, the vocal and instrumental pupils were invited to meet Miss Whitney in the parlor, where tea and chocolate were served.

MONDAY EVENING, April twenty-seventh, the pupils of Messrs. Hills and Goldstein gave us a

most delightful entertainment. They were assisted by Mr. Abloescher and Mr. Ruppel, both of whom added greatly to the charm of the music and to the delight of the listeners.

THURSDAY EVENING, April thirtieth, Miss Hawes talked to us on the "Mysteries of Harmony," illustrating parts of her lecture by music, of which the notable features were songs by Miss Gertrude Cushing, of Boston, and the Misses Cadmus and Hockmon. Miss Hawes closed the lecture with a touching story of a mountaineer's violin, after which there was a song by the Lasell quartette.

At the close of the lecture Dr. Storer, of Boston, with his harmonigraph, showed and explained to us the curve and relationship between two sounds.

MONDAY, MAY fourth, the Senior class presented the play, "Love's Labour's Lost, in which the talent existing in this to-be illustrious class was made too evident to admit any question, and the smiling faces of the spectators gave unmistakable signs of their pleasure in the entertainment received. At the close of the play a large bunch of pink roses tied with satin ribbon of the same hue, was presented to the amateur actresses by the Juniors, a gift which the president of the Senior class acknowledged directly in a short speech of thanks.

The cast was as follows:

Ferdinand, King of Navarre,	Miss Kelly.
Biron,	Miss E. Wilson.
Longaville,	Miss Chandler.
Dumain,	Miss Cushing.
Bayet, Lord attending on Princess,	Miss Ampt.
Moth,	Miss Ellison.
Princess of France,	Miss Sawin.
Rosaline,	Miss Ray.
Maria,	Miss Hibberd.
Katherine,	Miss Hohman.

MR. BRAGDON RETURNS.

To our great delight and no little surprise, Mr. Bragdon, whom we were not expecting until the twentieth, returned to Lasell on the fifteenth. Mrs. Bragdon came with him, but Miss Bragdon is visiting friends, and will not be home for some time yet.

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

OF ALL my possessions my picture gallery is one of the most precious. It is built with all sorts of queer works and corners; some bright and cheery, flooded with warm sunlight; some dispiritingly cold and grey; some black and thundrous looking; some lit by an even tempered light suggesting peace and quiet; some flooded with the light of mellow moonshine.

And what are the pictures that hang on the walls? Here is one representing three small maidens grouped about their mother's knee, as she reads aloud to them from a big "Pilgrims' Progress." Their serious, intent faces are upturned to hers as she endeavors to suit the words to their small comprehensions, and a Sunday peacefulness reigns over the little group.

Here is a water scene,—dark blue waves are dimpling and flashing, showing the foamy white "sea-horses" now and then, and reflecting the sunlight with a dazzling effect; while the woods coming down to the very shores, make with their sombre green a fit setting for the brilliant dancing waters. No signs of life are to be seen except a solitary sail far away on the horizon where sky and water seem to meet. The warmth of tone, the beautiful coloring, makes one linger long over this picture.

Here is one dark and sad. An old man sits alone by the light of a dying fire, gazing mournfully into it with eyes that see not. Across the hearth stands an empty chair, with slippers and knitting work ready, as if waiting for the occupant. But their owner will never come again: the old man sits there desolate.

We turn with relief to another picture,—that of a merry party grouped on a cozy veranda, under the mellow radiance of a harvest moon. With dainty dresses gleaming, guitars and mandolins tinkling, with sparkling talk and chiming laughter, they present as animated a scene as can be imagined.

Here is still another. This represents a family group gathered around the evening lamp, the father with his newspaper, the mother with her sewing and the children reading or playing quietly in the corner,—all there; all happy and contented. As one looks on from the toil and care of the busy world, this little scene has an inexpressible charm.

These are only a few of the countless pictures on the walls, for the gallery is my memory, and all my life. I have been accumulating them, many having been painted by myself. What a mine of wealth are some, a source of infinite pleasure; and others,—how jarring, how disagreeable, how full of all regret!

We are all painting memory pictures. Let us remember that they will never fade but will remain before us constantly all our lives, reflecting the past as minutely as a mirror, and endeavor to have as many as possible bright, not dull, beautiful not faulty, inspiring not weak. As Mark Twain puts it,—“let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.”

LASELL LUNCHEON.

The following paragraph from one of the New York papers, concerning the last luncheon of the New York Lasell Club is of interest.

This club now includes in its membership Lasell girls, not only from New York state, but also from New Jersey and western Connecticut:

“The annual luncheon of the Lasell Club formed of the New York alumnae of Lasell Seminary at Auburndale, Mass., was held at Sherry's on Saturday afternoon, and proved thoroughly delightful in every sense of the word. The decorations were in pink, great bowls of La France roses and pink-shaded candelabra adorning the tables. Delicate music was furnished throughout the luncheon by a violin, mandolin and 'cello, which inspired, without drowning, conversation.

Three very bright toasts were passed, the first being “The Lady from Philadelphia,” given by Mrs. Edward P. Call, ex-president of the club. The second toast was “Mother Lasell's Daughters,” by Mrs. Gertrude Eastman Perkins, and the third was “The New Woman,” Mrs. Lee Phillips. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Isaac Milbank, the vice-president, who officiated in the absence of Miss Louise C. Huray, president; Miss Cora Cogswell, secretary; Miss Annie Gwinnell, treasurer; Miss E. T. Carpenter, Miss Grace E. Huntington, Mrs. James E. Fitch, Mrs. M. K. Perkins, Miss Florence Hunsberger, Mrs. Julius Gadsden, Miss Spellmeyer, Miss Myton, Miss Daisy Fischer, Miss Winifred Conlin, Mrs. Norton Wilson, Miss Ostrander, Miss Sue J. Brown, Mrs. W. F. Etherington, Mrs. H. A. Bourne.”

THE PRIZE CONTEST.

THE PRIZES offered by the Lasell Publishing Association for the three best original stories, have been awarded as follows :

The first prize, \$15, to Miss Helen De Long of Glens Falls, N. Y.

The second prize, \$10, to Miss Susan B. Hayward of Uxbridge, Mass.

The third prize, \$5, to Miss Florence Wilder of New York.

Louise Imogen Guiney, the well known poet, acted as judge.

CARD OF THANKS.

The members of the Publishing Association wish to express their sincere thanks to Miss Blaisdell for her kindly aid in securing a competent and disinterested critic to judge the relative merits of the prize stories submitted to the LEAVES, in answer to the offer of last December ; and for her sympathetic interest in the plan since its inception.

THESE HAVE been favored with calls from members of their families:

Misses Carter, Cushing, Pierson, Ampt, Avery, Merriam, Hancock, Lovell, Ray, M. Davis.

Former Pupils : Mrs. Bernard F. Merriam (Lillie G. Fuller), Misses Edith Brodbeck, Nellie Briggs, Bessie L. Smith, Eugenie Hart.

"Hush! little Freshman,
Don't you cry,
You'll be a Senior
By and by."

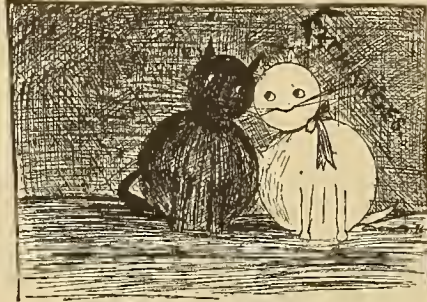
—*The Student's Review.*

MARRIED.

Annette Vance McDonald ('88) to Marvin Middleton Davis, on Wednesday, May 6th, at St. Joseph, Missouri.

ADDRESS.

Mrs. Chas. W. Holden (Elizabeth Eddy), 313 High St., Pawtucket, Mass.



THE FOLLOWING new exchanges have been received during the last month :—

"Union School Quarterly," Glens Falls, N. Y.; "Essex School Journal," Lawrence, Mass.; "The Lever," Skowhegan, Me.; "Concordiensis," Schenectady, N. Y.; "The Jabberwock," Boston, Mass.; "Colorado School Journal," Denver, Colorado; "The Tattler," Port Huron, Mich.; "The Drawbridge," Tarrytown, N. Y.; "Vermont Academy Life," Saxon's River, Vt.; "Philalethean," Meyertown, Pa.; and "High School Herald," Westfield, Mass.

DRIFTWOOD.

Our lives are bits of driftwood
That float on a boundless sea,
Where the wild waves dash forever,
And calm can never be.

And the currents of the ocean,
Alas, we cannot know;
Or whence the driftwood started,
Or whither it will go.

Sometimes there is a haven
Along some island shore,
Where the driftwood finds a shelter,
And is dashed and tossed no more.

And often the bit of driftwood
Meets others upon the sea,
And they float as one a moment,
Then part for eternity.

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

Home—What is it?

A prize was offered recently by London Tit-Bits for the best answer to the question, "What Is Home?" Here are a few of the answers which were received:

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

A golden setting, in which the brightest jewel is mother.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of humanity are hidden under a mantle of charity.

The place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

NIGHT TIDES.

Over the bar at eventide,
Over the bar where the breakers roar,
The flood tide sweeps with wind-tossed surge,
Bending away to the distant shore.

Gently the first wave sweeps the sands,
Murmuring soft o'er the winding lea
Its slumber song to the listening shore,
A slow and tremulous melody.

Strange the voice of the harbor bar:
Dull the sound of moon white deep,
Dreamy the rock pines whisper low
Tales of the distant land of sleep.

—Yale Lit.

A professor of systematic divinity being unable to hear his class, the following notice was given: "The professor, being ill, requests me to say the seniors can keep on through purgatory, and the middle class continue the descent into hell, until further notice from the professor."—*Ex.*

While Moses was not a college man,
And never played football,
In rushes he was said to be
The first one of them all.—*Ex.*

Two hundred and nineteen courses are offered in the liberal arts and sciences at Harvard. President Eliot has calculated that it would take forty-four years to complete the whole number.—*Ex.*

The Freshman comes quite early
For 'tis new to him, you know,
The Sophomore gets used to it
And he's a little slow.
The Junior oft is tardy
And gets scolded and abused.
But that stunning senior fellow,
Ah! he just gets excused.

Her smile was most bewitching,
As beside him down she sat,
And she made a great impression,
But she made it on his hat.—*Classic.*

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream
If you tackle green cucumbers,
And top it off with cold ice cream,
You will find out in your slumbers
Life is not an empty dream.

A Senior's Lament.

Life is a grind
And work is a flunk;
You think and you think,
And you get nothing thunk.—*Ex.*

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Apricots Ovals, Jujube Bonbons,
Pineapple Glace, Smooth Almonds,
Assorted Glaces, Buttercups, Caramels,
Salted Almonds, Marshmallows,
Assorted Chocolates,
French Fruits, Assorted Twists,
Old-Fashioned Molasses Candy,
Molasses Creoles,
Cream Bonbons, Nougatines.

AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

She steps from the steamer onto the pier,
Her neat traveling dress is *au fait*;
But the things that it covers are made to appear
By means of the magic X ray.

Notwithstanding her delicate, innocent face,
Her pockets, her boots, how they weigh!
For they're stuffed full of gloves and jewels and lace,
Brought to light by the magic X ray.
—Vassar Miscellany.

PROFESSOR—"Gentlemen, instead of the ordinary recitation this morning I will substitute a written examination. [Great excitement, two men near the door cut during the disturbance.] I am a great believer in the honor system, so I will not exercise any supervision over you. However, for convenience I will have you sit two seats apart. Although I have implicit confidence in your honor I will divide the class into two divisions, and give each alternate row a different question. You will please bring your note-books to my desk and leave them there, lest they get in your way and interfere with your writing. While the examination goes on I will stroll around the room, not for the purposes of supervision, but simply to benefit my liver. The examination will now begin."

—Yale Record.

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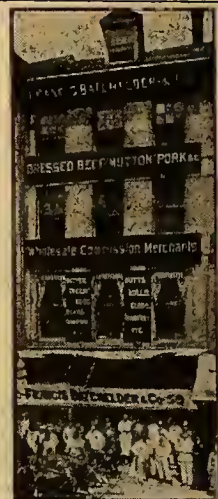
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VOLUME XXII.

LASELL SEMINARY, AUBURNDALE, MASS., JUNE, 1896.

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The Editors will be glad to receive from the students and Alumnæ any communications and items of interest to the school.

Editorial.

THE SCHOOL YEAR has passed with such swiftness that it is hard to believe that the long vacation is almost here. The time since we first assembled together in September, has been crowded with all sorts of experiences; yet, as we now look back, one busy day has trodden so swiftly on the heels of the next, that we have but a confused remembrance of bright and stormy days, recitations, assembling in chapel, shopping expeditions in Boston, excursions, and Saturday evening festivities,—all blended together in one golden vista.

What a happy, satisfactory year it has been, with studies and recreation so skilfully intermingled that in retrospect the dividing line is lost. And although there is the natural rejoicing that the end

of work has come, yet it is with sincere regret that we leave our loved school home, and the "dear, familiar faces" which have greeted us from day to day for so long. Surely, there is not one of us who will ever forget, in the years to come, the busy, happy, healthful, care-free life at Lasell.

Now, that the time for breaking up has really come, there are a thousand and one things to be done. Boxes for storage must be packed, possessions scattered around must be gathered together, farewell walks taken and visits paid, and last but by no means least, bills must be paid. The seniors, notwithstanding their vacation, seem to be the busiest of all, though of course only the chosen few know what their engrossing business is.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the com-

mencement concert. From the opening organ solo to the closing Lasell chorus, every number on the programme was admirably rendered, and taken as a whole it is agreed by all to have been one of the best concerts ever given here.

"FLORENCE."

"**L**A BELLA FIRENZE!" No wonder the Florentines are so proud of their city. There is a strange, subtle charm about her, that makes all who know her love her with a passionate, clinging love. And when away from her, one feels always a longing to return. It may be, because so many mighty memories lie behind her. The past is so close to one in Florence. The very stones have been covered with the blood of generations, and the eyes of the people have unfathomable sadness in them, although their laughter is the gayest and most musical in the world. Every line of palace and tower has in it some story of the past; every bridge, could it talk, could tell some tale of dead heroes. Perhaps Michael Angelo and Galileo have stood and talked together on Ponte Santa Trinita, with its great white statues of the seasons; perhaps it has heard some of the secrets of the Medici. How many times Bianca Cappella has crossed it! Her palace still stands just across the river, a few steps from the bridge. And then, just below, is the famous Ponte Vecchio, with its many tiny little jewelry shops. It could tell many an incident of the war between the Guelfs and Ghibellines.

As one goes through the narrow winding streets, at almost every step one sees on the walls some faintly outlined fresco, the bright colors of which have long since faded,—perhaps one of Andrea della Robbia's Madonnas,—covered over with glass, its colors as brilliant as when first painted, or some quaint curve of a bas-relief. The past is ever present with you in Florence. One can buy eggs just where Donatello bought those which fell from his apron, when he paused in wonder before the crucifix. Turn into a narrow street called Borgo Allegro and you will find it the same one in which Cimabue lived, and from which his famous picture of the "Virgin" was carried to the beautiful old church, Santa Maria Novella, with its many colored marble facade.

In this same church, behind the high altar, is one of the most beautiful stained glass windows in all Florence, and in one of the chapels wonderful paintings by Orcagna. One goes through a little narrow door, down a flight of stone steps and through a passage, the floor and sides of which are lined with tombs, to the courtyard; surrounding this courtyard, as in every old church, are the cells of the priests or monks. Besides this, is to be seen a beautiful Spanish chapel, its walls and ceilings covered with curious and interesting paintings. As you leave the church the crowds are like those that brushed against Dante and welcomed Cimabue. The same bold, fearless people, with their eyes full of dreams, eyes that look as if they, like their poet, had gazed into the heights of heaven and into the depths of hell, yet which can look with grim resolution upon war and its carnage; and every where are flowers and songs.

Now we go to the Duomo, Brunelleschi's church, near which is Giotto's tower, while just across the street stands the Baptistry, all built of different colored marbles. The interior of the Duomo is very plain. As one enters, one tries to imagine the crowd of spell-bound people, listening to the words of Savonarola, and how his words were taken up and echoed back and forth, until every niche and pillar was vibrating with sound which rolled through the vast interior like thunder.

From the Duomo, going down via Calzaioli, we come to Piazza Signoria, where Savonarola was buried. The place is now marked by a fountain; beside the Palazzo Vecchio, and very near to this, is the Loggia di Lanzi, in which, among many other noted statues, is that of Cellini's Perseus.

Passing under the arches of the Uffizi, we come once more to the River Arno. Crossing Ponte Vecchio, after walking a short distance we arrive at the Pitti Palace, once the home of the Medici, and now used in part for a picture gallery. The other part is occupied by the Prince of Naples and his royal parents, when they are in the city.

Returning a little way, we pass down Via-dei Bardi, where "Romola," George Eliot's high souled heroine, had her home, through San Niciolo Gate, up a long flight of stone steps, and then find ourselves outside the city wall, on top of a high hill, in a square called Piazzole Michael Angelo, because in the centre there is a large bronze statue of his "David."

It is sunset. And over the whole valley of the Arno, lies a faint golden mist. The river under its four bridges is silver, turning to burnished gold. The town seems to float. The spires and domes of the lovely city are bathed in amber light, which at the top shades off into faint rose color. Encircling Florence lie the mountains, taking on successively the varying hues of the sunset; flushing to scarlet, changing to violet, and finally paling to whiteness, as the sun slowly sinks, leaving behind, a faint, warm after-glow in the fragrant air. Then out of the silence rings the great Cathedral bell.

E. W. D.

IN MEMORY OF DR. PRESTON.

All who remember Dr. Grace Preston at Lasell and recall her lovely Christian character and spirit, will feel that her early death, which occurred last March, in California, had taken from earth one who blessed it while she lived, and whose prospects for noble service were full of rich promise. But God had plans for his loving and faithful children that we know not of, and she has been but "called up higher," to work for him still, in the joy of his own immediate presence. Her earthly work has been laid aside forever, but those who knew and loved her are anxious to perpetuate it in some form, and a Memorial Scholarship has been prepared by her Northampton friends, to be established at Smith College, for the benefit of deserving young women intending to enter the profession of medicine. Certainly no remembrance of her could be more beautiful and appropriate than this, and it is earnestly hoped that the plan may be carried out. Her many Lasell friends are hereby invited to contribute to the fund, in such sums as they desire. They may be sent to Miss *Louise Le Huray, Summit, New Jersey*, who will make prompt acknowledgement of everything received.

LOOK ALWAYS for the joy, the sunshine, the kindness, there is in people, and you will always find it, especially if you present to them a kindly, generous, sunshiny side yourself.—*Ex.*

LITTLE MARGOT'S OPAL.

PART I.

THE OLD Aztec town of Queretaro already lay in the shadow of its purple-crested barriers, while from the plains and table-lands to the southward the last rays of the setting sun reflected a flood of golden light.

Down the rough mountain-path tramped a tall man, so awkward and ungainly, that at first glance he seemed almost out of harmony with his beautiful surroundings; but as he paused where some opening branches revealed the sun-bathed valley below, and reverently took off his dusty slouch hat, Nature claimed him as one of her own children, giving him a fitting place there amid her glorious handiwork.

Jake Baxter was a Yankee. His earnest blue eyes and firm square jaw told that. Leaving his stony New England farm he had wandered with his rosy-cheeked wife to the West. There he had lost his small investments, and Hetty, longing for a sight of old New England hills, had wasted away, leaving him with one little girl, Margaret—"Margot" he called her. With this little one he had come to Mexico, hoping to find his fortune and hers in the rich mines about Queretaro. Thus far he had been moderately successful, and a new hopefulness and joy of living were rising within this rough, uneducated man.

As he turned from the view before him to the towering mountain-wall behind, a chance ray of sunlight fell upon a hitherto shaded part of a rock near by, and straightway there shot from it a gleam that to Jake's experienced eyes told of an unexpected gem there. The sun sank lower; but Jake heedless of its light, was on his knees chipping away the ledge. When he arose he held in his hands what seemed but a small whitish stone, but, as he happened to turn it at the right angle, again gleamed the red flame followed by a sparkle of violet and green.

"It come for the little un! Couldn't a come fer nauthin' else, bein's its' her birthday an' I hadn't nanthin' fer her but her old Daddy's kiss. It's a likely bit o' stun too, I'm a thinkin'."

Then as Jake turned the stone, watching its varying colours, he continued, "Somehow it looks

to me jest like the little un herself. See! that's the glint o' her yaller curls, an' that's the blue o' her eyes, an' her skin is jest like that bit thar whar the red shines through. 'Tis strange how the good Lord makes so many plants an' things so like to human critters. Look at the light in that air stun now! Can I be a thinkin' that the good Father who made as pretty a thing as that be, would ever let the lovelight fade out o' my Hetty's eyes, even if she be up thar 'mong the Celestials? I'll keep the stun for the little un, an' when she gets bigger I'll tell her 'bout her mother an' how her love fer us, left here on airth, glows jest like the fire in that stun."

Then Jake, looking up at the darkening heavens where one tiny star was twinkling its message from a far-away world, prayed for his little one and for the good Father's blessing on His gift.

.....

Jake, returning to his rough cabin on the outskirts of the city, found little Margot confidently nestling in the arms of a stranger, who seeing the tall figure approaching through the gathering gloom, arose, saying:

"Mr. Baxter, I believe. I beg your pardon for my intrusion, but on inquiring in the village for a guide over these mountains I was directed here. My name is John Raymond."

It is said that animals and children intuitively recognize the character of a person, and probably thinking of this, Jake replied heartily:

"Wall, stranger, so long as the little un's took ye in, her old daddy wont turn ye out. But ye might's well be a callin' me Jake. Mr. Baxter sounds sort o' unnatural somehow." "Jake it shall be, then," answered Mr. Raymond, delighted with the miner's homely cordiality. "I came to Mexico, partly to study the industries of the South, and partly for pleasure. I have been here in Queretaro the last week, studying the machinery in the Hereules Mills and visiting the places connected with your brave Maximilian and his beautiful Carlotta. I have taken a strange fancy to this quaint old city, and now I want some long tramps over the mountains. Will you take me for a comrade, Jake?"

It was then agreed that Mr. Raymond should be Jake's companion, whenever he liked, and in the

conversation that followed they naturally spoke of the precious stones found thereabouts.

"Wall yes," said Jake, answering a question on this subject. "This country air pretty middling rich in gems and sich. See here what I picked up for the little un as I was a' comin' home." And he showed the opal he had found. "What a magnificent one! Do you know Jake, it seems to me as if a human soul was somehow put into the opal. The Turks believe a flash of lightning is imprisoned there, but it seems more human than that to me. I'll pay you a good price for that, if it's for sale."

"No, no man, it's not for sale. I was a thinkin' o' that up thar in the mountain-top, an' it seem'd like the soul o' the mother was in it, an' I want the little un should have it. I'm a' thinkin' 'tis the blessin' sent from the good Lord."

Silently they looked down on the sleeping child whose golden curls were resting against her father's tawny neck.

"God grant it, Jake," said Raymond at last; then, after a friendly good night he took the path leading to the village.

While Jake was putting the little one to bed, he told her about the pretty stone with the fire in it that meant her mamma's love.

"But daddy, where is my mamma?"

"She's in the golden city, little un far more beautiful than the golden streets the sun makes over the fields."

"What more beautifuller den de sky, and de gween grass, and de birdies, daddy?"

"Yes little un, fer beautifuller, but she don't forget us, little Margot. That's what the stone means. See the red in it? That's love."

"Ess, love, daddy. Good night. I's so sleepy now, but I'll remember—love"—and little Margot was soon in dreamland.

As the days went by a strange friendship grew up between the uneducated miner and the cultured society man. Not so strange either, for the divine in Jake was strong and pure, and the divine in Raymond was great enough to see it through its rough exterior. Little Margot soon loved him with a devotion second only to that which she gave her father.

Finally the last night that Raymond was to spend

in Queretaro came. "Jake," he began, "if you ever find another stone like Margot's will you send it to me? I want it for my Margaret. You did not know I had a Margaret? Yes. I came away from her, for I feared beside her I could not weigh her happiness enough. I have not had a happy life Jake, and I questioned whether it was right to bring any shade into hers. In my rambles through these silent forests I have thought it over, and in watching the gleam in your little Margot's stone I have decided. Love comes from Heaven, is mighty, eternal. Her soul has once entered mine and we can never be separate again. I left her without a word of explanation, but she is strong in trust, she will never doubt. Oh, if I could make you see my Margaret! The opal belongs to her. She is like its flame; bright, strong, tender, and true."

While he was speaking little Margaret crept wonderingly to his knee, and when he finished she pushed her bright jewel into his hand saying:

"I love your Mag'ret, Uncle John. Dive her my pretty stone. Tell her 'ittle Margot seended it to her and it means 'love.' Will you Uncle John?" John Raymond looked at the shining gem, then at the pleading baby, his heart too full for words. Jake's trembling voice broke the silence.

"Take it stranger. I calculate this air is the Good Lord's doin's too. 'Tis the little un's. 'Tis hers to give. Maybe your Margaret is a needin' o' the stone jest now. Take it stranger. No, no, no money and no thanks! 'Tis the little nn's gift."

The next morning John Raymond left Queretaro and the mountains.

PART II.

One evening, a few months later, the drawing-rooms of one of New York's most spacious mansions were crowded with guests gathered there to welcome John Raymond on his return from a trip through Mexico. One face was missing, however, in the friendly throng, and as soon as an opportunity presented itself, Raymond slipped out into the hall, up the stairway to the library. As he lifted the heavy draperies at the entrance, a beautiful picture was revealed to him. In the glow of the firelight stood a young girl, the bright gleams making golden threads in her fair hair, and rippling in shining folds down the silken sheen of her dress. A look of intense love and longing came over Raymond's

face. He watched her for a moment, then raised his hand. Something gleamed there as if a flame from the coals, leaving its dark home in the grate had made its way thither. Then, holding out the gleaming thing as if it was his guiding star, he went towards the girl. She did not hear his step at first, and only turned when he exclaimed:

"Margaret, I have found you at last! I have been longing for you so all these weeks!"

In his earnestness he did not notice the marked coldness with which she resumed her meditative attitude before the coals, but went on passionately:

"See, Margaret, I have brought you this! All these long months I have seen you in it. It has been giving me a right to you, calling me back to you. Watch it a minute. There, see the flame? Can't you read its message, it's message to us, Margaret?"

Then, as no response came from the white figure:

"Good God, Margaret, have I misunderstood?"

"Yes, John Raymond, I think you have misunderstood woefully for once how to play your game. It is partly to my shame that I learned to love you without knowing your past. But was it not enough that I should have to bear the probability of your crimes from others, without having proof of your ability in that kind of dealing from your treatment of myself? You left me without a word, and all this time I have been hearing things so well proven that, were they concerning any other man, I should accept them unquestioned. You come back to me, asking me to read a message in your jewel. What do you think I care for your jewels when my heart is breaking for the old faith in you. Oh, give my faith back to me! Tell me the story of your past life."

When the girl began Raymond seemed completely crushed at the sudden revelation of her suspicions; but, as she went on, the words he had said to Jake in the Mexican forest "She is strong in trust, she will not doubt," came ringing in his ears. He lifted his head.

"Margaret," he said, "look at me. Look straight into my eyes. Can't you trust me?"

The girl turned. Every part of her lithe body was quivering, and the delicate blue veins in her temples and tightly clasped hands became purple streaks. She took one step toward him; she held out her hands,—then like a flash, between them she

saw rise the vision of his other life. Her arms dropped. Her cold voice answered :

"This is good acting—but I must have the story, Mr. Raymond."

"Then you do not trust me, Margaret, good-bye."

He passed again the heavy draperies and she was alone, with the burden of a lifetime upon her. Her agony was greater than his, for he looked forward into eternity ; she had no hope either for herself or for him.

Three days later she received the following letter :—

"Margaret,—I send you the opal I brought you. All these months I have been seeing your love in its flaming fire. It was sent to you by the Good Father, but its sweet message of love cannot be my gift to you now. But I charge you, keep it and wear it. A barrier has come between us. For you, as well as for myself, broken faith has no mending in this life, but our love is eternal. That is the opal's message. Watch its glowing flame ; feed your soul's vision with it until it shall burn all distrust out of your heart, and kindle there a grander, truer love. United in that, we shall spend an eternity in our Father's house. Good-bye, Margaret. May God's blessing rest upon you always."

JOHN RAYMOND.

PART III.

On a low stool in the glowing fire-light sat Marjorie Kingston, her head resting on the knees of her aunt Margaret. Neither spoke for a time, until Marjorie, who was stroking her aunt's white hand, where gleamed a magnificent jewel, said :

"Auntie, how bright the fire is in your opal to-night ! Are you never going to tell me its story ? I just love your stone now. See there how it sparkles ! It seems to me the fairies must have made it. Can't you just imagine some gay careless one of their number, who had goodness enough about her to make her bright and beautiful, but yet who was just so running over with wickedness too, that they had to shut her up in some place, and that's where they put her, and those bright flames are her heart-beats, when she just longs to be out and free, swinging on the lily stems, and rocking herself to sleep in the hearts of the roses !"

She paused a minute, and then went on, a sweet,

awakening look coming into her eyes : "No auntie that's not it. It means something greater and nobler than that. Something that has to do with the hearts of people, that lives in them forever just as God has put the flame there in the stone, where it will burn for ever."

Her aunt, after studying the sweet face gravely and tenderly for a moment, answered :

"Yes, my child, you have read the story of my opal aright. It does mean the greatest power in the universe, the power of love. I think, dearie, you shall have the story now, but remember, I give it to you as a sacred trust, that you, who have so many of my faults, may profit by the lesson it has taken me a life-time to learn."

Then she told the girl how she had met and loved John Raymond, of his sudden departure, of the charges of crime against him, of his return, and of her own pitiable failure when the supreme test of her love came to her. When Marjorie had finished reading the letter which Raymond had sent with the opal, she continued :

"I never saw him after that night, but three years later, I went down stairs one morning to find awaiting me an awkward, uneducated man, whose once powerful frame seemed now utterly worn out."

'Be you John Raymond's Margaret ?' were his first words.

'John Raymond's Margaret !' was I dreaming !

'My name is Margaret, but I was nothing to John Raymond. What do you know of him ? Tell me, quick ! I cried.'

'Tis a long story lady, an' I hain't so rapid as might be a' speakin' but may be ye could be a showin' me John Raymond's opal, an' then I'd know as whether you was his Margaret, or not ?'

I held out my hand. 'Yes, yes' he murmured, 'that's sartinly the little un's stun.'

Having told Marjorie the story of those weeks which Raymond had spent in Queretaro, and of that last night when he had told the miner and his baby of his Margaret, his beautiful Margaret who was "so strong in trust, she could never doubt," she went on in Jake's words.

"Yes he went away that night mam, but in a year or so he was back ag'in. I see'd part o' his life was gone, an' I know'd 'twas sunthin' concerning his Margaret, but he jest says, 'she has the opal Jake, 'twill guide her heavenward to me.'

That's all, but for the weeks he staid with us I see'd his heart was nigh to breakin', and the little un know'd it too, an' stuck close by him. One day, up in the mount'ins, I come across a rock I know'd had riches in it, and I made up my mind to split it. I didn't see the little un an' Raymond a comin' up the other side, an' they was jest under the rock when Raymond see me light the powder. There wasn't time to git the little un out the way so he jest put his body afore hern an' took the hull thing right in his face

I tell ye ma'm, my heart like to broke when I see'd the work o' my hands. Little Margot went too. A stone struck her somehow in the temple I reckon, for she wasn't disfigured none. Raymond jest gasped out. 'Tell Margaretthe waiting long.....bnt.....victory'—and then he was gone.

I laid 'em away myself, that good man an' my little lamb, lookin' like she was asleep on his heart, an' I like to think o' them down thar in Queretaro, whar my cabim used to stan' and whar he told me 'bont his Margaret, an' whar my Hetty allers seemed close by.' He stopped a minute to choke down a sob, then went on. 'But the flames in the opal's thar yet ma'm, an' the flame o' their love is a' burnin' strong and true up thar."

"Jake staid with me till he died," continued Aunt Margaret, "and all these years I have been struggling to get the last sparks of distrust from my heart—and at last, I have won. No, Marjorie, I do not know the truth of those stories from lip evidence any more than I did that night, and I would not if I could. The struggle has been long, but the victory truly is great. And now the opal is yours. Before many days I shall be at home with my loved one. Don't cry, dear child, but think of the joy of it, to be safe,—in his loving heart at last.

Take little Margot's gift, my Marjorie, and remember love is a God-given thing, strong and eternal; that in true love, selfishness, fear, distrust have no part. Let not the breath of suspicion strike its pure blossom when it comes to you. If you are tempted to jealousy or distrust watch that gleaming fire, and it will kindle your faith anew, and keep you worthy to love and to be loved, woman's blessed privilege. God bless you Marjorie, and bless the opal's message for you, as He has blessed its influence on this life of mine."

S. H., '96.

WHOM WE SAW.

[Continued from April Leaves.]

Bertha Merryman made us a nice call and told us Pearl Houston was near by, and that she had seen Ella Peale in Los Angeles, that Emma Peale is engaged and that Elizabeth Stephenson had visited New Orleans.

Bertha Gray Richards sent us a cordial invitation to visit her in Moreno, as did Helen Dodds Sternbergh in Crafton and Nellie Henry Bergeron in Santa Ynez, but time failed us to reach these places much as we wanted to.

On our return we visited the grand Canyon of the Colorado (seventy miles from the R. R. at Flagstaff, Arizona) which is unspeakably great. I advise all to include this in a trip to California, only do not be persnaded to go down into it. Stay on the rim and use all the time you have in looking down into, and out over this great abyss. There is no other in all this continent to be compared with this.

We stopped a day at a Pueblo town and admired the thrift of these Indians, and enjoyed the "foreign land" right at home.

The Cliff-Dwellings, also near Flagstaff, were a peep at prehistoric America well worth all its trouble. Albuquerque and Santa Fe, oldest cities on our continent were additional and satisfactory glimpses into Mexican and Indian ways as well as our own history. Ben Hur was written in Santa Fe when General Wallace was governor here.

At Kansas city we met warm welcome from Helen Westheimer Cahn, Minnie Bachrach, Maud Evans Croysdale, Kittie Seiberling Firey, Emma Tichenor Knotts, Anna Mitchell Martin, Ella and Virginia Quinlan, Dadie Slavens Slavens, Meldon Smith and Kathleen Walpole Tureman, and the parents of Daisy Aull, Mildred Faxon, Gertude Jones and Virginia Ellison, and our old pupil Will Spottswood, uncle of Anna Young, now a partner of Judge Slavens.

Jessie Hall was ill and Trix Ninde Ross was away. We were told that Jessie Hall and Elizabeth Brown are to be married soon. Anna Staley was "ont." So was Mattie Deardorff Shields.

Helen Medsker was visiting Marie McDonald, but we much enjoyed a visit with her grandmother

and her most cordial uncle, Mr. Foster, who says Helen is a famous housekeeper. We tried to find our dear Gertude Benyon's husband, Mr. Parker, but failed. The time was too short in Kansas City, which is a much finer and larger city than we supposed. Nor had we time to visit our Atchison and St. Joseph "contingent" tho' we were very sorry to miss that pleasure. Lasell was calling me too strongly.

Nora Westheimer, good girl, came down from St. Joseph to see us, but by crossing each other several times between hotels I managed to miss her, tho' Mrs. Bragdon saw her "which," Nora writes "was just as well!" Anna Mitchell's and Kittie Seiberling's dear babies delighted us. So did the husbands of our girls whom we met. Lasell girls are worth good husbands and generally get such, I notice. And they are good mothers, I judge.

Mr. Faxon knows now where Plymouth Church is, so we fancy our visit was not profitless.

What a good time we had all through! For which we thank Lasell girls and theirs, heartily!

And the old school never seemed more homelike or attractive to us, nor was ever welcome more dear, than when we again took our accustomed place in the ancient chair.

C. C. B.

JOHN COCHRAN PARK.

A LITTLE memorial pamphlet in remembrance of this noble Christian gentleman, whom some of the older girls will remember, has been prepared by Hon. R. C. Pitman, at the request of the Tuesday club, and a copy of this was sent to Mr. Bragdon between whom and Judge Park there long existed a close friendship. The Judge was always interested in Lasell, and often addressed the girls from the chapel desk. A great soul went from us when he passed on, but the sweet influences it shed while here will never pass from those so fortunate as to know this stalwart yet gracious life. If any of the old girls wish copies of this memorial Mr. B. will get them for her. Mrs. Park lives in Minnesota now, and offers this.

MRS. CLARA CONANT GILSON, class of '61, called at the Seminary recently.



DR. STEELE performs the wedding ceremony three times in June in three different states—Massachusetts, Vermont and Wisconsin. An unusual demand for an unusual man.

LILLIAN UPTON LAWTON sends a word of greeting from her Brattleboro home. Last February she lost her dear mother, who died of pneumonia in that month, since when Lillian has spent a good deal of time with her father in Roxbury.

GRACE ROBB is still as interested as ever in her church work, which she finds very congenial. She speaks of certain plans for other work into which she expects to enter, having as she phrases it, though with injustice to herself we feel sure, "grown tired of doing nothing," Grace isn't the girl to do *nothing*.

MOLLIE TAYLOR and her parents, Bertha Merryman and Mr. Merryman, visited California this spring.

ALICE THURSTON, Grace Robb says, called to see her some time ago, and was "just the same as ever."

THE NOBLE girls and Elizabeth Warnock spent January in Dayton, Ohio.

BESSIE COMSTOCK, who was this month graduated from Mrs. Cady's school, sends commencement invitation and program,—for which, thanks.

EDITH WARD was married, May 15, to Mr. Robert Carver of Brookline. They sailed the following day for Europe, via steamer Kaiser Wilhelm, and expect to return in August.

AND NOW WORD comes that Edith Gale is a bicyclist, and likes it amazingly, too. Edith's school closes on the twentieth, and she has half-way promised us a visit sometime during the summer.

FANNY WATSON is taking German lessons.

mer. Her sister has just returned from a long stay in Colorado Springs. "Her daughter," writes Edith, "is perfectly well now, and they hope to stay at home this summer for a change."

GERTRUDE SHERMAN writes regretfully of having been obliged by the necessities of her own work to miss the Commencement festivities at Lasell. She did not miss, however, those attendant upon the quiet wedding of Carrie Manning, now Mrs. Dexter. "Carrie made a lovely bride," she says. Gertrude speaks of enjoying the monthly visits of "The Leaves."

ESTELLE BLANCHE WILCOX we hear, is engaged to Mr. William Robbins Barnes, of Chicago.

EMILY WARNER sends an invitation to the graduating exercises of the Detroit Seminary where she has attended school the past year.

MRS. E. W. K. LASELL sends us a translation (into Modern Greek) of a sermon by Rev. Henry M. Storrs. The subject is, "Man, in truth, not of a day, but Eternal. Care or Posterity;" The text, Ecclesiastes 1., 4: Mrs. Lasell herself translated it. It is tastefully printed in good, clear type on red-lined pages, and presents quite an attractive appearance.

LAURA MUNGER's sister called at the Seminary some time ago, in company with Miss Fyffe. She says Laura has three children.

MRS. CAPT. FITCH, Mr. Bragdon's sister, is visiting here now. She came with Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon when they returned to Auburndale in May.

FANNIE LORD sends invitations to the Commencement exercises of the Hancock Union School which she has been attending for the past year. Thanks.

MARTHA AVERY's graduating essay, "Pilgrim and Puritan," was favorably noticed in a Plymouth paper of recent date.

Miss ROTH sends word about herself from Pasadena. Her school has now closed. She is doing nicely, and chats pleasantly about that sunny part of our country. Thus far they have had only a day or two of hot weather, she says.

MABEL FALLEY is doing well in her High School work, and studying elocution besides. She expects to spend part of her vacation in South Dakota.

CARRIE STEEL whose first year of teaching, a happy and successful one, has just closed, expects to continue the work, and has had a good position offered her for the ensuing year. She regrets having been absent from Lasell's Commencement. We should have been glad to see her.

BESS SHEPHERD, '94, on Monday, June 8th (during Commencement Week), gave a dinner to the following members of her class, who were visiting in Auburndale:—

Mrs. Carrie Manning Dexter,	Orange, Mass.
Miss Greta Stearns,	Wyoming, Ohio.
Miss Harriett Scott,	Wyoming, Ill.
Miss Mabel Case,	S. Manchester, Conn.
Miss Carolyn Gilman,	Marshalltown, Iowa.

Mabel Sawyer, of Auburndale, Norah Waugh and Elsie Sites, of Newton, and Miriam Hauser, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, were guests of the occasion, and the artist, Mr. Philip A. Butler, of Auburndale, entertained with original sketches.

NOTICE.

Miss Hayward's prize story, entitled "Little Margot's Opal," will be found in the current number of the LEAVES. Miss Wilder's, "A Little Sister of the Cross," will be published in the September number.

MARRIED.

Edith Rebeeca Ward to Henry Robert Carver, on Friday, May 15, at Brookline, Mass.

Grace Snyder to Edward Louis Sternberger, on Wednesday, June 3, at Collingswood, Maryland.

Mary Frances Blair to Charles LeRoy Goodell, on Wednesday, June 3, at Boston.

Bertha Morrisson to Walter Hull Atwater, on Thursday, June 11, at Chicago, Ill.

Johnetta Fowler to Robert Ewing Harris, on Wednesday, June 3, at Paris, Texas.

Mildred Hunt Thompson to Herbert Morgan Chase, on Wednesday, June 10, at Newtonville, Mass.

Emma Amelia Kennedy to Edwin Fuller Torrey, Jr., on Tuesday evening, June 20, at Clinton, N. Y.

OFT-TOLD TALES.

LASELL GIRLS OF NEW YORK AT LUNCHEON.

Reminiscences were varied and pleasing. Sister-club members were present.

The annual luncheon of the New York Lasell Club was held Saturday, April 25, at Sherry's Fifth Ave., and Thirty-seventh St. The hour appointed was 1:30 P. M., but true to Lasell teachings, punctuality is still counted a virtue, and many of the "girls"—mates of long ago—were early assembled. Varied reminiscences made the minutes fly until all were seated at the well-filled board.

The pink and gold banquet-hall had been selected for the occasion and was made doubly attractive by the softened light of the pink-shaded candelabra. Carrying out the symphony in color, half-blown pink roses with trailing vines of tender green were placed by each plate, while bon-bons and confections in pink and silver, green and gold, were so arranged as to appeal to the senses both of taste and of sight.

Although the chatter of gay voices made many pleasing sounds, yet to lack nothing that might add to the enjoyment of the hour, a trio of 'cello, mandolin and guitar was engaged to furnish soft accompaniment for laughter and talk.

In the absence of the president of the club, Miss Louise Le Huray, the first vice-president, Mrs. Virginia Johnson Milbank presided, and also officiated as toast-mistress. Mrs. Milbank made a most pleasing address, giving hearty welcome to each Lasellian present, and expressing deep regret that any of the club-members should have been deprived of the delightful privilege of, for the time being again in touch with their Alma Mater.

The first toast, "The Lady from Philadelphia," was responded to by Mrs. Mary Marshall Call, ex-president of the club. The speaker declared the honor which she felt it to be in bearing the title of the immortal personage of the "Peterkin Papers," but charmingly asserted that her wise counsel, in the character represented, would not be needed on that occasion, it being the desire of the members of the sister-club, who were present, only to "watch, learn, then go home and do likewise."

The Philadelphia Club was said to be well under way, its members anticipating its first luncheon to be held in the fall. Mention was made, at some length, of the City of Brotherly Love, the impressions produced upon a new resident, the many advantages of a home life there, and the place it holds in our country's history. Amusing anecdotes regarding the alleged slowness of the city were related, and in closing, the following lines from "Evangeline" were quoted:

"In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,

Guarding in Sylvan shades the name of Penn, the Apostle.
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the City he founded.

There all the air is balm and the peach is the Emblem of beauty,

And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an Exile.

Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.

* * * * *
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the City,

Something that spake to her heart and made her no longer a stranger:

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers.

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal and all were brothers and sisters."

"Mother Lasell's Daughters" was the next toast. Mrs. Florence French Perkins was called upon for a response and first referred to the memory of "Mother-Lasell" as a tie which bound in one bond the hearts of all those both absent and present.

Continuing she said: "Many of the daughters of Lasell may look back with gratitude upon the days spent within her walls, and for the wise, careful, loving guidance which, though at times to some of us who were inclined to be a bit fractious seemed severe, developed the thoughtless, impulsive girlhood into the strength of womanly character that it ever has been the aim and influence of our Mother-Lasell to give to her daughters."

The destinies of this large family of daughters were said, necessarily, to be varied, but the

home was declared to be the Empire for the vast majority, and the "little ones" the royal subjects.

Mrs. Clara Cushing Phillips spoke with much feeling of "The New Woman." It was her fear that in giving too much thought to progression and outside interests that too little might be given to the home life and its duties. The early impressions received by the child, whether from parent or nurse, as well as the cares and responsibilities of Motherhood were referred to, and an earnest appeal was made that to further the widening of the Sphere of the "New Woman" the young Sons should not be sacrificed.

At the close of the literary part of the programme, an informal, social hour was enjoyed.

Among the members who were present, were Mrs. Susan Griggs Wilson, Mrs. Mattie Munson Fitch, Mrs. Laura Place Gadsden, Miss Annie M. Gwinnell, Mrs. Virginia Johnson Milbank, Miss Cora Cogswell, Mrs. Edwin Carpenter, Miss Florence C. Hunsberger, Mrs. Clara Cushing Phillips, Miss Grace E. Huntington, Mrs. Florence French Perkins, Miss Grace Spellmeyer, Miss Daisy Fischer, Miss Winifred Conlin, Miss Grace E. Myton, and Miss Ostrander.

From the Philadelphia Club, were: Mrs. Mary Marshall Call, Miss Ida Colburn and Miss Sue J. Brown.

The officers of the club for the ensuing year are:

President, Miss Louise Le Huray; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Virginia Johnson Milbank; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Clara Cushing Phillips; Secretary, Miss Cora Cogswell; Treasurer, Miss Annie M. Gwinnell.

In addition to these officers, Mrs. Grace Garland Etherington and Miss Florence C. Hunsberger, members at large of the Executive Committee, assisted in the arrangements for the luncheon.

HART.

NOTED LASELL GIRLS.

AMONG the girls who have called the old school theirs in days gone by, we are proud to mention Kate Field, Elizabeth Gardner and Annie Whitney, whose names render further explanation needless.

THE ALBUM.

THE ALBUM grows apace. This month marks six additions, with promise of others to come. Alice Linseott Hall sends one each of her handsome little ones, Elinor Alice and William Linseott, with a third of the little 4-months old Elizabeth, the latest comer. Nellie Henry Bergeron's small son, Louis, looks out at us somewhat doubtfully from the little eard that came all the way from Santa Ynez, California, to bring us this glimpse of his baby face. Bertie Burr Dawes' little boy, looks very gravely straight ahead of him, evidently engaged in solving some puzzling question of babyland metaphysics, seeming entirely oblivious even of his own mamma, who holds him so proudly up for our admiration. Lastly comes little Ruleff Mitchell the 8-months old baby of Anna Mitchell Martin. The world is, apparently, to this young gentleman, a huge joke, and by no means to be taken seriously. Comfortably settled, with a big, soft pillow at his back and his lap filled with roses, he is laughing at us in the frankest, heartiest sort of fashion, so that we feel that, were we to meet him some day on the street, we should hardly need to be presented.

Another photograph that deserves mention—though not of "Lasell grandchildren"—was given to Mr. Bragdon during his western trip, by a brother of Carrie Johnson Miller and Virginia Milbank. It is a picture of the six members of the Johnson family, the three sisters, and three brothers, standing in file and in order of height. Very clear and true likenesses all are. We are glad to have the photograph. Mr. Johnson from whom Mr. Bragdon had it, is living in Alhambra, near the old San Gabriel Mission, California; a place visited by Mr. Bragdon in his recent trip West.

LOCALS.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, we reviewed with Dr. Steele, some of the points taken up by Mrs. Osgood in her lecture on Parliamentary Laws, a few weeks previous. Mrs. Osgood would doubtless have felt much pleased if she could have heard how promptly all questions were answered, and the interest which seemed to be felt in this important subject.

THE LASELLIA CLUB gave a very successful and charming entertainment Saturday evening, May 16.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD's lecture on Thursday, May 20, upon Social Ethics, was a treat to all who heard it. It touched particularly upon the deportment of the American girl, and the facts stated, opinions expressed, and counsels given were such as might well be borne in mind by every one. In spite of the rain, a number of Auburndale friends were present and must have felt fully repaid for braving the storm.

A few days after the lecture Mrs. Sherwood very kindly sent her picture with autograph to a few of the "heroines" in the *life-saving* division of the Canoe Club, a gift which is prized highly by the girls.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, we were taken to Rome in fancy, if not in reality, by the graphic descriptions Miss Hall gave us in her lecture on Rome, its classic remains, its churches, schools and missions. She described to us buildings which were associated with Paul's stay in Rome and his mission work there. Of the missions now established in that ever interesting city, she spoke particularly. In one of these she is herself a worker, and she told us of the great good which it is doing in the Rome of to-day. Miss Hall roused in us a lively desire to visit that wonderful place, and to see for ourselves some of those great changes which are so rapidly taking place.

THE EXCURSIONS to the historic cities of Plymouth and Salem, and to the beautiful gardens of Mr. Hunnewell were enjoyed by all who were so fortunate as to be able to take them.

THE CANOE CLUB gave on Saturday evening, May 23, a delightful boating party, each club member having had the privilege of inviting a friend. They started at five o'clock, and paddled down the river to a charming little wooded spot where on landing they found, according to previous arrangement, an appetizing supper served for them. After having partaken of the goodies, they once more embarked, and drifted down in the moonlight, to the strains of the mandolins and guitars, returning home in good time and reporting to the unfortunates who didn't go, a delightful evening.

THE PRIZE DRILL.

THE DAY appointed for the competitive drill dawned as bright and sunny as we could desire. By six o'clock in the morning some of the more enthusiastic spirits were hard at work, decorating the building and grounds with blue and yellow,—the colors of the two companies. Every available nook and corner was made to blossom like a rose, and when the work was finally accomplished, our sober-hued building could hardly be recognized in its brilliant attire.

All through the morning excited little groups could be seen going through a last rehearsal of the "manual" or practicing the sword drill with a do-or-die expression.

Early in the afternoon the guests of the day began to assemble, and by three o'clock the temporary "grand-stand" was filled to overflowing with interested friends.

At three, Major Benyon escorted the judges, Captain H. P. Ballard, 5th Reg. M. V. M., Lieutenant Herbert A. Clark, 5th infantry M. V. M., and Lieutenant Frank L. Locke, Adjutant 1st battalion cavalry, M. V. M., into the field, and a moment later the drill began.

Company A., commanded by Kate S. Pennell, came first, and was greeted with much applause. Company B., Josephine B. Chandler, followed and was received with equal enthusiasm. Then came junior and senior competitive drill, and the prettiest and most difficult movement of all,—sword drill by the officers of the two companies.

Battalion dress parade was the last on the programme, after which the prizes were awarded by Lieutenant Clark:—to company A., the company prize, the Battalion banner; to Sergeant Gertrude A. Jones, of company A., the senior individual prize, an oxydized silver badge bearing a monogram "L. S.;" to private Nora J. Burroughs, of company A., the junior individual prize, a silver Maltese cross bearing a monogram "L. S."

The roster of the battalion and companies is as follows:

BATTALION ROSTER.

Act. Maj., Capt. Josephine B. Chandler, Malden, Mass.
 " Adgt., Lieut. Emma H. Goll, Chicago, Ill.
 " S'gt. Maj., S'gt. Gertrude A. Jones, Kansas City, Mo.
 " Col. Sergt., Private Bessie Bailey, Marion, Ind.

COMPANY ROSTER.

COMPANY A.

Capt. Kate S. Pennell,
Lieut. Emma H. Goll,
1st Sergt. Alice W. Clarke,
2nd " May D. Muth,
3d " Gertrude A. Jones,
Corp. Alice A. Kimball,
" Elise E. Scott,
" Anna P. Warner,

Atchison, Kan.
Chicago, Ill.
Uxbridge, Mass.
Cincinnati, O.
Kansas City, Mo.
Presque Isle, Me.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Washington, D. C.

COMPANY B.

Capt. Josephine B. Chandler,
Lieut. Julia Tulleys,
1st Sergt., Mary B. Cruikshank,
2nd " Ethel Loud,
3d " Marie L. Barnes,
Corp. Julia T. Aldrich,
" Frances R. Bowman,
" Sadie H. Farnsworth,

Malden, Mass.
Council Bluffs, Ia.
Denver, Colo.
Everett, Mass.
Dover, N. H.
St. Louis, Mo.
Council Bluffs, Ia.
Council Bluffs, Ia.

PRIVATES.

COMPANY A.

Emma L. Aull,
Martha A. Baker,
Mabel E. Barber,
Nora J. Burroughs,
Gertrude A. Clark,
Carol M. Case,
Elizabeth Edson,
Rena M. Goodwin,
Lillie Hockman,
Maria Holcomb,
Olive Healey,
Lucilla B. Knapp,
Jeannette C. Lovell,
Ethel H. Lasell,
Edith F. Moulton,
Katharine McDowell,
Katherine S. Mason,
Harriet R. Ollinger,
Georgia E. Peck,
Ethel J. Pillsbury,
Katharine H. Pierce,
Louise W. Richards,
Violet L. Wellington,
Nellie S. Wilson,

Kansas City, Mo.
Jamaica, W. I.
Omaha, Neb.
Edwardsville, Ill.
Northampton, Mass.
Highland Park, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
Biddeford, Me.
Hagerstown, Md.
New Bedford, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Auburndale, Mass.
Boston, Mass.
New York, N. Y.
Salem, Mass.
Medina, O.
Boone, Ia.
Milton, Fla.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Tilton, N. H.
Milford, Me.
Weymouth, Mass.
North Oxford, Mass.
Nahant, Mass.

COMPANY B.

Bessie Bailey,
Katherine J. Bucknum,
Myra L. Davis,
Beulah DeForest,
Helen DeLong,
Helen A. Dyer,
Eva L. Ferris,
Edna Friedman,
Edith T. Grant,
Annie J. Hackett,
Edna M. Hancock,
Bessie S. Hayward,
Susan B. Hayward,
Clarissa S. Hastings,
Luella Houghton,
Edith Howe,
Clara G. Krome,

Marion, Ind.
Denver, Colo.
Weston, Mass.
Schenectady, N. Y.
Glens Falls, N. Y.
Auburndale, Mass.
South Norwalk, Conn.
Roxbury, Mass.
Summit, N. J.
Dubuque, Ia.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Temple, N. H.
Uxbridge, Mass.
Holyoke, Mass.
Red Oak, Ia.
Passaic, N. J.
Edwardsville, Ill.

Alice Martin,
Nettie Ostrander,
Beulah L. Smith,
Lucia Shumway,
May C. Stanley,
Annie M. Weston,

Kansas City, Mo.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Rondout, N. Y.
Polo, Ill.
Pawtucket, R. I.
Manchester, N. H.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

THE BANQUETS.

JUNE 3 AND JUNE 5, the S. D. society and Lasellia club respectively, gave their annual banquets to the members of the graduating class. By the work of the arrangement committee the dining hall was transformed into a veritable bower of beauty, and this with the happy faces of the girls made evenings long to be remembered by the merry banqueters.

THE CONCERT

Given on Thursday, June 4, was one of the pleasantest entertainments of the year. The "gym." was crowded to its fullest extent, and we realized for the first time that Commencement week was really here. The girls did beautifully and were an honor to their Professors Hills, Goldstein, Davis and Plummer. The programme was as follows:

PART FIRST.

ORGAN. Grand Chorus in D. Op. 18. No. 1 - - Guilmont
Miss Chapin.
CHORUS. Bacchantes Chorus - - - - Gounod
Orphean Club and male voices.
PIANOFORTE. Polonaise. Op. 22 - - - - Chopin
Miss Cushing.
(Accompanied by String Quintet and a Second Pianoforte.)
QUARTET. Bridal of the Birds - - - - Richards
Misses Cadmus, Baker, Burroughs and E. Wilson.
VIOLIN. Invitation to the Dance - - - - Weber
Miss C. Lovell.
CHORUS. The Moths - - - - G. Palicot
Orphean Club.
PIANOFORTE. Second Rhapsodie Hongroise - - Liszt
Miss Cobb.

PART SECOND.

VIOLIN. Romance in G - - - - Svendsen
Miss Cadmus.
SOLO AND CHORUS. A Dutch Lullaby - - - - Nevin
Miss Cogswell and Mixed Chorus.
PIANOFORTE AND STRINGS. Quintet. Op. 114 - Schubert
Miss Hibberd, Messrs. Goldstein, Von Ette, Ruppel and Seydel.
CAVATINA. Ah Quel Giorno - - - - Rossini
Miss Baker.
PIANOFORTE QUARTET. Polacca - - - - Mohr
Misses Cobb, Avery, E. Wilson and Pillsbury.
(Accompanied by Strings.)
SOLO AND CHORUS. Gallia (Motett) - - - - Gounod
Miss Hockman and Mixed Chorus.
(Accompanied by Piano and Organ.)
ENSEMBLE, for Strings, Pianoforte and Organ. Largo Handel
CHORUS. A Lasell Song - - - - Hills

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

THE BACCALAUREATE sermon before the graduating class of '96 was preached in the Congregational church, Sunday, June 7, by Rev. Reuben Thomas, D.D., of Brookline. Rev. Mr. Talmage occupied the pulpit with him, and assisted in the opening services. The text was a clause of the 16th verse of the 4th chapter of Luke,—“as his custom was.”

“The great Christ was constantly talking of life;” it was the key word of all his teaching, as *love* was of St. John, and *faith* of St. Paul. How to live and what we have to learn are the great questions. It is the ordinary life that we must live, the every day life in the family, in the street, in the store, and in society, and to discuss it intelligently requires a large and varied culture, for life is an all-inclusive word. Every man has himself to deal with, and must live his own life, and he can make it good or ill, a blessing or a curse, according to his habits.

We are all creatures of habit. The formation of good habits becomes imperative to the disciple of Christianity. Dr. Johnson says: ‘The dim chains of habit are not felt till too strong to be broken.’ To form good habits is half the battle. Form good habits and keep to them till it is positively uncomfortable to do contrary to them. But you say, that is slavery. Not at all. Look at the great pianist. How is it that his fingers obey him? Because it has been his habit to do his five finger exercises many hours every day, until in time he has become wondrously skilful. Habit makes every difficult thing easy.

Every man every day is making or marring himself by his habits, life is indeed a divine gift, but it depends almost entirely for its quality, tone, and color on ourselves, our habits. Man is not half as free as he thinks; he can choose his course, but cannot determine the consequences of his choice. They abide by fixed laws.

The body depends for its health, upon regular food and exercise. The hungriest part of man is his spirit and this being so, the regularity of religious habit is more important than any thing else. How necessary to spiritual health is the right observance of the Sabbath. We should serve God in holy habitude as did Jesus himself.”

In closing, the speaker addressed the graduating

class, saying among other things: “Keep your natures adjusted to the divine harmonies ever found in a God-loving soul, and use your education to get above the frivolities of life, and, as with a lighted lamp, to discriminate between the best and the worst.”

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

TRUE to its reputation for promptness, Lasell had assembled and was holding its breath in eager expectation when, at 7.45 precisely, the class of '96 in all its glory, walked in single-file, down the long hall, stepping to the music of the march played by Mr. Hills, in his most inspiring style of execution.

The class colors, green and gold, were first in evidence as each senior carried in her hand a gilded fan appropriately decorated with maiden-hair fern and fluttering green ribbons. The program was opened by the class song, the words of which were composed by Miss Isabel Bronson and the music by Misses Cushing and Hibberd. Truly they did honor to their class.

Miss Blanche Linwood Kelley, in the President's address, eloquently expressed the deep feelings of '96, and gave certain sound and valuable advice to its successor.

Miss Josephine Beatrice Chandler, next on the program, charmingly and uniquely introduced the several members of her class, while Miss Hibberd won admiration and applause by her artistic execution of Liszt's “Rossignol.”

Miss Florence Alice Ray told us, in her own original manner, “What the Years Had Brought” to '96, and following this came a debate, “East versus West,” amusingly presented and argued, pro and con, by Misses Holman and Ampt.

The Sextette and Mandolin Club added to the musical part of the entertainment, and were both enjoyable, but especially so was the sextette's rendering of “Boarding School Delights,” and her original song bewailing boarding-school woes, and exalting its joys.

Miss Alice Williams Clarke, for some time editor of the LEAVES, gave us a “Crisoe Summary of '96.”

Blessed be the discoverer of the properties of X Rays! But for him how could Miss Sawin have

photographed so accurately the brains of her classmates, and so divertingly have revealed to us their futures?

'96's "Last Will and Testament," read by Miss Ella Willard Wilson, was truly impressive, as such a document must needs be. Very laughable were the legacies left by this loving class to its dear sister classes, and such individual friends as were especially dear unto its big heart. Those so honored could but acknowledge that the bequests were waggishly chosen and wittily presented, whether in every case truly merited or not.

Probably the most affecting portion of the program was Miss Louise Hubbard's "Good-Bye." This is ever a difficult word to say, from the sadness of its very nature, but when, as in this case, imbued with the sweetness of the speaker's personality, half its bitterness is lost and the hope of a reunion in the near future such as was certainly cherished by these girls, makes it still less a real sorrow.

By their patient endurance of the perverse weather, the class of '96 has won for itself an enviable reputation for cheerfulness, and the power of "hoping against hope." Although the dampest of days, it did not prove sufficient to dampen the ardor of their never-failing spirits. The out-door exercises, though not witnessed by the school in general, because of the wet, were considered, by those who did see them as highly successful. Miss Hackett's oration, in which a tiny house perched on a hill in the rear of the Seminary and surmounted by a majestic peacock, was presented to the Juniors, and Miss Tulley's presentation, in which she gave to the Seminary, in the name of the '96, a large electric lantern for the front of the building, together with the exercises attendant upon the burning of the effigy, by Miss Kate Pennell, comprised the out-door part of the program, after which the time was given to social pleasure till ten o'clock, when the school, excepting the Seniors and their assistant Juniors, withdrew. The latter remained in possession of the field for some time longer. Through the kindness of Mr. Bragdon, the Seniors, in part compensation for the disappointing weather, were allowed the unusual privilege of dancing in the gymnasium. This made the forbidding aspect of things without less depressing, and partly, at least, made up for the disappointment caused by the surliness of Old Probabilities.

THE SENIOR RECEPTION.

SELDOM have the Seminary parlors looked lovelier than on the evening of the Senior Reception. Festoons of smilax, nodding ferns, potted plants of various sorts and clusters of La France roses, the class flower, made the pretty rooms a fairy bower.

Mr. and Mrs. Bragdon assisted by Miss Kelley, the class president, received the guests, of whom there were about four hundred present.

The Juniors, arrayed in their prettiest, acted as ushers, a duty which they performed with charming ease and grace. An orchestra stationed at the end of the long hall, near the conservatory, filled the air with soft sweet music.

Outside the scene was in keeping with that within—the lawn ablaze with electric lights and showing directly in front of the main entrance the design of the class banner done in electric lights and with beautiful effect.

At nine o'clock refreshments were served in the dining room, in Mr. Butler's best style.

By half past ten all the guests had departed and the Seminary resumed its wonted quiet.

Altogether it was a very pleasant evening, and not the least enjoyable of Commencement week.

MAGISTRATE (severely). — You are charged with kissing this young lady against her will and on the public highway.

Prisoner.—She was in a bicycle costume and I mistook her for my long lost brother.

COMMENCEMENT.

FOR THE first time in twenty-two years the sun refused to shine during Lasell commencement week. "Lasell days" are usually bright and sunny, but for once the sun hid himself behind a cloud and rain drops pattered down as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

On account of this whim of Mother Nature's, the usual order of procession to the church was reversed this year, the Faculty, Alumnæ and class of '96, going first, and the other classes following in the order of their rank.

Promptly at eleven o'clock the exercises commenced. First came music by the Waltham band, then a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Sawin, of Troy, N. Y., after which Mr. Bragdon introduced the speaker of the morning, Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks, of the Emmanuel church, Boston, who gave the Commencement address.

The subject chosen was "The Influence and Responsibility of Seeing," a theme which Dr. Parks considered mainly with reference to our modern habits of reading which he believed faulty in the extreme, tending both to weaken and confuse the judgment and to undermine the moral character.

He enlarged upon the subject in such a way as to leave no doubt with regard to the greatly increasing importance of the sense of sight "as a factor in man's mental and moral development." How much we see in this big, wide world. What an influence have nature, art and literature upon our characters. Upon the last he especially dwelt. Literature, said he, has a deeper and more subtle influence upon character than any thing else. The realms of delight which books open to us all are countless. By reading good books we become more thoughtful, more refined, more unselfish. Why pollute our minds and those of others by reading worthless or immoral books. Surely nothing is truer than the words, "Books tell character."

Is it not true that authors write to fill public demands? These same authors are not degrading themselves for any thing else than the sale of these books. Therefore he who purchases and reads bad books is as responsible as the author, if not more so, for the existence of such literature does a double wrong,—a wrong to the author in thus encouraging the production and sale of such works, and a wrong to his own mind and soul, not to speak of the wrong to the public which is demoralized by books of this sort.

In conclusion, addressing the Senior class, Dr. Parks said, "Purity of heart is a joy. If you would be pure in body and thought, be careful what you read. As you read so will you be, therefore give attention to reading, read only the best."

At the close of the address Prof. Bragdon, after extending a cordial welcome to all present, invited them to take lunch at the Seminary. After this diplomas for the musical course were presented to

Misses Cushing and Hibberd, and then the class of '96 in response to the roll call by Miss Carpenter, arranged themselves around the altar rail. Mr. Bragdon spoke a few words of farewell to them, and reminding them that the honor of Lasell was in their keeping, presented to each of the twenty-six her coveted diploma.

After the congratulations were over, all adjourned to the spacious dining room of the Seminary, where a bountiful lunch was served. Over six hundred persons were present. In spite of the rain the day was a most enjoyable one, and its pleasure closed with a meeting of the Alumnae in the chapel.

THE LITERARY exercises of the Alumnae were held in the chapel, at 3 o'clock. The President being absent, Mrs. Annie Peabody Hall was chosen President of the day.

Prayer was offered by Mr. Bragdon, following which was a piano solo by Miss Hibberd, '96.

A most charming paper was read by Mrs. Potter, of Newton, class of '59, upon Current Literature. Mrs. Potter supplementing as she did, the address of Dr. Parks in the morning, held the interested attention of her hearers.

Miss Hockman, one of Lasell's present pupils, sang most acceptably.

Mrs. Charles Parker, of Auburndale, class of '57, gave some interesting reminiscences of the first two years of Lasell and the whereabouts of the surviving graduates.

The meeting was well attended by members of the Alumnae as well as outsiders.

In the business meeting, following the literary exercises, the officers for the ensuing year were chosen: President, Mrs. Annie Kendig Peirce, '80; Vice-President, Miss Gertrude Sherman, '94; Secretary, Mrs. Carl Cushing, '73; Treasurer, Mrs. Carrie Kendig Kellogg, '79; Executive Committee: Miss Martha E. Stone, '56, Miss Jessie J. Macmillan, '82, Mrs. Caroline Hills Leeds, '61, Miss Belle Bragdon, '95, Mrs. Annie Peabody Hall, '91.

All green and fair the Summer lies,
Just budded from the bud of Spring,
With tender blue of wistful skies,
And winds which softly sing.

Senior class numbers: 26.

Average.		Average gain.
Age,	20 years.	
Weight,	114 lbs.	2¾ lbs.
Height,	161 centimeters.	95 centimeters.
Lung capacity,	164 cub. in.	24 cub. in.
Strength of Back,	109 kilos.	46 kilos.
“ “ Chest,	28 “	6 “
“ “ R. Forearm,	22 “	2 “
“ “ L. Forearm,	18 “	1 “

EXCHANGES.

OUT in Kansas a young lady applied for a district school, and was rebuffed by a letter from a member of the school board, informing her that they proposed to “higher a mail teacher.”

“HAVE you the ‘Relics of By-Gone Days’?” asked the young lady, entering a book store. “Yes, replied the polite clerk, with a bow, we have some of last year’s calendars.”

THE class in natural history being asked the difference between a dog and a tree, the head boy answered, “A tree is covered with bark, while a dog seems to be lined with it.”

Mrs. Henry C. Peters,	Syracuse, N. Y.
M. & Mrs. C. C. Ray,	Ottawa, Ca.
Rev. & Mrs. T. P. Sawin,	Troy, N. Y.
Mrs. William Schuberth,	Wyoming, O.
Mr. Wm. Wagner,	Williamsport, Pa.
Mr. & Mrs. Henry B. Wilson,	New York, N. Y.
Mrs. G. W. Pennell,	Atchison, Kan.
Dr. Chas. Parkhurst, Editor Zion's Herald,	Somerville, Mass.
Mrs. Chas. Parkhurst,	Somerville, “
Rev. Wm. R. Clark, D.D.,	Cambridge, “
Miss Wilson,	New York City.
Mr. McDonald,	Dubuque, Iowa.
Mr. Walter Mayo,	Foxcroft, Me.
Mrs. J. R. Fitch,	Evanston, Ill.

Former Pupils here at Commencement.

Miss Mary P. Jones, 1856,	Newton,	Mass.
Mrs. Mary Murdock Billings, '56,	Newton,	“
Miss Martha E. Stone, 1856,	Newton Centre,	“
Mrs. Isabel Jennings Parker, '57,	Auburndale,	“
“ Adelaide Sears Gilman, '57,	Newton,	“
“ Flora Drew Sampson, '57,	Newton,	“
Miss Charl. A. K. Bancroft, '57,	Wellesley Hills,	“
Mrs. Abbie Hills Holbrook, '57,	Newton,	“
“ Emma Sears May, 1857,	Newton,	“
“ Emily Woodward Potter, '59,	Newton,	“
“ Clara Conant Gilson, 1861,	New York, N. Y.	
“ Caroline Hills Leeds, 1861,	Newton,	Mass.
“ Helen Barker Dore, 1862,	Newton,	“

Miss Angeline C. Blaisdell, '67,	Auburndale,	Mass.
Mrs. Fanny Barker Coffin, 1868,	Newton,	“
“ Ella Richardson Cushing, '73,	Waltham,	“
“ Louise Hawley Sanders, '76,	Southbridge,	“
“ Minnie Ransom Wagner, '76,	Williamsport, Pa.	
Dr. Lizzie D. R. Atkinson, 1879,	West Newton,	Mass.
Miss Clementina Butler, 1880,	Newton Centre,	“
Mrs. Minnie Bigelow Peterson, '81,	Waltham,	“
Miss Martha E. Ransom, 1881,	Williamsport, Pa.	
“ Jessie J. MacMillan, 1882,	Hopkinton,	Mass.
Mrs. Annie Bragdon Winslow, '82,	Auburndale,	“
Miss Lillie M. Packard, 1883,	So. Boston,	“
Mrs. Nellie Packard Draper, '84,	So. Boston,	“
Miss Mabel S. Cogswell, 1885,	Killingly, Conn.	
Mrs. Lillie Fuller Merriam, '85,	So. Framingham,	“
“ Marietta Rose Green, 1886,	Newton Highlands,	Mass.
“ Carrie Foster Stiekney, '87,	New York, N. Y.	
“ Lizzie Burnham Lowe, '87,	Essex, Mass.	
Miss Sallie Head, 1887,	Hooksett, N. H.	
Mrs. Mabel Bliss Tibbitts, 1887,	Brookline,	Mass.
“ Annie Peabody Hall, 1891,	Newtonville,	“
Miss Blanche M. Bussell, 1891,	E. Boston,	“
“ Sadie W. Burrill, 1892,	Ellsworth, Me.	
“ Alma R. Hubbard, 1892,	Wheeling, W. Va.	
“ Mary P. Witherbee, 1892,	Laurel, Del.	
“ Nellie M. Richards, 1893,	Groton,	Mass.
“ Jennie M. Arnold, 1893,	Peabody,	“
“ Greta Stearns, 1894,	Wyoming, O.	
“ L. Mabel Case, 1894,	So. Manchester, Conn.	
“ Carrie E. Gilman, 1894,	Marshalltown, Ia.	
Mrs. Carrie Manning Dexter, '94,	Orange, Mass.	
Miss Harriett G. Scott, 1894,	Wyoming, Ill.	
“ Bess C. Shepherd, 1894,	Auburndale, Mass.	
“ Clara L. Creswell, 1894,	Denver, Colo.	
“ Edith N. Brodbeck, 1894,	Charlestown, Mass.	
“ Nellie Chase, 1894,	Dedham,	“
“ Beulah H. Shannon, 1894,	Medford,	“
“ Edith G. Starkey, 1894,	Foxboro,	“
“ Marion Fessenden, 1894,	Townsend,	“
“ Sara Hayden, 1895,	E. Hartford, Conn.	
“ Mabel W. Sawyer, 1895,	Dexter, Me.	
“ Annie E. Richards, 1895,	Weymouth, Mass.	
“ Dorothy Manning, 1895,	Dayton, O.	
“ Grace E. Loud, 1895,	Everett,	Mass.
“ Eleanor Clapp, 1895,	Weymouth,	“
“ Julia Inglee, 1895,	Machias, Me.	
“ Isabel Ginn, 1895,	Belfast, Me.	
“ Marion E. Josselyn, 1895,	Manchester, N. H.	
“ Grace P. Bliss, 1895,	Atchison, Kan.	
“ Winifred T. Conlin, 1895,	New York, N. Y.	
“ Anna L. Espy, 1895,	Kenton, O.	
“ Ernestine Orton, 1895,	Rome, N. Y.	
“ Clara Cameron, 1895,	Fall River, Mass.	
“ Clara Lewis, 1895,	Denver, Colo.	
“ Elizabeth Shaw, 1895,	Newburyport, Mass.	
“ Emma Grant,	Sunmit, N. J.	
“ Anna Whitman,	Wollaston, Mass.	

True worth is in being, not seeming,—
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
Susan Coolidge.

These have been favored with calls from members of their families :

Misses Mason, Wilder, Lovell, Friedman, Myriek, Haneoek, Lasell, Warfield, Loud, Trowbridge, Schuberth, Stanley.

Former pupils: Misses Helen Chadbourne, Grace McLellan, Nellie Briggs, Bessie Roper, Anna McKeown, Maud Shurtleff, Edna Makepeace, Ettimay Pierson, Sadie Carman, Edith Perry, Mrs. Jessie Reece Loper, Mrs. Laura Davis Godfrey, Mrs. Sadie Smith Schofield, Mrs. Susan Hall Blount, Miss Mary Coe.

Prof. Ella Penniman, A.M., of Wellesley College, visited the different classes on June 6th.

DOCTOR.—“ Well, did you take the medicine I left?

Patient.—No, doctor.

Doctor.—Why didn't you?

Patient.—Well, doctor, you said for me to take one of the pills five times a day, and, as you left several, I don't know which particular pill you meant.—*Philadelphia News*.

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No. 37—Leaves Boston at 7.15 P. M. daily. Wagner Vestibuled Sleeping Car, Boston to Cleveland and Chicago, via L. S. & M. S. R. R.; also Wagner Vestibuled Sleeping Car, Boston to Detroit and Chicago, via M. C. R. R.

No. 63—Leaves Boston at 11.00 P. M., except Saturday. Wagner Sleeping Car, Boston to Albany, arriving at 8.05 A. M.

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